

THE
NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. XXXII.

APRIL 1863.

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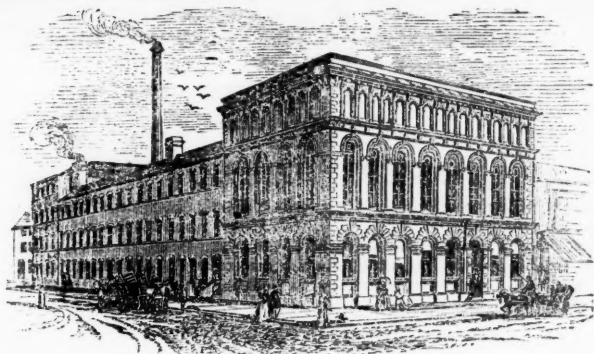
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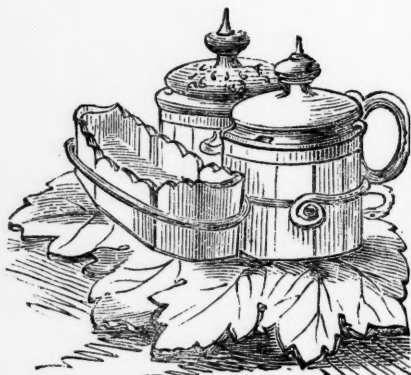
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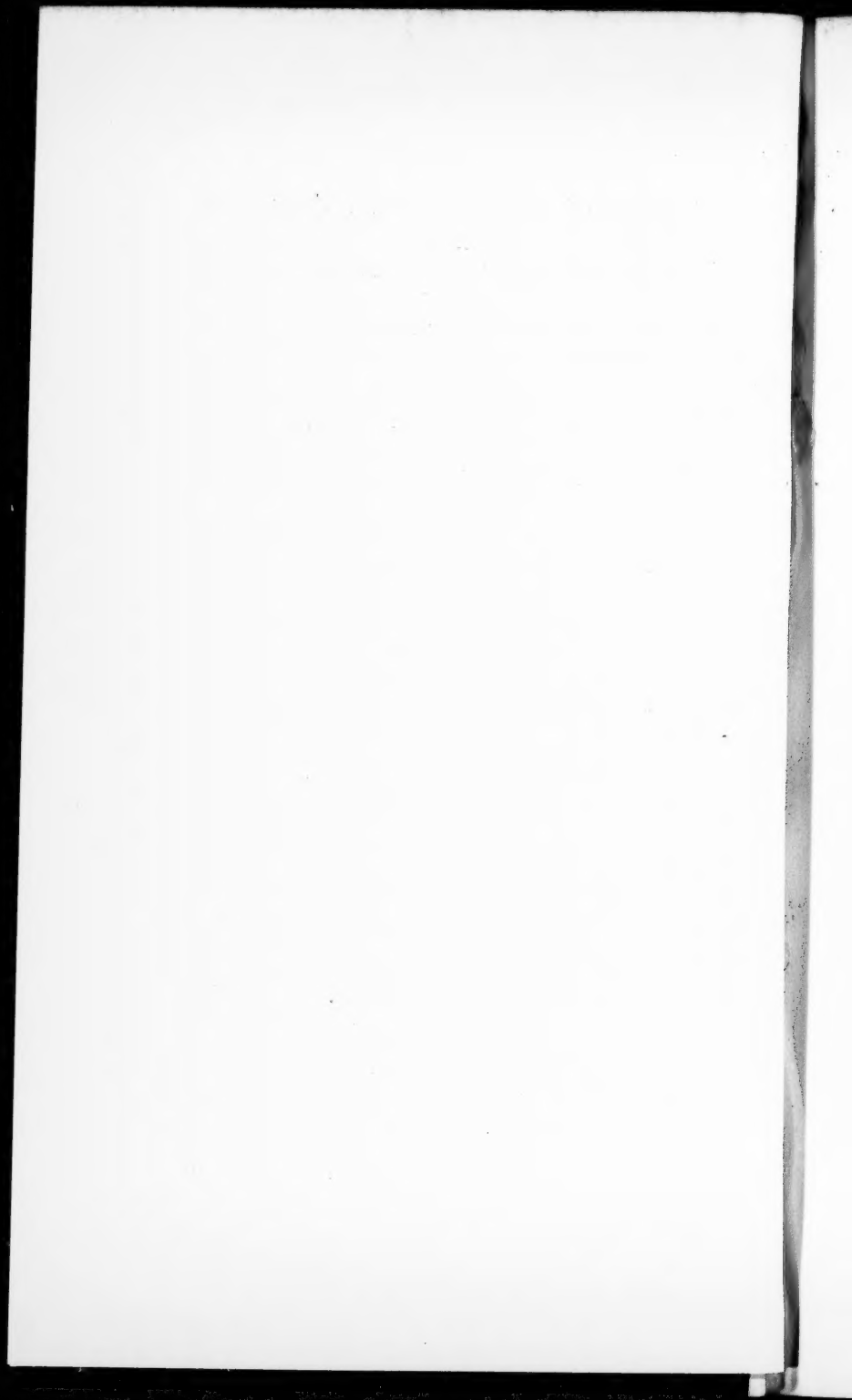
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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1863.

ART. I.—THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

Constitutional History of England. 1760-1810. By Thomas Erskine May. Vol. II. Longman.

The Liberal Party in Ireland; its present Condition and Prospects. By a Roman Catholic. 1862. Kelly, Dublin.

The Irish Church. Speech of Edward Miall, M.P., in the House of Commons, May 27, 1856. Effingham Wilson.

THERE is some reason to hope that the question of the Irish Church Establishment may soon be again brought practically before Parliament and the nation. A movement to redress this colossal wrong would, from its palpable justice, be likely to unite sincere liberals of all shades; and it would most appropriately signalise the revival of the independent liberal party, after its depression under the reactionary domination of Lord Palmerston; a revival which, we trust, will date from the end of the last session.

The Irish Church Establishment was just touched by the languishing waves of the great tide of social and ecclesiastical change which began to flow after the end of the French war, and of which the most memorable result was the Reform Bill. But just as thorough-going reformers had begun to grapple in earnest with this subject, the reaction set in, and the question was postponed for a future time, which, if we are not mistaken, has now arrived. On the 27th of May 1834, Mr. Ward, in a speech which Mr. Erskine May justly terms one of singular ability, called upon the House of Commons to affirm a resolution, that the Church Establishment in Ireland exceeded the spiritual wants of the Protestant population; and that, it being the right of the State to regulate the distribution of Church property, the temporal possessions of the Church in

Ireland ought to be reduced. This resolution, as Mr. May observes, not only asserted the principle of appropriation, but disturbed the recent settlement of the ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland. Mr. May adds, with truth, that it was fraught with political difficulties. The announcement of it had, in fact, brought to a head the schism in the Government, between those Ministers whose hearts were still with Reform, and those whose sympathies as aristocrats and great landowners had for some time been passing from the side of Reform to that of reaction. The Cabinet was in convulsions. When Mr. Grote, who seconded Mr. Ward's motion, had sat down, Lord Althorp rose and said, that since the seconder commenced his speech circumstances had come to his knowledge which induced him to move, that the further debate on the subject should be adjourned to the Monday following. He excused himself at the time from stating what those circumstances were. They proved to be the resignation of Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon. The embarrassment of Ministers was immediately increased by a personal declaration of the King against innovations in the Church, in reply to an address of the Irish bishops and clergy.

But Mr. Ward's motion, though it was lost, was not ineffectual. It was got rid of only at the price of appointing a commission to inquire into the revenues and duties of the Church, and general state of religious instruction in Ireland; points on which there had previously been no certain information, and therefore no solid standing-ground for the reformers in debate. The inquiries of this commission place the facts beyond doubt.* Out of a population of 7,943,940 persons, there were 852,064 members of the Establishment, 6,427,712 Roman Catholics, 642,356 Presbyterians, and 21,808 Protestant Dissenters of other denominations. The State Church embraced little more than a tenth of the people. Her revenues amounted to 865,525*l.* In 151 parishes there was not a single Protestant; in 194 there were less than ten; in 198 less than twenty; and in 860 parishes there were less than fifty.

Strengthened by this disclosure, the Whigs ventured to insist on the principle of appropriation as a part of all measures for the commutation of tithes. The government of Sir Robert Peel was thrown out upon the appropriation question in 1835. But when the Whigs attempted to give effect to their own principle, they found that the resistance had grown too powerful; and the Lords felt their hands sufficiently strengthened by the numbers of their party in the House of Commons, and the growing ascendancy of the conservative spirit in the country,

* Erskine May, vol. ii. p. 486.

to stand firmly in the breach, and save the venerable establishment of Ireland from spoliation. The Whigs at last were compelled to pass a measure for the commutation of tithes in Ireland, without introducing the principle which they had declared, in terms rather indiscreetly dogmatic, to be inseparable from all such measures.

At a later period the question was taken up by Mr. Edward Miall, from the voluntary point of view. Mr. Miall, in 1856, moved three resolutions in the House of Commons in favour of the impartial disendowment of all sects in Ireland. His arguments against the continuance of the Irish Church Establishment were put with great force, and were perfectly conclusive. But his opponents had a better answer than arguments at their command: on a division the ayes were 95, the noes were 165. It is highly creditable to Mr. Miall's powers as an advocate, and a remarkable proof of the undeniable justice of his cause, that he should have been beaten by less than two to one; for this was but a few years after the Papal Aggression, and about the time when Mr. Chambers was moving his Nunneries Bill in overflowing houses, in the midst of enthusiastic applause. It was about the time when one who knew the temper of the House of Commons well said that, if Catholic emancipation were then to be proposed to the House, it would be rejected by a majority of one hundred.

The speech of Mr. Ward deserves a higher praise than that which is conveyed by Mr. Erskine May's phrase, "singular ability." It was really a very memorable pleading for a great cause. To the argument which always presents itself, though under various rhetorical disguises, that the religion of the majority of the Irish people is not the true religion, and that therefore principle requires us to treat it and its professors with injustice, Mr. Ward replied in these fine words:

"If I am told that this religion is not the true religion, and that we ought not to sacrifice to political expediency the sacred interests of truth, I again deny the fact. I say that with truth, as legislators, we have nothing to do. We have to look to civil utility alone, as the basis of connexion between the Church and the State; and if we once wander from this strong ground, there is no predicting the consequences which must ensue. Who is to be judge of the truth, except One to whom in this world there can be no appeal? Where is the source of truth, except in that sacred volume from which in all times—ay, even down to the present day—the most opposite conclusions have been drawn, upon points of doctrine at least, by the wisest, the most virtuous, and the most conscientious of mankind? Look at the consequences, again, of adopting this principle. If we maintain

the established religion to be the only true religion, the State must follow up this doctrine. It must enact test-laws for its protection. It must put down all who reject it. Sir, it was in the name of truth that the Spanish Inquisition was established; and Louis XIV. was never more intimately convinced of the truth of his religion than when he desolated the fairest provinces of France, in its name, by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. These were the effects of maintaining the established religion to be the true religion in Catholic countries. But let us not forget, Protestants as we are, that it was in the name of truth that Ireland was cursed with the penal laws. Sir, I have no wish to dwell upon this hateful topic; but when I see—and I do not use the term irreverently—how, in this case at least, the sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation; when I see what a plentiful crop of strife, of disorganisation, and of blood, has been borne by the seed sown in 1704, when the attempt was made to degrade and brutalise the whole Catholic population by a series of legislative enactments,—I feel that there cannot be a man in the assembly which I am now addressing who would ever again consent to sully the pages of our statute-book by unjust and partial laws, enacted in the name of truth.”*

There is another argument equally familiar in reference to other questions as well as this, founded on the insuperable prejudice which the representatives of practical wisdom are pleased to say the English people entertain against any large measure of reason and justice, and on the consequent inutility of attempting to pass any such measure. To this also Mr. Ward made a fine reply.

“If I am told that the people of England are not prepared for the adoption of such principles as these, and that, at all events, it is useless to moot them here, because they will never receive the sanction of another branch of the legislature, I once more deny the fact. The people of England are prepared for the adoption of the principles of justice, and of religious toleration, to the fullest extent of the terms; and as to the other branch of the legislature, we have nothing to do with it. We ought neither to court nor to fear its opposition. Let this House but discharge its own duties honestly; let it place itself in the van of public opinion, instead of lagging tardily behind; let it, above all, redeem the pledge which it has so recently and so solemnly given, ‘to remove all just cause of complaint in Ireland, and to promote all well-considered measures of improvement,’—and I will venture to predict that its influence will be irresistible. Sir, the path of duty—I had almost said the path

* Ward’s speech on the Church of Ireland, 1834,—Hansard, vol. xxiii. p. 1395.

of honour, when I looked to our late address,—lies open before us. Time has worn away those obstacles which Mr. Pitt was unable to surmount; and that vision of conciliation and of peace (I use his own words, and most remarkable words they are) which he saw in the distance, but which he was unable to realise, is now within our grasp. Let this House, by its vote of to-night, calmly and deliberately, but firmly, resolve to enter on this path—the path of duty and the path of honour,—and so far am I from apprehending that the people of England will ever desert us in the attempt to assert what I believe to be the cause of true religion, of just and equal rights, that I am convinced that every honest heart will be with us, and that the blessings of millions will cheer us on our way.”*

With the second branch of the objection, founded on the certainty of resistance in the House of Lords, Mr. Ward deals in the only possible manner, by saying that it was for the House of Commons to look to their own duty, and leave the Lords to look to theirs. But, of course, he could not suppose that this obstacle was to be overcome by the same appeals to good sense and good feeling which he might hope would vanquish prejudice, if prejudice there were, in the body of the people. He must have known too well that if a bill embodying his resolutions had passed the House of Commons, it would have encountered in the House of Lords an opposition not to be overcome by reason, not to be softened by the influences of generosity and justice,—the opposition of a privileged class, bent with singleness of heart upon maintaining every outwork, political or ecclesiastical, which protected or could be imagined to protect the citadel of their own order. The obstructive action of the House of Lords is represented by political optimists as a check upon the passions of the people. Unfortunately, it has usually been the embodiment of passions somewhat less generous of its own.

The history of the Irish Church Establishment may be summed up in three words. It has always been the Church of the invader. This, its paramount characteristic, or, to speak more correctly, the essence of its being, it has steadily preserved, notwithstanding revolutions which have completely changed and in fact inverted its character as a spiritual institution.

The conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans was like the Norman conquest of England, a mixed enterprise, partly military and partly ecclesiastical; partly a conquest, and partly a crusade. The Norman lust of territory in both cases received the spiritual sanction and assistance of the Church of Rome, on the condition of its subserving the Roman lust of ecclesiastical

* On the Church of Ireland, 1834, *ut supra*.

dominion. Hildebrand blest the sword which, together with the independence of the Saxon nation, was to destroy the independence of their national Church. Adrian blest the sword which, besides reducing Ireland beneath the rule of the northern crown, was to reduce the ancient Brito-Celtic church of the Irish people beneath the rule of the holy Roman See. The reforming synod of Cashel, held under the authority of the conqueror of Ireland, was the counterpart of the synod of Winchester, held under the authority of the conqueror of England. The synod of Cashel affected to abolish throughout Ireland the schismatic customs and habits of the national Church, and to introduce in their place the perfect order and complete ceremonial of Rome. But the decrees of this synod were confined in their practical effect to the circle of territory held by the conqueror's arms; and as that circle narrowed, from the internal dissensions of its defenders, and the feebleness of the support lent to them by the government at home, Ireland relapsed into the ecclesiastical irregularities as well as into the barbarism of the Celtic tribes. The Roman Church of the Anglo-Norman pale was, as might have been expected from its essential connexion with a very inhuman conquest, and with the fierce antipathies of a dominant race, the least spiritual, the hardest, the worst of all the feudal churches. Its clergy, drawn, as in after times, from the least worthy part of the order in England, were more adventurers than priests. Its bishops were turbulent feudatories, noted for their outrageous acts of oppression, for their political intrigues, and for their scandalous quarrels and conflicts with each other. It may be confidently said, during those ages, to have done much more harm than good to religion. "Among the fatal consequences," says Leland, "of excluding the natives from the pale of English law, blindness and bigotry proved the natural concomitants of a disquieted, uncivilised, and dissolute course of living. And the irregularities in the ecclesiastical constitution of Ireland, naturally resulting from the odious and absurd distinction of its inhabitants, contributed in no small degree to confirm the people in the grossest ignorance, and of consequence in the meanest superstition. In the dioceses where law and civility were most prevalent, the prelates found it impossible to extend their pastoral care or jurisdiction to the districts occupied by the old natives. Their synods were held (as the records express it) *inter Anglicos*; the Irish clergy, when summoned to obey their ordinary, were refractory and contumacious, and were excluded from the assemblies, where they claimed a right to be present as assessors and coadjutors. In the districts more remote from the seat of English government, where war and confusion chiefly raged, the appointment

of prelates and pastors was sometimes totally neglected. Bishops intruded surreptitiously, or seized the sees by violence; were little known, revered, or obeyed; sometimes enjoyed no more than an empty title; sometimes were driven by the public disorders to the discharge of some inferior pastoral function, in places of retirement and security. The very names and succession of several Irish bishops, in the first beginnings of the reformation, were so soon forgotten, that the laborious researches of Sir James Ware could obtain no memorials of them. Prelates of the more eminent dioceses slept in monastic tranquillity, while all Europe resounded with the tumult of theological dispute. It is ridiculous to find an Irish bishop, renowned for the composition of a hymn, in barbarous Latin rhymes, in praise of a Saint Macartin, while his brethren in other countries were engaged in the discussion of the most important points of religion; or others depending for salvation on being wrapt, at their dying hour, in the cowl of Saint Francis, when Rome herself had confessed with shame the follies and enormities which had disgraced her communion.”*

Of course there were struggles for patronage between the English and the Irish interests in those days, as there were afterwards in the days of Swift. An English bishop of Ennismore accused O’Hedian, bishop of Cashel, of the most heinous and scandalous offences; charging him with incontinence, with profane sacrilege in presenting his concubine with a ring taken from the image of the Virgin, and also with counterfeiting the great seal. But, says Leland, he discovered the true source of his animosity, by adding that O’Hedian was an enemy to the English nation, never conferred a benefice on any Englishman, and advised his brethren to pursue the same conduct. A slanderous attack of the same kind was made from the same motives on the bishop of Cork by the neighbouring bishop of Cloyne.† There are other indications of the same kind.

As to propagating the faith among the wild natives of Ireland, which was the proper work, if there can be said to have been a proper work of this intrusive church, and which could alone furnish an apology for its existence, it seems never to have been seriously attempted. The difference of language between the two races placed a great barrier in the way of the missionary; border wars placed a still greater barrier; and the greatest barrier of all was the character of the English clergy, and their connexion with the policy and interests of the dominant race. But when has missionary labour prospered with conquest for its associate? Even in Paraguay the Jesuits found

* Leland’s Ireland, book iii. chap. vii.

† Ibid. chap. i.

it necessary to establish a polity of their own, apart from that of the conquerors, as a condition of propagating religion with effect among the victims of the conquest.

The Reformation brought a change in the doctrinal character both of the church of the conquerors and the church of the conquered. But it did not change their essential relations to each other. At the command of a Tudor prince, the church of the conqueror instead of Roman became Protestant; and the feudal nobility of Ireland were gorged, like those of England, with the spoil of monasteries and chapters. The church of the conquered, on the other hand, which, while the church of the conqueror was Roman had been very imperfectly Romanised and very loosely connected with the Roman See, became, out of mere political antipathy, ultra-Roman, and formed a very close connexion with Rome and with the Catholic monarchies, of which she was the head. An independent Roman hierarchy was gradually set up in opposition to the state hierarchy of the Tudor church; Jesuits and seminary priests alighted in Ireland, and began to spin the webs of their intrigue; and Spain landed her armies there to create a diversion against the head of the Protestant interest in Europe. From this period dates Irish Ultramontaniam; and from the same period Ireland has incessantly been a thorn in the side of England, whenever she was at war with powers which could set ultramontane influences at work.

James I. made a real effort, for which he has never had sufficient credit, to compose and pacify Ireland; and to introduce into it English civilisation. He was baffled partly by the difficulty of dealing with the Popish recusants, who had become more intensely odious than ever to the Protestants of England and Ireland after the Gunpowder-plot. The financial difficulties of Charles I. brought his government to the point of selling a toleration to the Irish Catholics. But the Protestants, many of whom at this time were Scotch Presbyterians, admitted into the Anglican Church by the indulgence of the bishops at the instance of Usher, raised a tremendous clamour against the horrid design of selling the truth, and of establishing idolatry for a price. "The archbishop of Armagh," says the orthodox Leland, "in this time of danger and defence, acted with the zeal which suited his superior station." He assembled several of the Irish prelates, to deliberate on the danger to which they were exposed, and to bear their testimony against the ungodly concession of Popery meditated by the State. "The religion of the Papists," said they, "is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical; their church, in respect of both, apostatical. To give them therefore a tolera-

tion, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin, and that in two respects; for, first, it is to make ourselves accessary not only to their superstitions, idolatries, and heresies, and, in a word, to all the abominations of Popery, but also (which is a consequence of the former) to the perdition of the seduced people, which perish in the deluge of the Catholic apostasy. Secondly, to grant them a toleration in respect of any money to be given, or contribution to be made by them, is to set religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people whom Christ has redeemed with his blood. And, as it is a great sin, so it is also a matter of most dangerous consequence; the consideration whereof we commit to the wise and judicious, beseeching the God of truth to make them who are in authority zealous of God's glory, and of the advancement of true religion; zealous, resolute, and courageous against all Popery, superstition, and idolatry."*

The church which thus claimed to be the exclusive spiritual organ of the Irish people was in fact in a state which rendered it utterly incapable of doing any sort of spiritual service. When Wentworth came over to Ireland, he found the Establishment in the most miserable state of dilapidation and decay; the fabrics of the churches were in ruins, the vaults under the metropolitan cathedral of St. Patrick's had been converted into wine-vaults, and the place of the altar was occupied by the great family monument of the Earl of Cork. The clergy were wretchedly poor, depraved in their morals, and illiterate; the names of Usher and Bedell serving rather to expose by the contrast, than to redeem the general degradation. The Protestant landowners of Ireland, who had dispossessed the Catholics of their lands by violence and fraud, were very good religious haters, and quite ready to persecute Catholic priests; but they did not show then, or at any subsequent period of Irish history, any religious zeal for the maintenance of their own church.

Strafford and his confederate bishop Bramhall, whom Cromwell called the Irish Canterbury, and who was in fact a minor imitation of Laud, did their best to reform the Irish Establishment after the high Anglican model; but their labour had not been carried on long when it and they were swept away by the hurricane of the English revolution and the Irish insurrection. The natural tendency of the Irish Establishment has always been to ultra-Protestantism, as that which is most opposed to the religion of its political foes. Bent for a moment into an unnatural direction by the heavy hand of Strafford, it flew

* Leland's *Ireland*, book iv. p. 482.

back again the moment that pressure was withdrawn, and the spirit of Usher finally triumphed in it over the spirit of Laud. In fact, there can be little doubt that, but for its connexion with the Church of England, and the restraints put upon it by the Anglicans of our Establishment, it would have become not only Calvinist, but Presbyterian; at least, its bishops would have been reduced to such a position as would have done away with the divine right of episcopacy and the virtue of apostolical succession.

In the eighteenth century the Irish Establishment was employed by the English Government for two purposes, neither of which had any sort of relation to the spiritual interests of the Irish people. It formed a receptacle for clergymen whom the English Government wished, for political reasons, to promote, but whose characters were not quite up to the mark of the English Establishment even in those indulgent times. The political intriguer without religious convictions, and tainted with the authorship of the grossest obscenities, though his employers could not venture to promote him to an English deanery, might be made Dean of St. Patrick's, and might in that sphere, not less tolerant in morals than it was bigoted in matters of religion, continue to write filth without fear of reprobation. What was more important, the Irish episcopacy furnished the Government with its most trustworthy instrument for managing the roguish and factious politics of Ireland. The Protestant noblemen and landowners, though the bitter enemies of the Irish people, and resting their domination in the last resort on the power of England, had interests of their own; they formed what they were pleased to call an Irish party, in opposition to the party more completely identified with imperial interests, affected airs of patriotism which became them about as well as they become the slave-owner fighting for liberty, and wanted to have all the power and plunder to themselves. The primates of the Irish church, on the contrary, and the bishops appointed on their recommendation, were most faithful and subservient ministers of English views; and during the first half of the eighteenth century, when the lords-lieutenant were habitually non-resident, the Irish administration was, to a great extent, carried on by their hands. Archbishop Boulter was a notable instance of an ecclesiastical statesman of this type. Archbishop King also in his day was an active political leader; and the proportions in which the political and spiritual elements were blended in his character may be gathered from the letter in which he complains to Swift that, "as he was an honest man, he had courted the greatest Whigs, but never could get the reputation of being counted one." A still more sinister character of the same class was primate Stone, the

"Beauty of Holiness," as he was called from his handsome face and fine figure. This worthy secured to himself the political support of the young Irish noblemen and gentlemen by providing for them at his palace entertainments very different in kind, as well as in degree, from those which episcopal hospitality required; and his own morals were not exempt from very grave imputations. It is perfectly true that the bishops of the Church of England at the same period were often worldly, and that a large part of her clergy were slothful, unlearned, and regardless of their spiritual duties; but there is no doubt that the Irish Establishment was in a far worse state of degradation, and that the difference was due to the respective positions of the two churches with regard to the two nations to which they belonged.

We have said that the Protestant aristocracy and landowners of Ireland felt far less zeal for the maintenance of their own church than they did for the destruction of the church of their national and political enemies. The leading prelates of the period of which we are speaking were called upon to make head against an attempt of the landowners to rob the Irish clergy of a considerable part of their maintenance. The clergy laid claim to tithes of agistment, that is, the tithes of the produce of grazing land; and as a large part of Ireland was grazing land, and there is nothing in the nature of grazing land to exempt it from a tax for the maintenance of religion to which arable land is subject, there can be little doubt that the claim was reasonable and just. The landowners, however, banded themselves together to resist it, and made up common purses for the purpose of placing the artifices and delays of the law at the command of any one of their number who might be sued in prosecution of the claim. The assemblages of county magistrates at quarter-sessions were used for the congenial purpose of providing means to put legal chicanery in action for the defeat of justice.

Of course the Irish clergy were mixed up, and could not avoid being mixed up, as accomplices in the enactment of the penal laws against Catholics which disgraced the Irish statute-book during the course of the century following the victory of the Protestant party in 1690. These men, preaching, as they professed, the religion of love, were led by the exigencies of their political position to treat another Christian church as no sensible heathen would have treated the members of another religion; to sentence its higher ecclesiastics to exile, and offer rewards for their discovery within the kingdom; to place its ministers under the most degrading restraints and the most vexatious disabilities; to deprive its people of the ceremonies

and observances which, while they remained in the faith of their fathers, were essential parts of their spiritual life; to offer bribes by law to apostates from its creed; to close its schools, and subject the schoolmasters to transportation for life, with the penalty of death in case of their return; to prohibit its children, by a refinement of cruelty, from even being sent abroad for education without a special license; to incapacitate its members, however learned and however loyal, from every liberal profession but medicine, from holding any commission in the army or navy, and from serving in any office under the crown; to exclude them from acquiring any landed property, and even from possessing a horse above the value of five pounds; to prohibit them from marrying a lady of the dominant sect, or disposing of the guardianship of their own children; to exclude them from the elective franchise, and from seats in Parliament; to turn the hands of their own children against them, by enabling any child of a Catholic who chose to turn Protestant to deprive his father of all control over his estate. Archbishop Marsh was the avowed framer of the bill for preventing Protestants from intermarrying with Papists; a measure which seemed expressly intended to perpetuate the rancorous division between the two races which coincided with the two rival sects. It is, of course, true that the persecution of the Catholics was at least as much political as religious. It is true also, and it is never to be forgotten, that the Catholics had, by their political intrigues against Protestant nations, made themselves natural if not reasonable objects of political persecution; and furthermore, that they were on the whole far worse persecutors than the Protestants. Still the penal code was deplorable and disgraceful, and the political fanaticism which inspired it was intimately blended with religious fanaticism, of which the Irish Church Establishment was the embodiment and the organ.

The causes of Irish disturbances have been mainly agrarian. The leading fact through the miserable course of Irish history is the confiscation of land, and the struggle to regain it. The dreadful conspiracies and revolts of the last century, the effects of which are not yet entirely extinct, arose not from an antagonism between the two religions, though they were inflamed and aggravated by that antagonism, but from the desperate necessities of a starving people, clinging to the soil by which alone they could live, and resisting the crushing exactions of their lords. In producing these evils, however, the pressure of tithes was combined with the pressure of rent; and both began to be acutely felt, and to be combated with the energy of despair, as soon as the great civil wars of the 17th century were over, and the peasantry, no longer decimated by the sword, and as desti-

tute as a tribe of African savages of all prudential restraints on the increase of population, began to multiply with frightful rapidity, and to press more terribly on the scanty means of subsistence, which, in the total absence of agricultural invention and improvement, remained almost stationary, instead of rising with the need. Such scenes as the Irish clergy had to go through, in forcibly collecting their tithes from the famishing people, have never, it may be hoped, been gone through by the ministers of any other Christian church, not even in the worst days of the feudal ecclesiastics and the feudal serfs. The numbers of the peasantry, and the dark associations for mutual protection into which they had entered, rendered the collection of tithes not only difficult but dangerous. "It could only be attempted," says Mr. Erskine May, "by tithe-proctors, men of desperate character and fortunes, whose hazardous services hardened their hearts against the people, and whose rigorous execution of the law increased its unpopularity." Palliatives in the shape of acts for the voluntary composition of tithes proved futile. "At length," proceeds Mr. May, "in 1831, the collection of tithes in many parishes became impracticable. The clergy received the aid of the police, and even of the military; but in vain. Tithe-proctors were murdered, and many lives were lost in collisions between the police and the peasantry. Men, not unwilling to pay what they knew to be lawful, were intimidated and coerced by the more violent enemies of the church. Tithes could only be collected at the point of the bayonet; and a civil war seemed impending over a country which for centuries had been wasted by conquests, rebellions, and internecine strife. The clergy shrank from the shedding of blood in their service, and abandoned their claims upon a refractory and desperate people." It is difficult to believe, and yet it must be believed, that the supporters of the Establishment whose mission was marked by these incidents, acted under the conviction that they were performing a religious duty essential to the spiritual improvement of the Irish people.

Pending the commutation of tithes, the State, finding the clergy starving, or reduced to depend on alms, undertook to discharge the functions of the tithe-proctor. In 1832 the lord-lieutenant was empowered to advance 60,000*l.* to the clergy who had been unable to collect the tithes for the previous year; and the Government undertook to levy the arrears of the year in repayment of the advance. "They went forth with an array of tithe-proctors, police, and military; but the people resisted. Desperate conflicts ensued, many lives were lost, the executive became as hateful as the clergy; but the arrears were not collected. Of 100,000*l.* no more than 12,000*l.* were recovered, at

the cost of tumults and bloodshed. The people were in revolt against the law, and triumphed.* The people could not fail to triumph; for no government, however strong, can wring tribute from famine, or strike terror into despair. Subsequently an advance of one million was obtained from Parliament to maintain the destitute clergy, and to cover the arrears of tithes. An indemnity for this advance was sought in shape of a land-tax, which met with the same resistance as the attempt to collect the arrears of tithes, and in like manner fell to the ground. The money thus advanced to the Irish clergy, and lost to the government, is a small item in a very long account. Wars, famines, the constant maintenance of a great standing army for the suppression of Irish discontent, and the paralysis inflicted on the arm of England in her most mortal struggles by Irish rebellion or disaffection, must be added together, if we wish to know how much England has paid for the pleasure—or, if you will, for the performance of the duty—of oppressing the Irish people.

Pitt, in stooping to serve the tyrannical bigotry of George III. and the Tory party, sinned against the light that was in him. He was a student and disciple of Adam Smith, and had thoroughly imbibed not only the economical principles of his teacher, but the liberal views on political subjects which lie side by side with those principles in the *Wealth of Nations*. He was avowedly in favour of Catholic emancipation, and abandoned that cause only because he thought, or chose to pretend that he thought, that the plainest dictates of justice and of honour ought to give way to the obstinate propensities of a fatuous and bishop-ridden king. It is perfectly clear that he was also thoroughly aware of the iniquity involved in the relative position of the Catholic and Protestant churches in Ireland. A provision for the Catholic priesthood was in fact dangled by his government before the eyes of the Irish Catholics, to induce them to lend their cordial support to the Union; which a large body of the Protestants, from the desire of keeping Irish tyranny and jobbery to themselves, were very much inclined to oppose. In a letter of George III. to Mr. Pitt, of January 24th, 1799, the father of his people intimates that a scheme of this kind had been brought to his notice: "I cannot help at the same time expressing to Mr. Pitt some surprise at having seen in a letter from Lord Castlereagh to the Duke of Portland, on Monday, an idea of an established stipend by the authority of government for the Catholic clergy of Ireland. I am certain any encouragement to such an idea must give real offence to the established church in Ireland, as well as to the true friends of our constitution; for it is certainly creating a second church establishment,

* Erskine May, vol. ii. p. 477.

which could not but be highly injurious. The tolerating Dissenters is fair; but the trying to perpetuate a separation in religious opinions, by providing for the support of their clergy as an establishment, is certainly going far beyond the bounds of justice or policy.”*

Mr. Pitt himself, too, in a letter to Lord Cornwallis, while the negotiations for the Union were pending, says, “With respect to a provision for the Catholic clergy, and some arrangement respecting tithes, I am happy to find a uniform opinion in favour of the proposal among all the Irish I have seen; and I am more and more convinced that those measures, with some effectual mode to enforce the residence of *all* ranks of the Protestant clergy, offer the best chance of gradually putting an end to the evils most felt in Ireland.”†

In 1835, when the Commissioners on Public Instruction for Ireland made their report, the members of the Establishment were about one-ninth of the whole population. The devastation of the Irish famine fell principally on the Catholic peasantry, and has therefore reduced the proportion of the Catholics to the other denominations. According to the last census, the members of the Established Church are two-seventeenths of the Irish people. The Protestants of course form a larger proportion; but of the Protestants nearly half belong to the Presbyterian Church of the north, or to Protestant sects other than the Established Church. It may be that some of the Protestant non-conformists are willing to take part with the Establishment, or at least not very willing to move against her, because, though they regard her doctrines as false, and, if they believe their own creed, as not only false but fatal to salvation, they still think that her existence subserves the purpose of persecuting fanaticism, and exalts the tyrannical pride of the dominant class. They regard her, with her empty churches and wasted wealth, as a sumptuous trophy, to use Macaulay’s phrase, of their victory over the subject race. This we say may be the case. But to count the sympathy of such supporters among the reasons for maintaining a Christian institution, would be to show a most politic readiness to accept help in a logical emergency from any quarter, however unsatisfactory. It would in particular evince a remarkable pliancy in the high-church party, who regard the Scotch Presbyterian as one of the most odious of heretics, while they avow great sympathy for the Catholic, and feel perhaps even more than they avow.

We are in the habit of putting ourselves forward, with much self-complacency, as the elect champions of religious liberty. And our statesmen are always ready to gratify the popular sen-

* Stanhope’s *Life of Pitt*, vol. iii. p. xviii.

† *Ibid.* p. 161.

timent by lecturing nations less advanced in liberal principles than ourselves upon their benighted and bigoted practices. It does not occur to us or to them that the national Church of Ireland, maintained by force in a nation which detests it, is, in its way, without a parallel in the civilised world. To find its counterpart you must go to some of the Christian nations which still lie under the dominion of Islam.

What arguments can be produced in defence of this colossal abuse? It is useless to ask what interests or what passions, impregnable to argument, are enlisted in maintaining it.

We may safely assume that every one with whom it is worth while to reason at all upon these subjects has given up the doctrine, that it is the duty of those who happen to be in possession of political power to use it, without regard to political justice, for the propagation of what they think the truth. We may assume that this doctrine is abandoned, ostensibly at least, in all its forms, and, among others, in the subtle form of the "State conscience," in which it seduced the speculative youth of Mr. Gladstone, and has somewhat trammelled his statesmanlike maturity. The conscience of the State of England, if it possessed one, would indeed have attained a very convenient degree of pliancy; since we establish Anglicanism in England, Presbyterianism and Calvinism in Scotland, Roman Catholicism in Canada and Malta. Even in Ireland the State does not give its undivided allegiance to the church of its choice; since the Presbyterian church in Ulster is endowed to a small extent, though not established. Maynooth may perhaps be said to stand on a somewhat different footing, as being endowed for a social and educational rather than an ecclesiastical purpose. But leaving this out of the question, it is plain, from the other instances, that the conscience of the State in this country is guided in these arrangements by political justice or political convenience, not by theological truth.

When members of all sects are admitted to the assembly which is now the supreme government of the country, the notion that the government belongs to one sect, and is bound to propagate the doctrines of that sect, is too palpably absurd even for a nation which delights in being called illogical. In the days when the Irish Establishment was instituted, legislators were consistent. They confined Parliament to the professors of the true religion, and treated nonconformists without exception as political outcasts. In those days it might be said without absurdity that the State of England had a conscience, and followed its dictates; just as the same thing might have been said of Philip II., or of the religious and political chief of Islam.

It is a common subterfuge in this discussion to wink hard at the cases of Canada and Malta, and to say that the State in England establishes "Protestantism," which comprehends both the Church of England and the Church of Scotland. Ask the clergy of the Church of England, the majority of whom are high churchmen, whether they acquiesce in this view of the matter, and whether they are willing to allow that their religion is essentially identical and equally entitled to recognition with the "Protestantism" of John Knox. But Burke, in his *Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe*, has long ago demolished this notion of Protestantism *undefined* as the religion of an establishment. As he truly says, the legislators of the Revolution were so far from establishing Protestantism *undefined*, that they did not even tolerate it, except in a very qualified way. They established Anglicanism, with its definite creeds and formularies, as the religion of the majority in England, and allowed the Scotch to establish Calvinism, with its equally definite creeds and formularies, as the religion of the majority in Scotland.

It is argued that the Church of Ireland is a part of the Church of England, and that the two are inseparable from each other. No doubt the two churches are by law a united church; and it is this law which, in the name of reason and justice, we are struggling to repeal. We know to our cost, having paid pretty heavily for it in blood, money, and loss of political strength, that the union of England and Ireland was, contrary to all equity and to the example of the union between England and Scotland, not only a civil, but a religious union. "Whether," says Macaulay, speaking of the union between England and Scotland,—“whether, in 1689, it would have been possible to effect a civil union without a religious union, may well be doubted. But there can be no doubt that a religious union would have been one of the greatest calamities that could have befallen either kingdom. The union accomplished in 1707 has indeed been a great blessing both to England and to Scotland. But it has been a blessing because, in constituting one state, it left two churches. The political interest of the contracting parties was the same; but the ecclesiastical dispute between them was one which admitted of no compromise. They could, therefore, preserve harmony only by agreeing to differ. Had there been an amalgamation of the hierarchies, there never would have been an amalgamation of the nations. Successive Mitchells would have fired at successive Sharpes. Five generations of Claverhouses would have butchered five generations of Camerons. Those marvellous improvements which have changed the face of Scotland could never have been effected.

Plains now rich with harvests would have remained barren moors. Waterfalls which now turn the wheels of immense factories would have resounded in a wilderness. New Lanark would still have been a sheep-walk, and Greenock a fishing hamlet. What little strength Scotland could, under such a system, have possessed, must, in an estimate of the resources of Great Britain, have been, not added, but deducted. So encumbered, our country never could have held, either in peace or in war, a place in the first rank of nations. We are, unfortunately, not without the means of judging of the effect which may be produced on the moral and physical state of a people by establishing, in the exclusive enjoyment of riches and dignity, a church loved and revered only by the few, and regarded by the many with religious and national aversion. One such church is quite burden enough for the energies of one empire."

We have already shown reason for believing that Pitt himself, the author of the union between England and Ireland, was not satisfied with the justice of the measure, so far as regarded the position of the Irish Roman Catholic Church; and that, had he been permitted by the king, and the bishops who played upon the king's "conscience," to take his own course, he would have included some provision for the support of the Catholic clergy. The words of the fifth article of the Act of Union are, "That the Church of England and Ireland, as now by law established, shall be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland; and that the doctrine, discipline, worship, and government of the said united church shall be and shall remain in full force for ever as the same are now by law established." Mr. Miall, following Mr. Ward, has pointed out that nothing is here said about "temporalities;" and he not unreasonably conjectures that the framer of the act foresaw the inconvenience which might arise from the insertion of that word. It so happens, certainly, whether it be due to accident or design, that the temporalities of the Church of Ireland might be dealt with by Parliament in any way it pleased, without prejudice to the article of the Act of Union, as it is worded. Not that it can be imagined that any one will be foolish enough to set up the inviolability of the Act of Union against the claims of justice, and against the manifest interests of the two nations for whose benefit the act was passed. If all the provisions of the Act of Union were inviolable, the Church of England would be compelled to allow her "discipline" and "worship" to remain for ever exactly as they happened to be on the day when the act received the royal assent. She could not make the slightest alteration in her services, nor make any fresh provision for the

discipline of her clergy. Certainly the Church would be fortunate, if the generation of Bishop Prettyman, of all generations, had been empowered to transmit its ecclesiastical arrangements inviolable and immutable to the end of the world.

That which it is most important to observe, however, is, that Pitt's measure of union, in dealing with the claims of the Catholics, went upon a principle, though upon a principle not in accordance with the convictions of its author. Its political and its ecclesiastical provisions were consistent with each other. It established the Church of the minority in Ireland; and it gave the minority alone seats in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. It treated the Catholics throughout, according to the theory of those times, not as citizens, but as a subject caste, allowed to exist, and enjoying a qualified toleration as sectaries, by the humane indulgence of the State, but having no standing-ground in the community as a matter of right. It appropriated the State Church in Ireland to those who, as being alone eligible to political power, alone formed the State. And this consistency was not only logical, but politic. If you think fit, and feel that your conscience, when candidly consulted, and the precepts of the Christian religion oblige you, to treat a large class of your fellow-countrymen as objects of degradation and insult, you will do well at the same time to make interest with your conscience, if you can, to forbid your investing this class with political power. If you choose to commit an assault on your neighbour, do not at the same time put a life-preserver into his hand.

The cognate argument, that the interests and destinies of the two establishments have become blended together, and that to pull down one would be to insure the speedy fall of the other, was well met by Mr. Ward, from the Church-of-England point of view, in the speech to which we have before referred. "As to the members," he said, "of that Church to which I myself belong, I think myself entitled to address to them a few words of earnest warning. Let us not endeavour to serve the cause of the Church of England at home by connecting it with the cause of injustice in a sister country. The cases of England and Ireland are now perfectly distinct. It will be our fault if they are hereafter confounded. The Church of England still rests on the broad basis of population. It still maintains its hold upon the affections and respect of a great proportion of the English people; and it is my most earnest wish and prayer that it may long retain it. But I feel most deeply convinced that it can only do this by conforming to the spirit of the times in which we live; by withholding no just rights, by opposing no just demands, by conceding to its oppo-

nents, here, every civil privilege which they are fairly entitled to ask,—and above all, by not attempting to perpetuate in Ireland a system which is not less at variance with the first rights of man, than it is with the mild and pure spirit of Christianity itself.”

There are some—Mr. Miall is one—who could not honestly press upon the Established Church of England any argument implying a desire on their part to strengthen her position and prolong her existence. But all men, whether friends of establishments or of the voluntary system, provided they be friends of justice, may honestly tell the established Church of England, that if she declares a system of flagrant injustice, such as that which now exists in Ireland, to be an essential and inseparable part of herself, she thereby pronounces her own doom; and that, unless a very extraordinary change comes over the spirit of the world, the effect of the sentence will not be long delayed.

But, say the defenders of the Irish Establishment, and especially its clerical defenders, no wrong is done to the Catholics, because tithes have now been commuted into a rent-charge on land, and the land of Ireland is mainly in the possession of Protestants. It is true that the land of Ireland is mainly in the hands of the Protestants, and it passed into their hands from those of the Catholics, its original possessors, through a series of confiscations, effected partly by open rapine, partly by chicanery and fraud, which has no parallel in history; a fact to which we advert, not because any sane man, or any well-wisher to Ireland would desire now to reopen any question as to the settlement of Irish property, but because, bearing this in mind, we cannot but think that landed property in Ireland is in a peculiar manner charged with responsibilities and duties towards the body of the disinherited people. It was in Ireland that the saying, “Property has its duties as well as its rights,” was first uttered; and there was no country in which that aphorism could have more appropriately been born.

We will grant that the mass of the landed proprietors are Protestants; and we will also grant, for the sake of argument, that the burden of the rent-charge falls wholly on the landlord, and not at all on the tenant; still there is a conclusive answer to the present argument. The real fact is, that neither the Roman Catholics of Ireland, nor the Protestants, can be said, in the sense which this reasoning implies, to contribute to the support of the established Church. The reserved rent, by which the tithe is supported, belongs neither to the Protestant landlord nor to the Catholic tenant; it belongs to the State. And the grievance is, that the State, having a fund for public purposes at its disposal, selects as the object of its favour, in

rampant defiance of reason and justice, a persuasion the members of which amount to only two-seventeenths of the whole community.*

It may further be observed, that those who use this argument accept by implication the principle of the voluntary system. They argue in effect, that the contribution in question is no grievance, because it is drawn from those who, being Protestants by conviction, must be voluntary supporters of a Protestant establishment. It is going a good way to say, that all who are real or nominal adherents of a certain church, must be willing to pay tithes to its clergy. The history of the relations between the Protestant gentry of Ireland and the clergy of the Establishment, as we have before shown, does not lead very directly to this supposition. But, not to insist on this, what is to be said respecting the Catholics of Ireland, who are or may become the proprietors of land? Supposing them to be ever so few in number, still they are entitled to justice; and they are the victims of injustice, according to any theory which adopts religious conviction as the ground of contribution in support of the Church. Are those who defend the Irish Establishment on the plea that it is supported mainly at the cost of Protestants, prepared to say, that the existence of this Christian Church of theirs only involves a very moderate amount of iniquity?

To all allegations or insinuations, however, that the Irish Church is voluntarily supported by the Irish nation, there is a very simple and practical reply. When the Pope tells us that it is a great mistake to suppose that his government rests upon French bayonets, since it really rests upon the affections of a devoted people, we say, Very good; then take away the French bayonets, and let us see the result; if your government stands secure, all misapprehension on the subject will be at once dispelled. In the same way, when we are told by the defenders of the Irish Establishment that it is a truly national Church, we say, Very good; then take away the bayonets, the presence of which so much obscures its divine essence, and leave it resting, to the confusion of all gainsayers, on the loyal attachment of the Irish nation.

"Tithes," said a French ecclesiastic in the States-General,—"that free-will offering of the piety of the faithful." "Tithes," rejoined a reforming duke,— "that free-will offering of the piety of the faithful, about which there are now 30,000 lawsuits in France."

We shall scarcely be called upon, in the case of the Irish Establishment at all events, to argue the question whether the State has a right to deal with tithes. In the case of the Esta-

* See Lewis on Irish Disturbances, p. 351.

blished Church of England a theory is current, at least among the clergy, that tithes are not a tax imposed by the State, which it is lawful for the State to remit or divert to other objects, but a vast aggregate of private endowments given to the several parishes by a multitude of private benefactors, whose wills or other instruments of foundation have been inadvertently mislaid. The refutation of this theory, as applied to the case of any Established Church whatever, is complete for those whose minds are open to receive it. That tithes were not the spontaneous gift of individual landlords, but a general impost enforced by a central authority, is proved, among other things, by the nature of many of the titheable articles, which were such that they could not possibly have formed part of a landowner's benefaction. "Will any man in his senses pretend that pious lords of manors, of their own private will, gave to the clergy the right for all future time to mulct the artificers resident in their parishes of a tenth of their wages? or assigned to the Church the tenth of the fish caught in the sea? or subjected millers to the ecclesiastical impost from A.D. 1315? or gave a tenth of the spoils of all hawking, hunting, fishing, and fowling?"* But in the case of the Irish Church there can be no mistake about the matter. The institution of tithes is not, in this case, shrouded in those mists of the "prehistoric foretime," in which mythical theories find an asylum. The national Church of Ireland, in the days before the Norman invasion, was irregular in many respects to the strict ecclesiastical eye. These irregularities were corrected by the reforming synod of Cashel, which forbade marriages within the degrees prohibited by the Church, exempted the property of ecclesiastics from all contributions to lay chiefs, enforced the regular celebration of infant baptism according to the orthodox form, and enjoined the payment of tithes. What Henry II. enjoined, it is, we presume, competent for the legislature of the present day to abrogate or change.

Paley begins his chapter on Moral and Religious Philosophy by broadly laying it down, "that a religious establishment is no part of Christianity, it is only the means of inculcating it." "The authority," he says further on, "of a church establishment is founded in its utility; and whenever, upon this principle, we deliberate concerning the form, propriety, or comparative excellency of different establishments, the single view under which we ought to consider any of them is that of a 'scheme of instruction;' the single end we ought to propose by them is, 'the preservation and communication of religious knowledge.' Every other idea, and every other end, that has been mixed with this—as the making of the Church an engine, or

* Title-deeds of the Church of England, by Miall, p. 52.

even an *ally*, of the State; converting it into the means of strengthening or diffusing influence; or regarding it as a support of regal in opposition to popular forms of government—have served only to debase the institution, and to introduce into it numerous corruptions and abuses.” He also admits in plain terms that if the dissenters from the Establishment become a majority of the people, the Establishment itself ought to be altered or modified. Considering that Paley upheld, on the ground of general expediency, anomalies which it would have been thought a man of his sense could scarcely have endured; considering that he upheld the constitution of the unreformed Parliament, and the judicial authority of the House of Lords,—his chapter on religious establishments and toleration will be found pretty plain-spoken. If such an institution as the Irish Establishment is to be maintained, it must be maintained, not on the ground of general utility, according to the great master of that philosophy, but upon some ground more divine.

If we are asked what is the great mischief the Irish Establishment does, the answer is easy and short: it connects the government, in the eyes of the great mass of the Irish people, with rank injustice, and makes it, and will continue to make it, an object, not of confidence and attachment, but of well-deserved suspicion and disaffection. It is vain to think that the government will ever take root in the affections of the Irish people until it ceases to trample on the national religion, and to impose by force an alien religion upon the nation. We should be sorry indeed to think that a government persisting in such a system ever could acquire the attachment of the people; for if it could, we should be compelled to believe that a nation had ceased to choose between right and wrong, and that the hearts of men were to be won by injustice.

Let the Protestants suppose, if they can, the tables turned, and the position of the two religions reversed. Let them suppose that they were the majority of the people in Ireland, and the Roman Catholics were the majority of the people in England; and let them suppose that this Roman Catholic majority established by force the Roman Catholic church, though that of the minority, in Ireland. What would their feelings be in this case? Would they not be in a constant state of disaffection to the government? Would they not be constantly resisting it, and caballing and conspiring against it ten times more than the Roman Catholics now do? Let them try to put themselves for a moment into the situation in which they think the other party ought so meekly to acquiesce. But the truth is, that by long habit the Irish Protestant has learnt to hold, that he is himself entitled, as of divine right, to indulge in the insolence and turbu-

lence of the slave-owner, and that the Catholic ought to be too happy to be allowed to exist, on condition of accepting with dutiful humility the position of a slave.

The evil extends to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. We have there a large body of members who represent an oppressed and degraded interest, and who, as far as the interests of the United Kingdom are concerned, do not know, and till the wrongs of their community are redressed never will know and never ought to know, what patriotism means. Nothing can be imagined more fatal to the well-being of a state than the existence of a large class of this kind, smarting under political wrong, stung with political degradation, yet armed with political power. Suppose we were to get into a conflict with any nation which could effectually appeal, as Spain and France appealed in former times, to the sense of injury among the Catholics of this country, what would be the state of our national councils under such circumstances as these?

If the Protestant landlords of Ireland knew their own interests, as proprietors, they would support instead of opposing the abolition of the Irish Establishment. The one thing necessary to raise the value of property in Ireland to its natural level, and to secure all the interests which depend upon it, is the restoration of concord and tranquillity among the people. But the Establishment organises and keeps up in their sharpest form the old antipathies between the two churches and the two races which those churches represent. It stands in its towering injustice the sumptuous trophy, to use once more Macaulay's happy phrase, of the conqueror over the conquered, rallying round it all the tyrannical pride and fanatical bitterness of one party, and arraying against it all the hatred and vindictiveness of the other. Mere difference of religion, not sharpened by the existence of an establishment, would not long divide and distract a country, socially and politically, as Ireland is now divided and distracted. In the United States there are plenty of Roman Catholics, living in the same community with Protestants, the descendants of the Puritans; yet De Tocqueville has observed that the difference of religion causes no social divisions, and that the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest meet as a matter of course on the same platform for all social and philanthropic objects. In Canada there is, unhappily, an offset of the Orange faction, which imitates in violence and absurdity its counterpart in the mother country. There is a graver source of disturbance in the political antagonism between the upper province which is Protestant, and the lower province which is Roman Catholic. Yet even in Canada nobody speaks of the religious difference between Roman Catholics and Protestants as being a fountain

of bitterness and peril, like the same religious difference in Ireland. The truth is, that religious fanaticism has been charged with a good deal in the way of wars and divisions among mankind, which ought rather to be set down to the account of political tyranny, using religious fanaticism as its pretext, and perhaps as its ally.

There are few people who in the present day would not shrink from avowing that they wished to keep up the Irish Establishment of Ireland, a nominally religious institution, for a political purpose, as the means of securing the English interest in Ireland. But if there are any who avow this object, or covertly entertain it, they are very short-sighted politicians. For whatever may be the attractive influence which the Establishment exerts on the few who benefit by it, it may be safely said to be cancelled ten times over by its repulsive influence on the many to whom it is a standing wrong.

The Roman Catholic clergy have hardly ever been the direct instigators of sedition. In their natural tendencies they are conservatives in only too high a degree. They were not only totally guiltless of Whiteboyism and Rockism, and all the other agrarian conspiracies, but they were themselves sufferers by those conspiracies; for the fees of the priest were the object of Whiteboy attacks as well as the tithes of the parson. The rebellion of 1798 was got up, not by Roman Catholic priests, but by Protestant republicans at Belfast. The Roman Catholic priests of Ireland, like their brethren on the Continent, abhorred the French Revolution and all its works, and they would have arrayed themselves on the side of the government, if the government had not spurned them from it, and driven them to the other side. In struggling under O'Connell for Catholic Emancipation, they struggled for an object which the legislature at last sanctioned, and which every right-minded man now admits to have been lawful and not seditious.

Still, though not authors of sedition, nor obnoxious on that account to any injurious treatment, they are, from the very nature of their position, and while the present state of things last will continue to be, obstacles in the way of reconciliation between the government and the people. They are a peasant clergy; they live among the people, are their social guides and advisers, and form their feelings and ideas to a much greater extent than they would if they belonged to a different class. They feel the injustice with which they are treated, they feel their own degradation, they are inevitably enemies of the government by which they are wronged; and though they may have no formed design of exciting rebellion, they naturally and inevitably infuse their own bitter feelings into the breasts

of the people. We are by no means disposed to dwell upon the services which a clergy may render as upholders of a particular social order, or a particular form of government. We do not wish to recommend the ministers of Christianity in the character of "black police." But those who rely upon them as a conservative element in politics may perceive that in Ireland this potent engine, in its most potent form, is transferred by their policy from the conservative to the destructive side. A government has need to be very able, and very beneficent in other respects, to preserve civil peace in a country where it persists in placing the natural leaders of the people on the side of civil war.

The hope that the Establishment will, by its missionary exertions, convert the Irish people from the errors of Popery to the Protestant truth, must have by this time sunk in despair. Sir Robert Peel had used his eyes while he was living in Ireland as Irish Secretary, and he afterwards meditated on what he had seen; the fruit of which meditations, if he had lived and returned to power, might possibly have been something beyond Catholic Emancipation. Somebody was once defending the Irish Establishment to him as a means of converting the Irish from Popery; he replied by putting the awkward question, Can you claim a balance of two hundred converts during the course of the last two hundred years?

The papacy in its expiring hour receives but cold sympathy, and feeble assistance, from the great Catholic monarchies, where its religion has been established with boundless wealth and unlimited power. The government, nominally Catholic, which supports it, does so merely for political ends. The people of its own city, the seat of its pomp and of its lavish expenditure, would rise, if they could, and pluck it from its throne. In Ireland, where its votaries have but just escaped from the last of the penal laws, where they still lie under the Ecclesiastical-Titles Act, and where the profession of its faith has been the badge of poverty and degradation, it still retains the enthusiastic devotion of the people, and receives from them all the aid which their helplessness can afford. Such is the practical result of propagating the true religion after the method of Lord Eldon and King George III. "Error by itself has never been a match for truth; but it has often been more than a match for truth and power."

The personal influence of the Roman Catholic clergy over their flocks, the object of so much dread, has been increased by the same auspicious policy; while, at the same time, their poverty and consequent want of high education as a class, have rendered it impossible that they should exercise that influence for enlightened objects of a social and economical kind.

The truth is, that the existence of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland is the thing most fatal to the success of the Protestant religion; it presents Protestantism to the Irish peasant in the most repulsive form,—as the religion of the conqueror and oppressor. Protestantism is to him what Roman Catholicism would have been to us, if it had been established in this country by the success of the Spanish armada. The creed which is tendered to him as the real religion of St. John is inseparably associated with the memory of past outrages, and too often with the sense of present insult. Worse missionaries than the clergy of the dominant church cannot be imagined. These men are not so blinded to reason as not to be aware that, unless Roman Catholicism is absolutely criminal, their own position must be a crying wrong. And therefore they are led to represent Roman Catholicism to themselves as criminal, and to carry this feeling into all their preachings and discussions. It is obvious that such a method of propagandism is not likely to make proselytes. The Roman Catholic knows very well that the things said by Protestant controversialists as to the practical effects of his religion are false; and he therefore may well refuse to believe that the things said against its doctrines and authority are true. The only chance of winning the hearts and minds of the people is, to begin by acknowledging the element of truth in their religion, and putting yourself as much as possible on common ground. But a clergyman of the Irish Establishment who should try to put himself on common ground with the Roman Catholic, by taking a candid view of the Roman Catholic religion, would be very speedily landed in the conclusion that his own church had no ground to stand on.

We have heard it said by persons who know Ireland, and are prejudiced, if at all, in favour of the Establishment, that the Protestants do not, commonly speaking, even desire to make converts to their church; and that if a Roman Catholic becomes a convert to it, he is apt to meet with any thing but an enthusiastic reception among the professors of his new faith. The truth is, that, from whatever aspect you view it, the Establishment is much more a political than a religious institution. It belongs not so much to a religious community desirous of propagating their faith, as to a political caste determined to preserve a rampart of their privileges and a monument of their victorious pride.

The Tudor sovereigns and legislators who established the Tudor church in Ireland, acted for what they took to be the highest interest of the whole Irish people. They had no notion that their church would be ultimately confined to a small section of the nation. They fully expected that it would within a

calculable time include and be a blessing to the entire race. They had no doubt whatever of their own competency, as rulers appointed of Heaven, to judge of the truth of creeds, and select the best religion. In perfect simplicity of faith, they expected that the religion which they in their wisdom had selected for the people of both islands, would soon prevail over error in both islands alike. They knew by practical experience that the minds of men were somewhat froward and perverse; but they did not doubt that these obstacles would in due course of time yield before lawful authority, aiding by the infliction of moderate penalties the native attractions of pure truth. They looked upon dissent, whether Catholic or Puritan, as a transitory phenomenon, which in one or two generations at most would pass away, and leave unbroken unity of faith and worship throughout these realms. Whether they expected that all Christendom would come over to their way of thinking, and embrace the Thirty-nine Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Homilies, we have no means of judging: probably, as their minds were eminently political, they did not look much beyond their own dominions, or take much thought for the unity of Christendom. Their anticipations, however, have not been fulfilled. Their experiment has resulted in signal and decisive failure. After three centuries of blood and discord, the Irish people are as far as ever from being members of the Tudor church. That establishment, which its founders unquestionably destined for the future benefit of the whole nation, remains hopelessly confined to a small part of it; and, instead of drawing every thing else within its unity, is in Ireland, as in England, very far from being at unity with itself. As they were persons of eminent practical wisdom, we may fairly assume that they would have bowed to the sentence of practical experience, and that we shall only be doing what they would have done, if upon the total failure of one principle, we frankly adopt another.

The truth is, that the peculiar form of Protestantism which is embodied in the Tudor church would never, even under the happiest circumstances, have had much success with the Irish people. The number of persons who are converted from the religion of their fathers to a new religion, by pure reason, must always be small, and confined to the most educated class. The mass of the people must be converted, if at all, through religious sentiment. Now the Tudor church, whatever may be its superiority to Roman Catholicism in matters of reason, is not very likely, as a matter of sentiment, to win away the enthusiastic heart of the Irish Celt from a more fervid religion. The services of the Church of England, though moulded to a certain extent by the temperament of the race which uses them, have

even to that race, now that its religious feelings have been quickened, begun to seem somewhat wearisome and formal, and they would probably be changed, if it were not for the fear of getting into awkward theological discussions. To the temperament of Irishmen they are utterly and hopelessly unsuited; and, as it seems to us, Birnam Wood will come to Dunsinane again before the Irish people leave the passionate worship of their own church to attend the sober but somewhat tedious celebration of the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer. Even among the Protestant congregations themselves there is an evident listlessness through the Liturgy. The only part of the service for which they care much appears to be the sermon, to which they listen attentively, if it is delivered in the style which suits their tastes, and, generally speaking, does not suit ours.

The Irish Celt is not naturally disinclined to Protestantism, any more than the Welsh Celt or the Celt of the Highlands, provided that it be Protestantism of a fervid and enthusiastic kind. It is by touching on this string that the Irish missions have been to a certain extent successful. Their success is in no degree due to the existence of a Tudor establishment in Ireland. They are alien in fact to the spirit of that establishment. They are essentially private enterprises supported by Protestant enthusiasm, and emanating, to a great extent, not from Ireland, but from this country. Whatever they may be worth (a question which we are not called upon here to discuss), they would go on just as well, or probably better, if the Establishment ceased to exist to-morrow.

As to the character of the Protestant clergy themselves, and of the flocks dependent on their care, it has improved from the very moment when, by the passing of Catholic Emancipation, the Protestant Church lost something of its dominant character; and there is no reason to doubt that it would improve still more if political support were still further withdrawn, and a spiritual community were left still more to rest upon its spiritual merits.

It is almost needless to specify the universal saving clause which accompanies all just measures of change. To touch the incomes of the existing clergy is what nobody has proposed, and nobody would propose. They are the more entitled to have their vested interests scrupulously respected, since, though their church has made no progress towards becoming national, they are themselves unquestionably far better than their fathers. In truth, some of them are so good and so zealous, that we may be pretty sure that the fault lies in the institution itself, and therefore that the case is past hope. Nothing can place the interests of the existing clergy in any peril except so obstinate and prolonged a resistance as might lead to a violent and vindictive revolution.

ART. II.—KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

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Précis Historique des Opérations Militaires en Orient de mars 1854 à octobre 1855. Par A. du Casse, Chef-d'Escadron d'Etat-Major. Avec Cartes et Plans. Paris: E. Dentu. 1857.

Atlas Historique et Topographique de la Guerre d'Orient en 1854, 1855 et 1856; entrepris par ordre de S. M. l'Empereur Napoléon III; rédigé sur les Documents officiels et les Renseignements authentiques recueillis par le Corps d'Etat-Major; gravé et publié par les soins du Dépôt de la Guerre, S. Exc. le Maréchal Vaillant étant Ministre de la Guerre, et le Colonel Blondel Directeur du Dépôt de la Guerre. 1858.

MR. KINGLAKE has enjoyed great advantages in the composition of his history. Six years ago Lady Raglan intrusted him with the whole of her husband's papers, including the reports addressed to the commander-in-chief by his subordinates, and his correspondence of all kinds, with sovereigns, ambassadors, generals, adventurers, and personal friends. Not only would it "seem as though no paper addressed to the English head-quarters was ever destroyed," but all this mass of matter was found to be arranged in perfect order. What, therefore, Lord Raglan knew, Mr. Kinglake knows. This has not been all. Information has "poured in upon him" from all quarters; and nowhere has he found any Englishman who has wished to conceal either our errors or shortcomings. The French war-department was, however, not unnaturally indisposed to allow its archives to be examined by "a gifted friend" of Mr. Kinglake's. To have done so would have been to lend a quasi-official character to his statements; which, considering the temper in

which he scrutinises every thing which emanates from the French authorities, would have proved, now that his book has been published, to say the least, extremely embarrassing. But surely the "most courteous, clear, and abundant answers" which he has received from every French commander whom he has interrogated, and still more, the despatch to this country of an "accomplished soldier" of great experience to make clear to him some of the French operations, might have saved the Imperial government from the charge of "concealment." From Russia he received a translation of the narratives of the three generals of division who commanded under Prince Mentschikoff at the Alma. And besides all this, Mr. Kinglake is obviously brimming over with that sort of story which circulates in society on the best authority,—authority which is, of course, anonymous, but may well tremble to learn that it has been recorded by the historian in black and white, and will hereafter be revealed on the house-top as the source of his statements. This vast mass of material, it is needless to say, has been digested into a brilliant narrative, which conclusively proves its author a consummate—rhetorician. It is not meant that he is altogether deficient in the qualities necessary to the historian. Many of the highest of them,—an ardent love of truth and justice, and the power of welding facts into their proper historical connexion, though too often warped and perverted by his violent personal hatreds and partialities,—he unquestionably possesses in a high degree. But these are obscured, overweighted, choked, by his powers as a rhetorician. Thus the principal feature of his book is its style. We are made to feel that we are in the hands of a great master of words. Every thing must be formed into a picture. Every body must be painted with all his accessories; and masterly as these portraits are, they are out of place when the battle of the Alma halts, in order that we may learn the birth, education, life, and even bodily defects, of each officer whom there is occasion to name. So every statement must be placed before the reader in its most perfect form; and as Mr. Kinglake's art is not of that highest kind which conceals itself, even his simplicity,—and his narrative can, when he chooses it, be very simple,—comes at last to seem studied and affected; so that it may well be doubted whether, while there is scarcely a passage in these volumes which, separately quoted, would not seem an admirable piece of writing, they have really been improved by the six years' labour he has bestowed upon them. For all smells of the lamp; and, under the influence of the terror with which he is said to regard the author of *Eothen*, his style has been polished and decorated, until, unlike Gibbon's in

every thing else, it resembles it in this, that it wearies by continuous splendour. And yet, even in saying thus much, one almost dreads to be unjust, so lively is the impression produced by its animation, its clearness, its copiousness, its fire; and with such remorseless power does he wield in turn his favourite weapons—bantering humour, invective, and, above all, his terrible irony. In short, despite all the faults that may justly be attributed to it, the book remains a great intellectual effort; and while we feel that Mr. Kinglake has set himself to dazzle our imaginations, disarm our judgments, and carry us away the helpless captives of his literary skill, it is impossible to deny him the praise of, at all events, a temporary success.

It is the more necessary, however, to allude to these characteristics of Mr. Kinglake's style, because they are the result of habits of thought. This perpetual effort at picturesqueness does not indeed alter facts, but it may marshal them, give to this undue prominence, and keep that too much in the background. Even where it does not, it makes us suspect that it has done so, and so destroys our trust in the narrator. But when this love of word-painting is combined with an intense love of estimating character, of scrutinising men's motives and feelings and passions, it betrays a writer into statements which, if not quite, are at least very nearly, incapable of proof. It would, for instance, be very curious to know how Mr. Kinglake obtained so complete a knowledge of the feelings which influenced the Czar and Lord Stratford in the duel which he so dramatically depicts. In sober reality, such statements are mere inferences, such as all men draw erroneously every day, even in the case of their most intimate friends, and which should never be put forward by a historian except hesitatingly, and with a statement of the facts on which they rest. For instance, soon after Lord Stratford returned to Constantinople, Prince Mentschikoff received despatches from St. Petersburg; and he then began to use a tone of violence to the Porte to which he had not before resorted. Will it be believed that Mr. Kinglake proceeds to infer, "from the known bent and temper of the Czar's mind," what were his instructions to his ambassador, and actually writes for him a long imaginary despatch? "By the time you receive this," Count Nesselrode is supposed to say, "Stratford Canning will be at Constantinople. He has ever thwarted his majesty the Emperor. The inscrutable will of Providence has bestowed upon him great gifts of mind, which he has used for no other purpose than to baffle and humiliate the Emperor and keep down the orthodox church. . . . Again, the Emperor commands me to say you must strike terror. Use a fierce insulting tone." Mr. Kinglake cannot

of course imagine that any Russian statesman ever did write, or even that the Czar ever consciously thought in such a strain as this; still, as a piece of sarcasm, it is certainly powerful. But what would be well enough in a novelist is out of place in a grave historian. The supposed despatch has not even the kind of truth which is to be found in the imaginary speeches of Thucydides or Livy.

So in the second chapter of his book Mr. Kinglake reminds us, that under the law of nations any state has the right by force of arms to prevent or redress a wrong done to another state, but that its duty is not coextensive with its right. Whether it will interfere, depends on whether it is its interest to do so, and whether it has the power to wage war with success. In other words, nations are actuated in redressing the wrongs of other nations by those ordinary motives of expediency by which human beings generally are actuated. That this is stated with great clearness and force is true enough, but it does not seem to be a doctrine which contains any great mystery or remarkable novelty. Still it is absolutely necessary that Mr. Kinglake, if he states it at all, should state it in a way which will strike the fancy; and it is accordingly throughout his book dressed out as the Usage, and the great Usage. In this pompous form, and with a capital letter, it really bears, until closely examined, a very fair resemblance to a great discovery in politics. But surely this resort to the expedients of Sir Bulwer Lytton is a little beneath him. And as this perpetual straining after effect, being executed with vigour and success, at first fascinates the reader, so, when its influence has passed off, the mind suffers from a sort of reaction, and unconsciously avenges itself by undervaluing what before it had set too high. Mr. Kinglake's earliest critics could see no faults; perhaps now the tendency is to depreciate him more than is just. For this, however, he must thank himself,—and that the more because he himself sets the example of partiality. In the Emperor of the French and his abettors he can see no merit. Nothing ever emanates from them that is wise or honest. Certainly it is not wonderful that any man should look with horror on the perpetrators of the massacre of December; but still it is hard to believe that every soldier who held command in the army of Paris during the week of the *coup-d'état* was of necessity a bungler and a fool. Yet this is apparently the moral of the book, set forth with a trenchant scorn which cannot but be mischievous. For Mr. Kinglake is not unknown,—not a mere literary man; but his words borrow notoriety, and perhaps to the apprehension of foreigners weight, from his parliamentary position. But it is a sufficient comment on the spirit in which

these volumes are written, that in Paris they should have been regarded as endangering the *entente cordiale*, and that the English Government should have thought it desirable to take the first fitting opportunity which occurred after their publication to convey to M. Drouyn de Lhuys its desire to draw yet closer the ties which unite not merely the two nations but their governments.*

In the year 1850 an exaggerated notion of the decrepitude of Turkey prevailed in Europe. The efforts of the later sultans to reinvigorate the nation by imitating the more civilised peoples of the West, had deprived the upper classes and inhabitants of the capital of the strength which comes of simplicity, but had not as yet given them the strength which comes of cultivation. Without even the tradition of an aristocracy, it was the custom of the Porte to choose statesmen and officers from the dregs of the Byzantine populace, and it was nothing unusual that one who had been born the slave of a pasha should die the equal of his master. Thus the vices of barbarism and civilisation were met together; and to those who judge a people by its rulers, the Turks seemed utterly corrupt. Only a few English travellers, who "going to Eastern countries in early life," had been "charmed with the grand, simple, violent world that they had read of in their Bibles," knew better; knew that "the Ottoman people still upheld the warlike spirit which belongs to their race and faith."

"Experience showed that the Turks could generally hold their ground with obstinacy, when the conditions of a fight were of such a kind that a man's bravery could make up for the want of preparation and discipline. In truth they were a devoted soldiery, and fired with so high a spirit that when brought into the right frame of mind they could look upon the thought of death in action with a stedfast, lusty joy. They were temperate, enduring, and obedient to a degree unknown in other armies. They brought their wants within a very narrow compass, and, without much visible effort of commissariat skill or of transport power, they were generally found to be provided

* We rest this assertion on the following facts. Mr. Kinglake's book was published on January 15th. On the 25th the Emperor, distributing the prizes to the French exhibitors in the London Exhibition of 1862, spoke in praise of English liberty. On the 29th, the *Moniteur* announced that "Lord Cowley had been instructed to express to M. Drouyn de Lhuys the satisfaction felt by the British Government on account of the late speech of the Emperor, and its strong desire to see sentiments of mutual esteem daily strengthen the ties of friendship which unite the two nations as well as their governments." And the *Constitutionnel* of the same evening spoke of this message of Lord Russell as "requisite to secure the peace of the world." But surely the Emperor's speech had in no way endangered it. Of course it is open to any one to set aside the inference here drawn, as an instance of the old fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; but we are sure Mr. Kinglake will not do so,—at all events, if he recurs again to the notes he has appended to pages 369 and 382 of his first volume.

with bread and cartridges, and even with means of shelter. Their arms were always bright. Their faith tended to make them improvident; but a wise instinct taught them that if there was one thing which ought not to be left to fate or to the precepts of a deceased prophet, it was the Artillery. Their guns were well served."

Unhappily for the peace of Europe it was not difficult for a power which, deceived by the corruption of the government, should think that the time had come to expel the Mussulman from Europe, to find excuse for a rupture. Every where the Christian "nations," as they were called, who mainly peopled the European provinces of Turkey, had been abandoned to their own devices by the indolence or the contemptuous intolerance of the Turks. They paid tribute, they were liable to lawless outrages from their masters, and were not suffered to bear arms; but generally they lived apart, a kind of *imperium in imperio*, free in the exercise of their religion, and enjoying their own laws and customs; and as the conquest had overturned their temporal government, the administration of these laws and customs had fallen mostly into the hands of the priesthood. These Christian communities, comprising about three-sevenths of the population of the empire, and greatly preponderating over the Turks in its European provinces, had long been accustomed to seek for protection against the oppression of their conquerors from some European power of similar faith. Austria was empowered by treaties to protect the Roman Catholic worship. The piety of Louis XV. had obtained for France, in 1740, a capitulation which confirmed all the existing privileges of the Latin Church in Palestine. While, at the instance of Russia, concessions had been granted to the twelve millions of Turkish subjects who professed the faith of the Greek church; originally indeed liable to be revoked at the pleasure of the Sultan, but, as the Czar maintained, transformed into a binding engagement with him by "a few loose words" in the treaty of Kainardji. However, the Latin Christians were but few in number, and to Austria at least the unity and independence of Turkey were of vital importance. With Russia the case was different.

In the hearts of the Russian people there still lives that medieval faith which founded the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. They are devoted to a creed which came to them from Constantinople, and which still holds pilgrimage to holy shrines to be a rite which, like baptism, draws down heavenly blessings even on children of tender years. Thus the hopes as well as the memories of the nation all turn eastwards; and from their earliest years their fanaticism is fanned by the lessons of a war-like priesthood, and the visions of seers who had prophesied "the destruction of the Turks by the men of the yellow hair."

This religious zeal of the lower classes is supported by the ambition of the upper; and the possession of the gates of the Black Sea is the traditional policy which they have received from Peter and Catherine. Only the emperors understood the jealousy which so vast an accession of power would excite in Europe, and perhaps also dreaded the possession of a capital city at either extreme of their dominion as an omen of division. The Emperor Nicholas represented at once the feelings of his people, and the policy of his predecessors. Thus the vacillation with which Mr. Kinglake reproaches him was probably more apparent than real. What he wanted was, to have Turkey intact, and yet to seem to his people to be daily tightening his hold upon her Christian subjects. Nor was this to be altogether a seeming. He was determined that if he did not inherit Constantinople from the sick man, at least no other power should.

This being the state of things as between Russia and Turkey, Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, was pleased to claim the strict execution of the treaty of 1740. Probably he had no deeper motive than a desire to gratify that love of domineering which is inherent in the French people; and it is at least certain that, though France was still "under parliamentary government," and was therefore "safe from the calamity of a wanton rupture with friendly states," it manifested no dissatisfaction with the President's policy. At Constantinople he found himself, however, opposed to Russia, for the stipulations of the treaty of 1740 were not to be reconciled with the concessions which had since been made to the Greek Christians; and the Czar, even if he had been inclined, did not dare to let his people know that he had suffered the Latin church to obtain a victory over the orthodox faith. Then came the *coup-d'état* of December 1851, and the claims of the Latin church were pressed with unseemly violence. Force was threatened. The Turks shuffled shamefully. But a fortnight after the assumption by Louis Napoleon of the imperial title, the long negotiation "about a key and a star," which is known to diplomacy as the question of the Holy Shrines, and detailed by Mr. Kinglake in his happiest vein of banter, was brought to a close by the concession of the French demands, to the joy of the Latins, and, in the words of Count Nesselrode, "to the indignation of the whole people following the Greek ritual."

Technically France was in the right, for she claimed only the fulfilment of an existing treaty; but a wise statesman would not have raked up an obsolete engagement, so as to irritate the deeply-rooted fanaticism of Russia. The imprudence of the Czar had, however, by this time made it absolutely

necessary for the French Emperor to obtain a triumph over him. Pride was his ruling passion, and he had never concealed his contempt for the origin of Napoleon. He now openly insulted him, whether from sudden anger or of settled purpose, by refusing to address him as "my good friend *and brother*." He would not receive an adventurer into the fraternity of kings. This was not the way to dispose the adventurer to conciliation.

As early as 1844, the Czar had communicated to the English government a paper, in which he represented, that between Austria and Russia "there existed already an entire accord" (vol. i. p. 68). The events of 1848 had naturally given him a claim on the Emperor Francis Joseph; and when the Kaiser chose this moment to send a peremptory summons to the Sultan, calling on him to withdraw his forces from Montenegro, it is not strange that the Czar should regard so opportune an occurrence as a new proof of this agreement. Even Mr. Kinglake admits that the Czar's feelings were "well understood at Vienna," and that the summons was probably sent "in order to anticipate his wishes." It seems that no intimation of the Kaiser's intention had been given him; but when a close friend acts so as to give timely aid, men naturally assume the intention to assist; and we can therefore see no duplicity in the Czar's representations, that he was acting in concert with Austria. He determined to make the refusal of her demand a *casus belli*; but his plans were disconcerted, for "it was suddenly acceded to by the sagacious advisers of the Sultan."

"Virtue," it has been said, "coldly entertained in every other corner of the heart, has often found a refuge in the pride of man;" and the Czar was not deficient in those good qualities with which pride easily allies itself. He loved truth; he was capable of great generosity; and had shown, on at least one occasion, "a spirit of austere virtue, ranging high above common ambition." But he shared the religious fanaticism of his people, though having "the air of a man raised above the level of common worshipers, who imagined that he was appointed to serve the cause of his church by great imperial achievements, and not by humble feats of morality and devotion." Pride may be the protector of virtue, but it is apt to be a very treacherous one; and when the Czar's pride had to choose between his virtue and his fanaticism, it sided with the last. He determined to assert his dignity against the Buonapartes and the infidels by "some notable achievement either of war or policy;" and, unluckily, he entirely misunderstood the state of Europe. He possessed such an ascendancy over the rulers of Prussia and Austria, that he believed they would see

the Lower Danube, the great outlet of Southern Germany, pass into his hands without serious resistance; and for France he entertained an unjust, and even silly, contempt. England he misunderstood still more; for he fancied her to be devoted to trade, and to hate war, like the peace party and Lord Aberdeen. The scheme he hit on "was, to make the past defaults of the Turkish government with regard to the Holy Places of Palestine a ground for extorting a treaty engagement, by which the Greek church throughout all Turkey would be brought under the protection of Russia."

Then Prince Mentschikoff came as ambassador to Constantinople, and the Russian armies gathered on the frontier. Both in form and substance the demands of Nicholas were of the kind from which he had himself, in the last secret memorandum solemnly placed in the hands of our envoy at St. Petersburg, represented it to be the duty of the great powers to abstain; and he left the English and French governments to hear of his attempt to obtain a protectorate over twelve millions of Turkish subjects from their own envoys to the Porte. But this conduct seems to us less the result of "an instinct of wild cunning," than the vacillation natural to a man whose pride was driving him on a course which his conscience condemned and his judgment disapproved. In the Divan there was "anxiety and alarm:" the French fleet was ordered to Salamis; and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was sent back to Constantinople.

Probably none of the minor causes, which were all tending to war, had a larger share in producing it than a step which Lord Aberdeen doubtless intended in the interests of peace. Between Lord Stratford and the Czar there was an old antagonism. "It was the Czar's ancient hatred of Sir Stratford Canning," says Mr. Kinglake himself, "which defied the healing art." In seventeen days from his arrival he had settled the question of the Holy Places, and left Mentschikoff without the shadow of a grievance to excuse the demand for a protectorate. Then he threw off the mask, and openly counselled resistance.

"How to negotiate with a perfected skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it without swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the home government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was moreover so gifted by nature that, whether men studied his despatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only bystanders caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation

was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. He had faults which made him an imperfect Christian, for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts that he followed up his opinions with his feelings and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper being always under control when purposes of State so required, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness, for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him."

To the ascendancy of Lord Stratford the Russian ambassador opposed fresh violence. Mr. Kinglake, apparently without any evidence, as we have before remarked, attributes this to fresh instructions from the Czar, which he embodies in an imaginary despatch. Whether this were so or not, he determined to demand a secret audience of the Sultan. Lord Stratford was equal to the occasion. He had been instructed, in the event of *imminent danger to the existence* of the Turkish government, to send to Malta, requesting the admiral to hold himself in readiness; but he was not to order him to approach the Dardanelles without instructions from home. He at once obtained an audience, through the grand vizier, and apprised "the pale Sultan" of the authority intrusted to him, while he kept to himself the reservation which limited it. When Prince Mentschikoff obtained his secret audience, he was already countermined. He produced no result beyond the resignation of the offended vizier, and, on the 21st May, quitted Constantinople with the whole Russian legation. Lord Stratford had won the duel; but it cannot be denied that he had used the weapon confided to him in a way little contemplated by those who intrusted him with it, and opposed to the spirit by which they were actuated. "Without the solemnity of a treaty, without the knowledge of Parliament, and perhaps without the knowledge of her prime minister, England had slid into all the responsibility of a defensive alliance with the Sultan." Such an ambassador is, to say the least of it, dangerous.

On the 2d of July 1853, the Russian armies crossed the Pruth, and occupied the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, as a material guarantee for the inviolability of the orthodox church.

Whatever may be thought of the French Emperor's conduct in raising the question of the Holy Places, it had latterly been

temperate enough. Notwithstanding the studied insolence of the Czar, M. de la Cour had entered into the spirit of the English counsels, and had made the concessions which enabled Lord Stratford to adjust the contention. An ordinary mind would see in this a proof of Napoleon's sincere desire to earn a character for moderation: to Mr. Kinglake's apprehension, the Czar was falling into the snare of his "patient enemy in the West, who had long pursued him with a stealthy joy, and was now keenly marking him down." But occasional sneers of this sort were insufficient to satisfy Mr. Kinglake's animosity; so he suddenly rushes back from Midsummer 1853 to Christmas 1851, and in a chapter of 112 pages recounts all the evil that he knows of the French Emperor and his courtiers, and all the atrocities of the *coup-d'état*. No praise can be too high for its literary merits as an invective. As an example of all that is most exasperating in open ridicule, and withering in secret irony, it deserves to rank with the pamphlet of the Duc d'Aumale and Victor Hugo's *Napoléon le Petit*; but it should be bound up with works of that class, and not inserted bodily into a history of the Invasion of the Crimea. The author has sacrificed artistic propriety to the gratification of his hatred; he sacrifices also the reserve imposed on him by his political position. But the funniest thing is his reason for considering it "no digression." Mr. Kinglake is writing the history, not of the Invasion of the Crimea, but of the Invasion of the Crimea down to the death of Lord Raglan. Therefore, he writes a whole volume on the causes, not of the Invasion, but of the war between Russia and the Allies. We do not say this is unjustifiable, but it reminds one of the front of Strasburg cathedral, which, however beautiful, is still a good deal too large for the edifice to which it forms the entrance. But when the author gravely proceeds to argue that, because it was expedient for Louis Napoleon to occupy with foreign dissensions the mind of the nation he had robbed of its freedom, it was therefore fitting for him to relate the mode in which it was robbed, one sees no reason why he should not have gone back to the causes why Napoleon planned a *coup-d'état*, and so to causes remoter still, in an endless series of spiteful retrospections. We feel no inclination to follow Mr. Kinglake into details so foreign to the history he has undertaken to write; but one point may be mentioned, because it affords a fair instance of a practice which is not uncommon with him. He says (p. 281) that the number of the persons slaughtered by the troops during the *coup-d'état* will never be known; but one of the regiments is stated by its colonel to have killed 2400 men. This Mr. Kinglake clearly, from the language he employs, considers to be an exaggeration;

but he takes care nevertheless to let us know that the regiments operating against Paris were from thirty to forty, of which about twenty were actively employed; and to point out that, supposing the colonel's statement to be "any thing like an approach to the truth, and that his corps was at all rivalled by others, a very high number would be wanted for recording" the number of the slain. What, as it seems, he wishes to convey to his readers is this: 'Multiply 2400 by 20, and the result will be 48,000 killed. I cannot believe this myself; but you may if you like, and I shall be amazingly pleased if you do.' Mr. Kinglake's professional experience does not seem to have taught him that an advocate's most dangerous temptation is to overstate his case.

Men's minds being now properly prepared, Mr. Kinglake opens all his batteries on the devoted Emperor of the French. The Porte had, by the advice of Lord Stratford, issued firmans, by which it spontaneously confirmed all the existing privileges of the Greek Christians. It was now proposed, that a note, settled by the representatives of the four powers, should be sent by the Porte to St. Petersburg, together with copies of the firmans. This note, known as the Vienna note, was to distinctly assure Count Nesselrode that the firmans confirmed the privileges of the Greek Church in perpetuity, and virtually, therefore, engaged that they should never be revoked. The scheme and the first draft of the note emanated from Paris; and remembering the very conciliatory conduct of the French ambassador, when Lord Stratford settled the dispute about the Holy Places, a candid man would see in it a fresh proof that, at all events at this time, the French Emperor wished for peace. It is the last notion that enters into Mr. Kinglake's mind. Perhaps it was inherent doubleness of mind that made Napoleon falter in his purpose. Perhaps it was that he thought, that if peace were made by a note which was originally drawn at Paris, he would obtain as a peace-maker all the conspicuousness he needed. We do not, we confess, see the fairness of this sort of criticism. Doubtless the Emperor desired, if there was peace, to get what glory he could by it; if war, to turn away his people's minds from regret at their loss of liberty,—for either result would strengthen his position. But the existence of secondary motives does not make it impossible that he should have had another, or that that other was to maintain the balance of power—peacefully if it might be, but at all events to maintain it. The end of the Vienna note is known to all men. The Czar accepted, the Porte rejected it; and Count Nesselrode wrote an unlucky despatch, which showed that the reasons for the acceptance and rejection were the same, namely, that it gave the very protectorate

which it was its object to deny. Lord Stratford was of the same mind, though it may well be doubted whether the Turks read in his brow quite all Mr. Kinglake says they did; and eventually the four powers had to confess that they had blundered.

But this is not all. In September there was considerable excitement at Constantinople. The Grand Vizier told Lord Stratford that there was danger of a riot; and "then went straight to M. de la Cour, and drew a vivid picture of massacred Frenchmen." In Turks, this is "skilful discrimination." M. de la Cour, in a fright, sent home a telegraphic despatch; and the French Emperor, "in furtherance of his designs,"—Mr. Kinglake has not a high opinion of his courage, but never dreams that he shared M. de la Cour's fright,—induced the English government to concur in ordering the fleets to the Golden Horn. The order was carried out on the 22d; and the next day the Sultan declared war. As a state of war really commenced when the Russian armies crossed the Pruth, the stipulation of the treaty of 1841, which prohibited the Sultan from admitting war-vessels into the sea of Marmora, scarcely applied; but we certainly think that it is to be regretted that Lord Stratford did not take upon himself to delay the entry of the fleets for two days longer. The Czar would then have had no excuse for regarding it as a breach of treaty, and the responsibility would certainly not have been greater than the English ambassador had often enough assumed before. Then came Sinope, and thenceforth peace was impossible. Public opinion would not have suffered it. Again, the Emperor of the French urged the more vigorous measures. The English cabinet proposed to send the fleets into the Black Sea, with instructions to protect the coasts of Turkey from attack; a proposal which seems simply fatuous. The Emperor was for giving the Czar notice that the western powers would compel his fleet, whenever they found it, to return to Sebastopol. He had his way, and diplomatic relations between Russia and the western powers ceased, just as the Porte had accepted a scheme of settlement agreed upon by the representatives of the four powers at Constantinople. But if, as Mr. Kinglake thinks, the harsh and insulting notice which was advised by the French Emperor was what overthrew a fair probability of a peaceful settlement, and if the Czar would have accepted an arrangement which was prepared under the auspices of Lord Stratford, then all we can say is, that one-half of this volume, which sets forth the Czar's rage against Lord Stratford, and that he accepted the Vienna note chiefly because the English ambassador had no hand in it, must be the emptiest of fables. The warlike French

Emperor made one more abortive attempt to bring about a peace; then, on the 28th of March, the Queen declared war.

We now learn with astonishment that Lord Palmerston was the chief cause of the war. It seems he disliked Russia and Austria as too absolutist, and Prussia as too philosophical, while he hated the Bourbons; so he involved us in an alliance with Buonaparte. This defies comment. The second cause was the alliance with Buonaparte, because he induced us to order up our fleets, and otherwise to move in advance of Germany. The more general opinion has been, that it was the excessive tardiness in action of our own Government which caused the war, rather than its too hasty truculence. Certainly it might quite as well be argued that Napoleon would have proposed measures even more prompt than he did, had he not known the most he could hope from Lord Aberdeen; and that such measures would have opened the Czar's eyes to—what Mr. Kinglake so forcibly states—his erroneous notion that the English people were averse to war. As to our waiting for Austria, because her interests were most involved by the occupation of the Principalities, that no doubt is true; but it is very doubtful whether, if we had, war would have ever been declared. Austria never would summon the Czar to evacuate those provinces till the 3d of June, till the presence of the allies at Varna, and the successes of Omar Pasha on the Danube, had shown her very conclusively that it was not likely that her summons would be treated by Russia as a *casus belli*. Mr. Kinglake considers that the arrival of an Austrian officer at Lord Raglan's headquarters just as the Czar was on the point of withdrawing his troops, shows her to have been on the brink of war. We presume this is the mission which arrived at Varna on the 11th July, and which left on the minds of the allied generals an impression "unfavourable to Austria, as they do not approve of the position the Austrians propose taking in the ensuing war."* In truth, however, the German powers are hardly to be blamed. Prussia was only concerned not to disgust South Germany by abandoning the Lower Danube to Russia. Austria had indeed a vital interest in the matter; but her finances were disordered, and Francis Joseph, only five years before, had received back his crown from the friendship of the Czar. It may be said that a monarch must always be guided by the interests of his empire; but that Austria should hang back was under the circumstances only to be expected. There are degrees of ingratitude which no reasoning will enable even a Hapsburg to commit without shocking the instinctive feelings of mankind.

Many others of the numerous causes to which Mr. King-

* Letters from Head-Quarters, p. 36.

lake attributes the war seem to be scarcely causes at all in any proper sense of the word. As for instance, the courtliness of the French, Prussian, and Austrian ministers at St. Petersburg, Lord Aberdeen's love of peace, Mr. Gladstone's conscientiousness, the doctrines of the peace party, and the Exhibition of 1851. Again, we think that he habitually overrates the influence of individual character, and attributes to all his personages more consistency of purpose than men generally have. He seems to think that Lord Clarendon's famous phrase is strictly true of Lord Aberdeen only (i. 411). We would extend it to all Europe. To us it seems that every body concerned in the matter—even Louis Napoleon—"drifted" into war, with the single exception of Lord Stratford. He from the first meant that Russia should give up her claim to the protectorate of the Greek Church in Turkey, or War; and, like all resolute men surrounded by irresolute, he prevailed.

The question remains, Had England any sufficient interest in the integrity of Turkey to justify her policy? And by some it may be doubted whether she had; at all events, after the rise of Mehemet Ali had placed the government of Egypt on a firm and quasi-independent footing. The fall of the Sultan no longer implies anarchy on the Nile. But it must be allowed that the absorption of Turkey in Europe by the great military empire of Russia, would have given to the latter a fearful accession of power. Nor can we fairly judge the past by the light of the present. We may know now that the feet of the colossus were of clay: men did not know it then. Ever since 1815 the fear of Russia had overshadowed Europe. Campbell's lines only expressed the feeling of almost every Englishman:

"O lamentable weakness reckoning weak
The stripling Titan strengthening year by year!
What implement needs he for war's career
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines."

Allowing, for the sake of argument, that the war was scarcely necessary to our interests, it was so to our apprehensions. From the first, beyond and above the strife of churches and the jealousies of monarchs, "towering high in the misty north, men saw the ambition of the Czars." Whatever may be said, therefore, neither our treasure nor our blood were lavished in vain; for when the war ended, the bugbear of Russian predominance had lost its terrors.

Vexed at Omar Pasha's successes on the Danube, the Czar early in 1854 relinquished his hold on Western Wallachia, crossed

the river, and invested Silistria. The heroic defence of this town, under Butler and Nasmyth, worked the first change in the military plans of the Allies. It had been thought that Russia might repeat the advance of Diebitsch in 1828, and the Allies were busy constructing lines so as to defend Constantinople and the Thracian Chersonese from a *coup-de-main*, and secure the retreat of the fleets from the Black Sea. The defence of Silistria enabled Omar Pasha to take up a strong fortified position at Schumla, and determined the allied generals to move up to Varna. It would have been scarcely possible for an advancing Russian force to leave a fortified port and such an army unconquered on its flank. But here Mr. Kinglake pauses to etch the characters of Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud. Our estimate of the military capacity of both these commanders will sufficiently appear in the residue of this paper. But the elaborate portraiture of the French marshal it is desirable to examine at length, because, while it is one of Mr. Kinglake's most brilliant efforts, it affords a fair specimen of the reliance which is to be placed on his statements about the French Emperor and his supporters; it being, as we undertake to show, substantially inaccurate.

Mr. Kinglake, who is a perfect Lord Llanover in his dislike to persons who bear names not "resulting in the usual way from marriages and baptisms," but which they have "chosen for the sake of euphony," first falls foul of the marshal because he had changed his name from James Arnold to Achilles, and from Leroy to St. Arnaud. What authority he has for the first statement we do not know, but the second is apparently inaccurate. The marshal and his brother appended to their family name of *Leroy* the suffix *de St. Arnaud*. This change, if not instigated was, at all events, recognised by their relatives, and, as appears from the marshal's published letters, in his case at least, took place before he was twenty-four. It can scarcely, therefore, have had any very sinister object. Of respectable parentage, St. Arnaud entered the guard of Louis XVIII. in 1815, being then seventeen years of age. His extravagance compelled his friends to get him removed into the line; but in 1822, his embarrassments coming to a head, he relinquished his commission, and started to offer his sword to the cause of the revolution in Greece. He did not, however, remain there long, and seems to have lived pretty much by his wits in Italy, England, and Belgium, until the revolution of 1830. The number of resignations at this time caused a demand for officers, and St. Arnaud reëntered the army in his thirty-third year. Whatever may have been the vices and follies of the "stormy youth," which his brother, M. Adolphe Leroy de St. Arnaud, an advo-

cate at the Paris bar, attributes to him, the lieutenant of infantry was a very accomplished man. During his sojourn abroad he acquired several languages, especially Italian and English very perfectly, and he had some skill in music and taste for verse-making. By an impromptu song at a military dinner he attracted the attention of General Meunier; by a translation into three languages of a little pamphlet by Marshal Bugeaud on the art of war, he made that commander his patron for life. Mr. Kinglake mentions these incidents as if they were discreditable to him.

In St. Arnaud's letters to his family there is a break from the 18th September 1835, when he had evidently no intention of leaving his regiment, till the 19th November 1836, when we find him on his way to join the foreign legion in Algeria. His brother accounts for this as follows: "Au mois d'octobre 1835 le maréchal vint en semestre à Paris, et fut attaché au gymnase militaire. Il était au milieu de sa famille, la correspondance s'arrêta. Au mois de mars 1836 il perdit sa première femme. Il demanda alors à passer dans la légion étrangère pour aller en Afrique. Après beaucoup de difficultés il entra dans la légion avec son grade de lieutenant." Mr. Kinglake's equivalent for this is: "He seemed to be in a fair road to promotion, but again the clouds passed over him. In 1836, for the third and last time, being then forty years of age, he entered the military profession."

This seems to be one of the most astounding blunders on record. Nothing can be clearer than that St. Arnaud never quitted the army at all. He comes to Paris with six months' leave, and while there gets attached to the military gymnasium. Mr. Kinglake may not be aware that gymnastics are a recognised part of military training in France, and that a gymnasium exists in every large garrison town in France. Appointments in them are much sought for, and while holding them the officer is detached from his regiment, but can always rejoin it. Instead of doing so, St. Arnaud exchanges into the foreign legion; not a strange determination in a lieutenant of forty, whose home had just been destroyed by his wife's death, and who had two children to provide for. In Algeria troubles were just then breaking out, and a command in the foreign legion—the forlorn hope, so to speak, of the Algerian army—meant for a brave man promotion or death. In eight years from this time he had attained to a general's command.

He was a captain at the taking of Constantine in 1837. When the breach was assaulted, a mine was sprung and a panic ensued; St. Arnaud distinguished himself in rallying the fugitives and leading them again to the assault. Combes, Bedeau,

and himself, with cries of "*En avant! à la baïonnette!*" flung themselves into the gulf which had just swallowed their comrades; and "our soldiers lowered their heads and crossed bayonets, with cries of '*Hourra! en avant!*'" The breach was carried. Later in the day, St. Arnaud came on a barricade in the interior of the town. He first occupied the houses on either side with sharp-shooters; "then," he continues, "sword in hand, with cries of '*Hourra!*' better known by my foreign soldiers—with shouts of '*En avant, la légion!*'—I threw myself on the barricade, which I cleared." These two incidents Mr. Kinglake works up into the following marvellous myth.

"When a great explosion took place, and many were blown into the air, the French soldiers ran back with a cry that all was ruined; but Bedeau and Combes, withstanding the madness of the common terror, strove hard to rally the crowd, and St. Arnaud having with him in his company of the legion some bold reckless outcasts of the North, he bethought him of the shout, very strange to the ears of Frenchmen, which he had heard in other climes. Skilled in the art of imitation, he uttered the warlike cry. Instantly from the Northmen around him, whether Germans or Swedes, or English, Scots, Irish, or Danes, there sprang their native '*Hurrah!*' and with it came the thronging of men who must and would go forward. It was mainly the torrent of this new onslaught by St. Arnaud and his men of the '*stormy youth*' which carried the breach, and brought about the fall of the city."

At a fire in 1835, where St. Arnaud saved the life of an infant—for which he received a decoration—he was on the roof of the burning house when his retreat was cut off by the flames. Some one thrust a pole to him from a window opposite, and hanging from it by his hands, he managed to escape across the street. "*Il s'est fait un moment de silence pendant que je voyageais en l'air.*" This incident is thus glossed by Mr. Kinglake: "If there chanced to be a fire at night, he would fly to the spot, would scale the ladders, mount the roof, and *contrive* to appear aloft *in seeming peril*. Then he would disappear, and then suddenly he would be seen again, suspended in the air, and passing athwart the sky that divided one roof from another by the help of a rope or pole."

We now come to another strange incident in the life of St. Arnaud:

"In the summer of 1845 he received private information that a body of Arabs had taken refuge in the cave of Shelas. Thither he marched a body of troops. Eleven of the fugitives came out and surrendered, but it was known to St. Arnaud, though not to any other Frenchman, that five hundred men remained in the cave. All these people Colonel St. Arnaud determined to kill, and so far he perhaps felt

that he was only an imitator of Pelissier ; but the resolve which accompanied the formation of this scheme was original. He determined to keep the deed secret even from the troops engaged in the operation. Except his brother, and Marshal Bugeaud, whose approval was the prize he sought for, no one was to know what he did. He contrived to execute both his purposes. 'Then,' he writes to his brother, 'I had all the apertures hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one went into the caverns. No one but myself knew that under there, there are five hundred brigands who will never again slaughter Frenchmen. A confidential report has told all to the Marshal without terrible poetry or imagery. Brother, no one is so good as I am by taste and by nature.* From the 8th to the 12th I have been ill, but my conscience does not reproach me. I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same over again ; but I have taken a disgust to Africa.'

The officer who could cause French soldiery to be the unconscious instruments for putting to death five hundred fugitive men, and who could afterwards keep concealed from the whole force all knowledge of what it had done, was likely to be the very person for whom Fleury was seeking."

It will scarcely be believed that this is another blunder. How could the French soldiers be ignorant of what they were doing? If the letter of St. Arnaud (tome ii. 37) be consulted, all becomes clear. The soldiers certainly knew there were Arabs in the cave, for after the eleven came out, the residue (*les autres*) continued to fire on them. What the soldiers did not know was *the number of Arabs in the cave*. They had no notion there were 500 people in there. St. Arnaud, moreover, makes no request for secrecy of his brother. This is the summary of the marshal's character :

"He impersonated with singular exactness the idea which our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of what they called 'a Frenchman ;' for although (by cowering the rich, and by filling the poor with envy) the great French revolution had thrown a lasting gloom on the national character, it left this one man untouched. He was bold, gay, reckless, and vain ; but beneath the mere glitter of the surface there was a great capacity for administrative business, and a more than common willingness to take away human life. In Algerine warfare he had proved himself from the first an active, enterprising officer, and in later years a brisk commander. He was skilled in the duties of a military governor, knowing how to hold tight under martial law a conquered or a half-conquered province. The empire of his mind over his actions was so often interrupted by bodily pain and weakness, that it is hard to say whether, if he had been gifted with health, he would have been a firm, steadfast man ; but he had violent energies, and a spirit so elastic, that when for any interval the

* "*Personne n'est bon par goût et par nature comme moi.*" Perhaps more exactly, "There is no kinder-hearted man than I am by taste and by nature."

pressure of misery or of bodily pain was lifted off, he seemed as strong and as joyous as though he had never been crushed. He chose to subordinate the lives and the rights of other men to his own advancement. Therefore he was ruthless; but not in any other sense cruel. No one, as he himself said, could be more good-natured. In the intervals between the grave deeds that he did, he danced and sung. To men in authority no less than to women he paid court with flattering stanzas and songs. He had extraordinary activity of body, and was highly skilled in the performance of gymnastic feats; he played the violin; and, as though he were resolved in all things to be the Frenchman of the old time, there was once at least in his life a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God as for a miracle wrought) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his Church."

Just noticing the extraordinary literary skill with which bodily activity and a taste for music are made to appear degrading, we have no quarrel with this estimate of the man. But we appeal to Mr. Kinglake's readers whether the impression produced on their minds by the last sentence is not, that St. Arnaud, after the confession alluded to, returned to his old life, and that the priest gave thanks for the conversion of so hardened a sinner. Now the whole story is to be found in an article by M. Veuillot, published, after the marshal's death, in the *Univers*. We have no extreme veneration for M. Veuillot's facts; but if the story he tells is to be told, let it be as he told it. To M. Veuillot, like other devotees, the spectacle of an old sinner turning devout, and trying to conciliate God with the devil's leavings, seems peculiarly edifying; and the whole gist of his article is, that after St. Arnaud was a marshal of France and minister of war, he completely changed his life. Being ill at Hyères, he sent for the curé and made open confession, not in secret, as he might have done, but openly, in the presence of his officers, his household, and even the soldier who was messenger at his door. "The good priest, surprised, falls on his knees and gives thanks to God, who deigns thus to speak to the hearts of the powerful of the world." M. Veuillot then distinctly states that he never again "neglected his duties as a Christian;" and the marshal's subsequent letters to his wife and relatives—to whom a man can scarcely play the hypocrite—support the assertion.

We think we have now established our statement that this sketch is substantially inaccurate. Anyhow, whatever his antecedents may have been, if not a general, St. Arnaud was at least a soldier, and his amiability was remarkable. "To know the marshal," wrote Lord Cowley, "was to love him." Even Mr. Kinglake admits his freedom "from all admixture of spite

and bitterness;" and probably the good understanding which always existed between him and Lord Raglan is to be attributed to this quite as much as to the caution of the latter in avoiding argument. As for the ridiculous charge of endangering the alliance by his wish to command the Turkish army, and again by proposing that when French and English troops were acting together, the senior officer should take the command, it is a sufficient answer to say that he abandoned these plans cheerfully the moment they were objected to. In fact, it appears clearly enough from his correspondence that it was a part of his character to take up a dozen schemes every day of his life in order to abandon them on the morrow. This was the "fougue de M. le Maréchal;" and Mr. Kinglake might have been more merciful to it than he is, for it gave Louis Napoleon an opportunity of crowning his perfidies by forbidding the revival of these schemes as soon as he heard of them.

A curious instance of this fickleness of purpose occurred soon after. The advance to Varna was agreed to, and the marshal writes to his brother in the highest spirits, on the 25th May, "Nous avons choisi Varna comme base d'opérations. Je crois qu'il faut entrer en ligne le plus tôt possible. L'embarquement de nos troupes est ordonné; il va commencer dans trois jours." On the 30th of May, five days later, all is changed. Nothing is in readiness. Only the heads of columns can be sent to Varna, but as soon as the divisions are complete, they are to be marched on the line of the Balkans. "The second division will march on Adrianople; and about the 15th of June the third will quit Constantinople to march on Bourgas." But on the 9th of June the marshal was nevertheless at Varna, and writing to his brother, "Je tiens à sauver Silistrie. La raison politique, comme la raison militaire, ont marqué ma place à Varna." The first of these changes is due to the marshal's having been "checked, *as is supposed*, by the authoritative counsels sent out to him from Paris," through Colonel Trochu. The supposition does not seem very consistent with the fact that the colonel had come from France on the 10th of May, and the marshal's change of intention was certainly not formed before the 26th. But be this as it may, we agree with Mr. Kinglake that the plan of forming behind the Balkans carried strategical prudence to an absurdity, and that Lord Raglan did well to intimate that he would not join in it, but should remain on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, ready to embark at any moment for Varna. Thenceforth the movements went on; but before the allied commanders arrived there, the siege of Silistria had been raised, and the Russians were in full retreat. By the 2d of August they had repassed the Pruth.

A second change of plan was now necessary. Austria having engaged to occupy the Principalities, Turkey had no longer to dread a Russian invasion. The proverbial unhealthiness of the country forbade the Allies to follow up the retreating enemy. Out of two divisions, which St. Arnaud would not be deterred from sending into the Dobrudscha, no less than from eight to ten thousand men are said to have died in a few days by cholera. And so all men's eyes turned towards the Crimea. It was no new scheme; society had long been full of it. As early as the 3d June St. Arnaud writes that it had been his "favourite idea." The English people were eager for action, and on the 19th June public opinion was sufficiently pronounced to justify the *Times* in throwing its weight into the same scale.

By the end of that month the ministry was prepared to follow suit, and the Duke of Newcastle drew up the despatch which sent a cabinet to sleep, according to Mr. Kinglake. To the hypothetical causes of this phenomenon which he enumerates, the heat of the weather, and that the ministers had all been hoccussed, may be added another at least as probable—"the astonishing facility of writing" attributed by him to the Duke. But setting a ministry to sleep was nothing to what this magic document did in the Crimea. The first thing Lord Raglan did on receiving it was to ask Sir George Brown's advice. Sir George thought that the Duke of Wellington would not have invaded the Crimea without accurate information as to the Russian force there; and that Lord Raglan should imitate the Duke of Wellington by invading it without any such information, in order to save himself from being superseded. "This suggestion," says Mr. Kinglake, "did not at all govern Lord Raglan's decision." It would have been strange if it had. What Lord Raglan did was this: he reflected within himself that the Duke always wrote very submissively to the Secretary of State, but forgot that he always "fiercely, wilfully, and contemptuously" snubbed the same secretary if he presumed to send him orders. Lord Raglan therefore resolved to obey, being quite as unhappy in his attempt at imitation as his subordinate.

The French had failed equally with ourselves in obtaining any information; so that Mr. Kinglake's grave assertion that Lords Stratford and Raglan were too much of gentlemen to employ spies, is as unnecessary to account for their ill success as it is silly and incredible. Unfortunately the Home Office intelligence was not thought trustworthy, though it turned out accurate enough.

Two conferences were held in July. St. Arnaud—we utterly reject Mr. Kinglake's inference (ii. 95), that he was directed by

the Emperor to follow Lord Raglan's lead—was burning for action. His health was rapidly failing him, and he was loth to leave his command till he had struck at least one blow. Lord Raglan's mind was made up. Admirals Lyons and Bruat were in favour of the expedition, and every other officer in either army or navy was opposed to it. The commanders had their way; and the plan finally adopted was, eschewing regular operations, to land a movable column at the mouth of the Katscha, force on a battle, and carry Sebastopol by a *coup-de-main*.

The cholera, which still clung to the allied forces—a fire, at which St. Arnaud “displayed great coolness and judgment,” according to Major Calthorp, and is not, strange to say, asserted by Mr. Kinglake to have “contrived to appear in seeming peril”—caused delay, and it was not till the 24th August that the embarkation commenced. On the appointed day, the 2d September, the impatient marshal started with his sailing ships. The English were four days behind time, but they had cavalry to embark. The marshal's petulance soon wore off: he stood back, and the whole flotilla was reunited. Lord Raglan's grave letter certainly implied rebuke; but if St. Arnaud's eager temperament sometimes betrayed him, the sweetness of his temper prevented any evil consequences. While on the voyage, the French officers drew up a paper, in which they objected to landing at the Katscha, and proposed to land at Kaffa, in the extreme east of the Crimea. Finally, St. Arnaud left the decision to Lord Raglan, being himself prostrated by illness. This was on the 8th. On the 10th the marshal wrote to his wife. His letter shows that there can be no doubt what the proposal to land at Kaffa meant: it was intended that we should fortify ourselves there, and make it the base for regular operations against Sebastopol in the spring. In short, the whole plan of the campaign was to be altered. St. Arnaud himself was still in favour of landing at the Katscha at all hazards, for he felt the days of his command were numbered; but it is characteristic of the man that he writes throughout as if the choice of a landing-place still rested with him, and the reconnaissance was in the hands of his inferior officers. It was in the hands of Lord Raglan, who himself surveyed the coast, peremptorily rejected the idea of Kaffa, rejected the Katscha, on the opinion of the naval officers that the bay was too small for our enormous flotilla, and fixed on Old Fort.

A mistake was made, according to Mr. Kinglake, by the French on the night of the 13th in laying down the buoy which was to divide the allied flotillas at the landing-place. Perceiving this, Lord Lyons determined at once to avoid confusion by landing the English army about a mile to the

north.* It is wearisome to have to notice the continued perverseness with which Mr. Kinglake sees here on the part of our allies either over-greediness for space, or a desire to bring the enterprise to a close. The last notion is perfectly preposterous. An alliance must be weak indeed which could be endangered by a mistake so trifling, and of which the consequences were so easily rectified. In landing, our cavalry again made us two days longer than the French. All the 17th the marshal fumed; on the 18th *he says* that he wrote to Lord Raglan that he would start the next morning, and nothing should stop him: and it is true that on the 19th the Allies were on the march for the Alma.

At one o'clock on the 20th September, Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud held a short conference in front of the allied line. Before them was a gentle slope leading down to the Alma, to the south of which the ground rises to an average height of about 300 feet. On the plateau at the top the Russian army was ranged in position. The point at which the French and English lines united was opposite to the village of Bourliouk. The French position was to the right of this, and extended to the sea. From Bourliouk to Almatamak, a distance of two miles and a quarter, the hill could be scaled every where by foot-soldiers; but there was but one road practicable for artillery, this was near Bourliouk. At Almatamak there was another, and a third where the Alma enters the sea. Between these two points, about a mile apart, the cliff is altogether inaccessible.

The hill opposite to the English portion of the allied line rose gradually, more like our own chalk downs. It was called the Kourgané hill. Here was the great redoubt containing fourteen guns, which swept the whole naked hill-side. Close to Bourliouk, but on that side which is furthest from the sea, and therefore nearly in the Russian centre, was a ravine in the shape of a V, up which ran the great road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. This ravine, like the Kourgané hill, was strongly defended by infantry and artillery. The hill to the west of the ravine, and therefore in front of the French left, was crowned by an unfinished turret, and was thence known as the Telegraph hill. The first necessity of the moment was a plan of attack. St. Arnaud, the night before, had proposed that Bosquet should turn the Russian left by scaling the cliff at Almatamak and close to the sea. This being done, he would himself attack in front, while the English turned the Russian right. Lord Raglan, as usual, seems to have let the marshal talk, who went away naturally fancying that silence had given consent. Now that

* So at least says Lord Raglan, in a letter of the 10th September, quoted in the *Saturday Review* of March 14th. Captain Mends, however, who had the management of the disembarkation, in his letter to the *Times* denies the whole story.

they were in front of a position over five miles in length, measuring from the sea, it became evident that to turn the Russian right was dangerous, as the ground was peculiarly adapted for cavalry, in which we were just as weak as the Russians were strong. Besides, to have attempted to turn both the flanks of the Russian army would have left a gap in the allied centre. Lord Raglan simply, therefore, said that he would attack in front. The marshal remained till death under the notion that the English had engaged to turn the Russian right. And the battle commenced without a plan.

The cliff to their right was soon scaled by the French;—by Bosquet with one brigade at Almatamack; by Bouat with one brigade and a Turkish division by the sea. This was the first blunder. The coast, within a mile of the sea, was swept by the fire of the fleet, and Bosquet, with only one brigade, was unable to push on. Of Bouat and the Turks no more was seen that day. Canrobert now advanced; but though his men climbed the hill, his artillery had to be sent back by Almatamack, and he too was therefore paralysed. Why Prince Napoleon remained where he did so long is a mystery, for he had a road practicable for artillery in his front; but he suffered from minor mishaps, and St. Arnaud was personally present with the division. Therefore things at present looked ill; yet the danger was more apparent than real. So confident had Prince Menschikoff been that the cliff at Almatamack was inaccessible, that he had never troubled himself to examine it, and had left the ground for two miles from the sea wholly unoccupied. Then, when Bosquet appeared, he was thrown into perplexity, and commenced moving some of his reserves from his right to his left in a vague and helpless way. Had he attacked Canrobert and Prince Napoleon vigorously at this moment, the result of the day might perhaps have been different. But he was not a competent commander.

At least two urgent messages having come from the French, though none apparently from the marshal, Lord Raglan ordered an advance. In front were Sir George Brown with the light, and Sir De Lacy Evans with the second divisions, being respectively supported by the first and third divisions. Sir George Cathcart was in reserve. No sooner was the advance well commenced than Lord Raglan took the extraordinary course of crossing the Alma a little west of Bourliouk, and riding with his staff in advance of his own army, and right into the Russian lines. He left his own army without a general, and ran upon great good fortune. Probably he had divined the fatal gap which here intervened in the Russian line; for the order to bring up Turner's battery seems to have been first given just after he had crossed the river. A few minutes later

he had reached a little knoll forming one of the spurs of the Telegraph height. "Now, if we had a couple of guns here!" said he, instantly; for he saw that he was in a position to enfilade the Russian batteries defending the great road.

From this position Lord Raglan had the pain of seeing the advance, victory, and repulse of the light division. Originally too little ground had been taken up, so that the extreme regiments of the light and second divisions overlapped each other, and in passing through the orchards, which lined the river-bank, all formation was lost. Thus five regiments—four from the light, and one from the second division—all in a huddle, carried the great redoubt; and then being unsupported had to relinquish it, and retreated down the hill in confusion, carrying away the Fusilier Guards, and thereby leaving an awkward gap in the second line, which was at last coming up in support. All this time Lord Raglan was at too great a distance even to attempt to check the advance of the first, or hasten that of the second line. There are some inconveniences when a commander-in-chief stations himself in the midst of the enemy. But just at this moment the two guns of Turner's battery had arrived on the knoll; and soon the Russian artillery barring the great road to Sebastopol had to retire. Then the British line, consisting of the Highland brigade, the brigade of Guards, and Pennefather's brigade, steadily advanced.

Meanwhile, just as the light division commenced its retreat, Canrobert, unable without artillery to bear up against the Russian "column of eight battalions," fell back over the edge of the plateau. But the opportune arrival of his artillery, which soon shattered the Russian column, enabled him to push on; the Telegraph height was carried after a sharp struggle; and all parts of the position were at about twenty minutes to four in the hands of the Allies. Lord Raglan wished to pursue, and offered our cavalry and Cathcart's division; but the French marshal declined.

Into the details of this last victorious advance, space will not permit us to enter. It is described, diffusely perhaps, but still with admirable clearness and spirit, by Mr. Kinglake. If some of his pictures of the deeds of inferior officers—such for instance as that of Colonel Yea—seem at first too highly coloured, the feeling passes away when we remember in how short a time the subjects of them met the death which they escaped here. But the old animosity to the French still remains. He even goes the length of absolutely denying the truth of their account of a severe hand-to-hand fight near the Telegraph; and this merely on the negative evidence of the Russian general Kiriakoff, and of two Russian officers who were present at the

battle,—none of whom make any mention of the matter. If French narratives pass over in silence any incident in which they did not maintain the mastery, their silence would be very differently treated. But Mr. Kinglake, who himself mentions Colonel Hamley's book with approbation, ignores that officer's evidence in a way which is hardly ingenuous. "There appeared," says Colonel Hamley at p. 36, "signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there, and they lay thicker near the signal tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted while defending the entrance; and in the narrow space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four small groups slain in the defence. Another spot near contained three or four hundred corpses." This is the evidence of an eyewitness, and, as it appears to us, settles the question.

Prince Mentschikoff's tactics it is hard to criticise, for he had none. Relying on the strength of his position to cover his left, he had never broken up the artillery roads by which the cliff could be scaled there, nor did he so much as know of their existence. Still more inexplicable is the inactivity to which he condemned his splendid cavalry, which, by threatening our left, might have seriously imperilled our advancing line. But bad as were his tactics, his strategy was probably no better. With his small force (even at the Alma he had but 39,000 men, of whom some had arrived only that morning, to oppose to the 60,000 of the Allies), perhaps he could do no better, if fight he must, than choose a strong position to fight in. Either in opposing the landing, or, if he had manœuvred with his back to the great road from Simpheropol to Sebastopol, in attempting to drive the Allies into the sea, any advantage to be derived from his great superiority in cavalry would have been neutralised by the terrible fire of the fleets. Probably his best course would have been to allure the Allies into the interior, by falling slowly back towards Perekop, receiving as he retired the reinforcements which were daily hurrying from the Pruth. If the Allies had refused his lead, and marched on Sebastopol, he should have followed them closely, and they could hardly have attempted a *coup-de-main*, which they shrunk from after a victory, while an unconquered army of 40,000 men, daily increasing in numbers, was hanging on their rear.

Had Lord Raglan had the good fortune to command an army in the field while still in the prime of life, he might not improbably have attained no inconsiderable reputation; for he had that quickness of eye and readiness of judgment which enables a commander to act in the hour of battle with promptitude and decision. But for nearly forty years he had led an

official life, and the official business of his command necessarily assumed in his eyes an exaggerated importance. The careful preservation of the correspondence of head-quarters, which Mr. Kinglake acknowledges so gratefully, was, we fear, more useful to him than to the British army. Lord Raglan had also official prejudices. As Mr. Kinglake, in an admirable passage (vol. ii. p. 64) points out, the difficulty of England at the beginning of a campaign is always to get men. In Turkey excellent soldiers are to be had in shoals, needing nothing but what we could give them—officers, arms, accoutrements, drill, and very moderate pay. But Lord Raglan had an official dislike to auxiliaries, and so, when winter came on, our men had to endure all the miseries, of which mere want of numbers was the principal cause. Still the faults inherent in old officials were no new thing when he was appointed; and therefore nothing could be more unjust than the outcry which was raised when they made themselves manifest. His moral character was especially pure and dignified. We doubt if it would have been possible to find another man who could have not only avoided disputes, but even won the affection of three generals so utterly different in character as St. Arnaud, Canrobert, and Pelissier. In this sense, his services to the alliance were priceless; and so long as he lived, the English army, even when it could bring but 15,000 men into the field, never dwindled into a contingent. But the French commanders, especially the first and last, respected his judgment; and, as St. Arnaud wrote of him, he was *loyauté même*. Few English generals have left a more spotless name.

Mr. Kinglake's narrative of the military operations seems to us, with the exceptions we have mentioned, on the whole just and faithful. It is infinitely preferable, at all events, to the French accounts. Of M. de Bazancourt the less said the better; and M. Ducasse treats both his own countrymen's doings and ours with the same varnish. He simply leaves out the allied reverses altogether; says nothing of the retreat of the French centre and of the light division, but represents the battle as one unbroken victorious advance. This is quite fair as between French and English; but it is not truth. The real difficulties which arise in harmonising the different accounts are topographical. Every one makes his own plans to suit his own views, and there is but little chance of complete agreement until we know the distance intervening between the different parts of the field of battle much more accurately than we do. At present, the maps of the French official Atlas, the title of which will be found at the commencement of this paper, seem the most to be relied on. But if Mr. Kinglake's is a tolerably correct narra-

tive, is it a fair account of the battle? Certainly not. But the unfairness consists, just as in the first volume, not in distorting facts so much as in misrepresenting the motives and feelings of those who are at once his enemies and our allies. Every Englishman is actuated by feelings of the purest patriotism and an almost unconscious heroism. Every Frenchman is without presence of mind, without resources, without decision, and almost without courage. Mr. Kinglake is never so happy as when he is making game of a Frenchman. Such small deer as a young aide-de-camp who came to Lord Raglan breathless with haste, and nervous at finding himself in the presence of the English general, are not beneath his sarcasms. Not a single French general does he praise for his conduct at the Alma, except Bosquet, and that not for any thing he did,—for Mr. Kinglake distinctly says that he did nothing,—but because he was in no way concerned in the *coup-d'état*. Indeed, this novel principle of judgment will be found avowed and insisted on with charming *naïveté* in the 50th section of the 16th chapter of the 2d volume; which leaves no longer in doubt, what the reader has already probably long perceived,—that this splendid literary effort is not to be regarded so much as a mere history of events which have occurred, as a brilliant diatribe against those two mischievous things, the French empire and the French alliance.

ART. III.—PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF ERASMUS.

1. *Unpublished Papers in the Public Record Office.*
2. *Erasmi Epistolæ.*

THE present Dean of St. Paul's has familiarised his readers with the expression, "Latin Christianity." The phrase is new, and is apt to suggest a distinction that never existed. Had the patriarch of Constantinople succeeded in his opposition to the rival patriarch of the West, had an imperial court overawed by its splendour and authority the humble palace of the Vatican, Greek Christianity (if that be meant as a correlative to Latin) might have found a centre, in which the thousand varying lights of Greek intellect might have converged. But in fact Greek Christianity, as represented by the Greek fathers, is little more than a feeble reflexion of the Latin. Christianity, strange to say, awakened no responsive chord of the old Greek mind; the poetical and philosophical elements of earlier days sprung up to no second life. Even that logical subtlety which struck such vigorous root in the Latin Church found no place

in the Greek. The intellect, language, and leisure of the Greeks would have seemed to point them out as the most suitable guardians and interpreters of the New Testament. And yet, as if to falsify all human anticipations in these matters, the Greek Church produced no expositors comparable to the Latin, Athanasius excepted. The social forms and economy of Christian life are of Latin growth. Our ecclesiastical ceremonies and dresses are Latin; our prayers and liturgies are Latin; our translations of the Scripture are from the Latin; our disputes upon cardinal points of doctrine are founded upon Latin words, and guided entirely by our conceptions of their Latin meaning.

Placed in the van of that battle which Christianity had to wage with the new barbarian nationalities of the North, the Latin mind gained new life and vigour from the struggle. If it be true that there are men whose genius, like aromatic herbs, never gives out its fullest sweetness until they are bruised and trampled on, it is equally true that but for these collisions we might have known the old Latin literature in its strength and majesty, but never in "its hearselike strains;" never in its more spiritual forms, and that ascetic beauty which haunts and lingers round the memory like a spell. If not the product of the same necessity, at the least the most potent aid to that same need, the Latin Church found in the Vulgate an instrument for reaching all hearts and guiding all tongues. For those new races, the founders of the nations of Western Christendom, all their earliest religious impressions were connected with the Vulgate. From the Vulgate all forms of thought took their first direction. What popes and schoolmen never could have done—for securing uniformity of belief and worship; for rooting in the hearts of men the grand idea of one church, one head, one language, binding the old to the new races in unbroken succession, and to him above all who had the keys of death and hell—was done by the silent and irresistible influence of the Vulgate. No wonder, then, that any attack on its authority should have been resisted as a deadly thrust against the very foundation of that system which had grown up with the growth of centuries and entwined itself with every fibre of the heart and imagination of mankind.

It is, then, as the opponent of that authority which till his time had been held infallible, and for this alone, that Erasmus can be regarded as the precursor of the Reformation. In his jests against the clergy, or rather against the religious orders, the clergy laughed as heartily as himself, secure and heart-sound. It was only when he proceeded to examine the evidence on which the Vulgate rested that they looked grave; when he claimed to apply to the authorised translation of the Scriptures

the same rules of criticism as the scholars of his days were applying to Cicero or to Virgil. In this respect his influence on the Reformation was greater than Luther's; as the application of the principles of interpretation introduced by Erasmus must, under more favourable circumstances and in more vigorous hands, lead to consequences more important. At this time, when so much excitement has sprung up on the subject of biblical interpretation, we have thought that an account of this first effort at theological criticism might not be without interest to our readers.

In the year 1509, Erasmus was in Italy, when he received a letter from William Lord Mountjoy, urging his instant return. With more than a significant hint at the parsimony of Henry VII., Mountjoy informed him that the reign of avarice was at an end. "Our new king," he added, "scatters his treasures with a liberal hand; he is more ambitious of virtue and renown than of gold or precious stones." Considering the numerous attractions which Italy had for Erasmus, it might have been thought that such an invitation, though backed by a present of 5*l.* from Archbishop Warham, and as much more from Mountjoy himself, would not have proved very seductive. The climate of Italy, its brilliant skies, its books and antiquities, its libraries and learned societies, were exactly suited to a scholar and valetudinarian. Erasmus was fastidious in his diet. He could not endure the sour wines or sourer beer of our northern latitudes. The stoves of Germany and the winters of England filled him with dismay. But though Erasmus might care for Italy, Italy probably did not care much for Erasmus. Italian scholars, the arbiters of literary distinction, were not prepared to admit him into their exclusive circle. They were not satisfied that his Latin style smacked of the true Ciceronian flavour. Nor was Erasmus backward in expressing his contempt for their fastidiousness. He ridiculed their slavish imitation of Cicero, their utter ignorance of all authors beyond their one acknowledged idol, their tumid eloquence and shallow conceits. From the warlike Julius, whom he hated for his roughness, he received no notice; Leo X., whom he had known as a student, was condescending, but offered no substantial favour. From chagrin or other causes his health had suffered in Italy; he hastened to accept the invitation of Mountjoy.

The tediousness of the journey was relieved by casting into form the scenes he had just abandoned; the impressions made on his mind by Roman society may be seen in his *Praise of Folly*. Arriving in London he took up his abode with Sir Thomas More. Courted and caressed by all who had attained, or were ambitious of attaining distinction, there was no post in

the State to which he might not have aspired; no position in the Church which was not open to him. "There is no country," he boasts in one of his letters, "which would not gladly entertain me—Spain, Italy, England, or Scotland. When I was at Rome, there was no cardinal that would not have received me with open arms as a brother. In England," he continues, "there is not a bishop who does not think it an honour to be noticed by me; who is not anxious to secure me at his table; who would not gladly retain me in his household. The king himself (Henry VIII.), a little before his father's death, sent me, when I was in Italy, most loving letters, written with his own hand. He addresses me with more respect and affection than any one else. Whenever I salute him, he embraces me most kindly and looks at me affectionately. You may be sure he thinks of me not less kindly than he speaks. The queen (Katharine) has endeavoured to secure me as her preceptor. Every one is aware that if I would but condescend to live a few months at court, I might accumulate as many benefices as I pleased."

But Erasmus had devoted himself to letters, and resolutely turned his back on those paths which led others to chancellorships, baronies, and bishoprics. The liberality and undeviating kindness of Warham and Mountjoy placed him above immediate want; and his friend Fisher, chancellor of the University of Cambridge, at that time employed in founding St. John's and settling Lady Margaret's will, induced Erasmus to take up his residence at Cambridge, and give lectures in Greek to the students of that University. The precise period at which he entered on his professorship is uncertain; his correspondence from Cambridge commences with the summer of 1511. At first the novelty of his position, and the hopes of improving it, sufficed to atone for the smallness of his audience and the scantiness of his remuneration. The account he gives of his lectures do not impress us with a very exalted idea of the state of Greek literature in England. "Hitherto," he says, in a letter written from Cambridge in October 1511, "I have lectured on the grammar of Chrysoloras to a small class; perhaps next term I shall begin the grammar of Theodorus (a Greek of the Lower Empire) to a larger one." In other words, he was teaching the elements of Greek grammar.

His expectations were not destined to be realised. The University found it difficult to pay his salary of fifty nobles, and applied for assistance to Lord Mountjoy. His audience did not increase; neither the ambition of the University nor the influence of his friend the chancellor could secure for him pupils or a decent remuneration. The great obstacle to his success

with younger students was his total ignorance of English; with the more advanced, his novel notions of the duties of a theologian added to his hatred and contempt of the schoolmen. The grammar of Theodorus had no greater attractions for Cambridge undergraduates than the grammar of Chrysoloras; 1512 passed without any visible improvement; 1513 was not more promising. "As for profit," he says in a letter to Colet, "I see no chance of it. What can I take from those who have nothing to give?" "I have not been here five months," he says in another letter to Ammonius, "and have spent sixty nobles, without receiving more than one. The expense is intolerable, and the remuneration nothing." College beer did not agree with his stomach. College gyps stole his wine, or mixed it with water. College porters mislaid his letters. Masters of Arts, divided into rival sections of Thomists and Scotists, scouted lectures on theology which denuded Scripture of all mystery and aimed at nothing higher than a literal and grammatical interpretation. The Scriptures, said they, are levelled to the capacity of children and laymen. St. Jerome was a mere grammarian; St. Augustine was a dunce. What could they or any other fathers know of entity, relation, ampliation, restriction, formality, hæcceity, quiddity, or the like? What help can the Scriptures afford for the refutation of heresy? How is the Church to stand, or the dignity of theology to be maintained, by the laws of syntax or the aids of lexicography? To increase his vexation, the war with France carried away, in 1513, his most intimate friends, Ammonius and Mountjoy. Engrossed with the bustle of a great campaign, bishops and noblemen, who in times of peace might have repaid a translation from Lucian or a copy of complimentary verses in angels, were either occupied in mustering their retainers, or in discussing the merits of Almain rivets, apostles, and falconets. Erasmus groaned with disgust. He hated war for its own sake; he regarded it exclusively from its noisy and horrible side. He could see nothing in it, except a disorderly mob of vagabonds and scoundrels bent upon pulling down what the wisdom, patience, and experience of former ages had built up. But he hated it still more because it was incompatible with the cultivation of letters. Unfortunately, also, during the autumn of this year, the sweating sickness made its appearance. Cambridge was deserted; his hearers dispersed. In a pardonable but by no means pleasant mood, he writes to Ammonius (Nov. 28), that he had been shut up in Cambridge for some months, confined to his books, like a snail in its shell. "Here," he adds, "is one unbroken solitude. Many have left for fear of the plague; and yet, when they are all here, the solitude is much worse. This winter I am resolved to

turn every stone, and throw out my sheet-anchor. If I succeed, I shall make a nest for myself. If I fail, I shall flit elsewhere. Had I no other reasons, I am resolved not to die in England."

But although Cambridge had disappointed his expectations, and was not yet sufficiently prepared to do justice to his Greek or his theological lectures, his residence in that University had not been thrown away. The more scanty his audience, the more time was left to his own disposal; and he was not of a temper to let it remain idle. As early as the year 1505, in a preface to Valla's notes on the New Testament, he had ventured to express his approbation of the new rules of criticism applied by Valla to the revision of the Vulgate. "Where is the harm," he remarks, "if Valla, upon the authority of the ancient Greek copies, wrote notes on such passages of the New Testament as he found to be at variance with the original, or had been less correctly rendered by dozing interpreters?" He avowed his belief that the translation of Scripture belonged exclusively to the philologist, and that Jethro in some things was wiser than Moses. "Grammar, I admit, is employed upon minutiae; but these minutiae are small things without which no one can become great. It is busied with trifles, *sed hæ nugæ seria ducunt*. If it be said that theology is too dignified to be restrained by the laws of syntax, and that the interpretation of Scripture rests upon inspiration;—I reply, that this is claiming a new dignity for theologians, if they are to have the exclusive privilege of writing nonsense. But I hear it said, that the old translators were skilled in the languages of the original, and are sufficiently intelligible for all practical purposes. I reply, that I prefer to see that with my own eyes, rather than with the eyes of others; and, secondly, allowing they have done much, they have certainly left much to be done by those who come after them."

With views so liberal as these, so far in advance of his age, it is not surprising that he should have entertained the idea of following the steps of Valla, and devoting his time and abilities to a critical revision of the New Testament. In common with others, he may have been influenced in this determination by his classical distaste for the old unclassical version. Yet it must be admitted that he was influenced by a nobler feeling; more than once in his serious moods he has avowed his belief that the only remedy for the vices and disorders of the time was to be found in the careful study of the holy Scriptures. More than once he expressed a wish that the pure oracles of divine truth were made accessible to all. He hoped to turn men from the unprofitable dialectics and noisy discussions of the schools to the more quiet and thoughtful study of philology. He evidently anticipated

such a result from the appearance of the New Testament and the aids it would afford to a more certain and speedy study of the original. With these motives, others less pure may have been combined. There was the refinement of the scholar, in common with other classical revivalists, unduly offended with a Latin version which could be referred to no era of established Latinity. Less fastidious than his Italian contemporaries, he yet saw no reason why theology, and still more that work on which all true theology was based, should adhere to the exclusive and unenviable distinction of speaking a more barbarous language than any other science. From the two bodies into which the theological world was divided, he had little reason to anticipate opposition. The revivalists could not be offended if the New Testament appeared in a style of eloquence more conformable with their notions, at least so free from gross violations of classical Latinity that they might read it without fear of vitiating their taste; whilst by Scotist and Thomist, exclusively occupied with their favourite masters, this or any other attempt to promote the study of the Gospels would be regarded with indifference amounting to contempt.

With these views he set to work whilst at Cambridge to collate such Mss. of the New Testament, whether Greek or Latin, as were within his reach. In this task he had the assistance of Lupset, one of his Greek pupils, a *protégé* of More and Colet. He tells the latter, in a letter dated May 1512, that he had already collated the New Testament with the ancient Greek copies, and annotated it in more than a thousand places. His collations were completed and his work ready for the press in the summer of 1513. Concurrently with these labours, either of which alone might have been deemed sufficient for the ambition of the most enterprising and indefatigable student, he was employed in preparing a new edition of St. Jerome. But though his health was suffering from excessive exertion, and the plague was then raging at Cambridge, he tells Ammonius, in September, that his labours were drawing to a close; and so earnestly was he bent upon the task that he felt as if he was inspired.

Suddenly he disappeared from England in the spring of 1514. In a letter from Hammes Castle, dated 8th July, of which his friend Lord Mountjoy, afterwards lieutenant of Tournay, was the governor, he informed Ammonius of his prosperous voyage. The Dover boatmen, whose extortions may boast the prescription of three centuries, carried off his portmanteau with all his papers. "It is the way of these fellows," he adds, "to steal where they can conveniently; and when they cannot steal, they extort money and sell you your own property. When I

fancied the labour of so many years had perished, I felt as much grief as a mother might feel at the loss of her children." "I know not," he continues, "whether I told you that I went to take leave of his majesty (Henry VIII.). He received me with a very friendly countenance. The Bishop of Lincoln (Wolsey) bade me be of good cheer, but uttered no hint of a present; and I did not dare to allude to it, for fear of appearing importunate. Durham (Ruthal) gave me six angels; the archbishop (Warham) took the opportunity of pressing on my acceptance as many more; Rochester (Fisher), a royal. I am now staying a few days with my friend Mountjoy at Hammes Castle, and intend to go to Germany." He visited Basle in the autumn, and arranged with Frobenius, then rising into celebrity, for the printing of the New Testament. In the winter of 1514 or the spring of 1515, he returned to England; was in London in March, with a view of securing the good offices of Henry VIII. with Leo X. At this time the influence of Henry with the pontiff was supreme. Louis XII. was dead; Charles, not yet emperor, was a young man without influence; Ferdinand of Arragon and Maximilian were in close amity with England; and Wolsey was exerting all his skill to imitate the policy of the League of Cambray, and, by a close union of the chief European powers, attempting to shut out France from all political influence. Of these movements Erasmus was kept well informed by Ammonius, the Latin secretary to Henry VIII. Accordingly, from London he addressed a highly complimentary letter to Leo X.;* applauding his political sagacity, his wise efforts for peace, and dexterously contrasting the mildness and wisdom of his rule with the turbulence of his predecessor Julius, he applied to Leo those words in the Apocalypse, "*Vicit Leo de tribu Juda.*" Then glancing at his labours upon St. Jerome, "the prince of Latin theologians," he told the Pope that the fatigues he had endured in editing the works of that father were little less than St. Jerome had experienced in writing them. He expected no remuneration, and only begged his holiness's approbation. The Pope returned a complimentary answer on the 10th July, but neither invited him to Rome, nor held out hopes of preferment. He accompanied his letter with a recommendation of Erasmus to Henry VIII. "These scholars," he said, "who devote themselves to literature and the arts are not a bad sort of people.† I have on more than one occasion found them very honest and trustworthy. I was acquainted with Erasmus, who is one of the best of them, before I was raised to the papal chair; and I beg to recommend him to you. I do not ask any favour for him; but, if it should fall in your way to

* 29th April.

† "*Minime malos esse.*"

oblige him, I shall be glad if you will let him know that my recommendation has had its due weight."

At the end of the summer of 1515 Erasmus hurried off to Basle, dropping an occasional letter to Ammonius full of high spirits. In one, dated 2d October, shortly after the battle of Marignano, he writes to say that the printers had commenced the New Testament. "My health," he continues, "has been very good until they began their stoves." The German stoves were as hateful to Erasmus as afterwards to Wordsworth; and he was obliged to have an English fireplace in his chamber. "I can neither stay, from the intolerable smell of the stoves, nor leave my work, which cannot get on without me. Our friends the Swiss are in high dudgeon because the French would not civilly allow themselves to be beaten (at Marignano), as they were beaten by the English at Tournay, but dispersed the Swiss with their artillery. They have returned home with tattered ensigns, somewhat fewer in number, torn, mutilated, and wounded. So, instead of a victory, they are holding a funeral. If my health allows me, I intend staying here until Christmas. If not, I shall go to Flanders or Rome. York (Wolsey, then bishop of Tournay) has given me a prebend at Tournay; mere moonshine. His commissary (Dr. Sampson) has been publicly excommunicated in Flanders. Such is the reverence they show York in that part of the world. However, I have accepted it; for nothing is easier than to lose." In December he was still at Basle, and told Ammonius he intended to stay till March; the printing of the New Testament was nearly completed, and he reckoned it would extend to eighty sheets. The labour was enormous; his health and strength feeble. "I am overwhelmed," he tells one of his correspondents in a letter, still dated from Basle, late at night, "with a double burden, either of which would require rather a Hercules than an Erasmus. To say nothing of other labours of less consequence, I have the weight of St. Jerome and the New Testament upon my shoulders." On the 7th of March 1516, he writes to say that the New Testament is out, and the last colophon was then being added to St. Jerome. But all who have had any experience of the press know too well that the last colophon is seldom the last. Month after month slipped away, and it was not until Whitsunday in 1516 that he was able to write to his friend, the burgomaster of Nuremberg, that the Testament was completed.

He took leave of Basle in a sort of triumph, rejoiced to escape from his prison-house.* If he had been delighted above measure with his reception, he could scarcely be less delighted

* "Ergastulo," vii. 10.

with the respect paid him at his departure. A cavalcade attended him out of the city, and took their leave of him with moistened eyes and heavy hearts. At Antwerp he fell in with his old friends Tunstal and Peter Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV. From Antwerp he proceeded to visit Mountjoy; thence to St. Omer, where he arrived on the 5th of June, intending to cross to England. A slight attack of fever delayed his passage. He had, however, taken the precaution to forward copies of the New Testament to the archbishop and other friends in England. From St. Omer he wrote, in his usual lively strain, to Christopher Urswick, a name familiar to readers of English history: "Your horse is a genius, and has been very lucky to me. He has twice carried me safely backwards and forwards to Basle, not only a tedious but a dangerous journey. He has visited so many universities that he is grown as wise as Homer's Ulysses:

‘*Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*’

Whilst I have been killing myself the last ten months with excessive fatigue, he has grown so fat and so idle he could scarcely get in at the city-gates. I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Upper Germany and the kindness shown me on all sides. I doubt not you have seen the New Testament. St. Jerome will speedily appear. I have sent four volumes already to the archbishop by your alumnus, Peter, the one-eyed man."

The day of his arrival in England is uncertain. On the 22d of June, Warham wrote to him from Otford, acknowledging the receipt of the New Testament and the earlier volumes of St. Jerome; and on August the 9th we find him in London, writing to Leo X. On the 17th of the same month he was staying at Rochester with Fisher. He tells Ammonius he had been over-persuaded by the bishop to spend ten days with him, and more than ten times had repented his promise. "I had angled for a horse from Urswick by presenting him with a New Testament; the last horse he gave me died from drink in Flanders,—a common complaint in that country. But whilst he is away hunting, my hunting has come to nothing." The New Testament was warmly applauded by his friends in England. Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, too magnanimous to take offence at the transfer of the dedication from himself to the Pope, wrote to Erasmus to express his great gratification at the immortality he had conferred upon him, and sent him sixty nobles. He was profuse in his commendations of the work; was sedulous in showing it to his brethren the bishops, and of the most eminent theologians of the day, "all of whom," he said, "had concurred in praising it." Colet, dean of St. Paul's,

writes: "Your New Testament is bought with avidity, and read every where. You have many approvers and admirers. Some, however, carp and disapprove, and urge the same objections as Dorp did;* but these are only such theologians as you describe in your *Moria* no less truly than wittily. Their censure is praise, their praise censure. For myself, I am variously affected by it. At one time I lament that I have never learned Greek, without which *nihil sumus*; at another I rejoice that I have lived in the light of your genius." In Germany the excitement was equally intense. "The abbess of St. Clare and her sister," says Pirkheimer, "are assiduous students of your writings. They are greatly delighted with your New Testament, and are wonderfully affected by it. They would write you a Latin letter, did they not think that such letters as theirs would be unworthy of your perusal."†

One college at Cambridge refused to join in the general commendation. It signalised itself in the cause of bigotry and bad sense by passing a decree that the New Testament of Erasmus should not be brought within the college precincts on ship-board or horseback, by wagons or porters! With this exception, the objectors were either few or undecided. In the

* Dorp had written to Erasmus some time before to dissuade him from his design of editing the New Testament. The arguments he employed are curious as showing how old are the prejudices, and how little Protestant the objections, repeated at this day against biblical criticism:

"If I prove to you that there is no error or falsity in the Latin translation, will you not admit that their labour is superfluous who try to mend it? I insist, then, on the correctness and integrity of the Vulgate. For is it likely that the whole Catholic Church would have erred so many centuries, seeing it has always used and sanctioned this translation? Is it probable that so many holy fathers, so many consummate scholars, would have been mistaken; who have relied on the authority of the Vulgate for their decisions in councils, their defence and explanation of the faith, and the framing of those canons, to which all rulers have submitted? You know it is an established axiom that General Councils cannot err. Do you suppose that the Greek copies are more correct than the Latin? Have the Greeks, who have often fallen into heresy, taken more pains for the preservation of the sacred oracles than the Latins—the Greeks, who affirm that there are errors in all the Gospels except in the Gospel of St. John?" After further arguments in this strain, he adds, "But you will say, 'I do not intend to introduce any changes; I do not assert the Vulgate is incorrect; I only show what I find in the Greek copies, and where they differ from the Latin; and where is the harm in this?' Great harm, my dear Erasmus; for if people once begin to learn from your work, or hear you only assert in conversation, that there is ever so small an error in the authorised version, they will begin to discuss and to doubt, and the whole authority of the Scriptures will be lost." Who could have anticipated that the learning of this day would have borrowed its lessons from such quarters?

† A copy of this first edition is preserved in the British Museum. It may be distinguished from all others by its fantastic title of *Novum Instrumentum*, which Erasmus afterwards dropped. Nothing, we think, can give a better idea of the popularity of the book than the fact that this copy, as appears by a contemporaneous inscription, was the property of Robert Elyston, a monk of St. Mary's Fountains, and was given by him to a relative named Christ. Tatum.

paucity of Greek scholars it was not easy to find men able or even willing to enter upon the task of examining the critical merits or defects of the new edition. The two centres of orthodoxy abroad were Louvain and Cologne. But the latter had already been handled severely for its persecution of Reuchlin, and was not inclined to engage in a fresh controversy. Erasmus tells Ammonius in a letter from Brussels, where he had resolved to spend the winter of 1516, that his enemies were anxious to have an examination of his book delegated by royal commission to the schools of Louvain and Cologne. "They will have enough to employ them for two years if they do," he adds. He wisely anticipated the danger by taking up his abode at Louvain in the April of 1517. "You can scarcely imagine, my dear Ammonius, the danger I was in from the malice of the theologians in this place. In their quarrelsome humour they had prepared their approaches, and, under the leadership of the vice-chancellor of the University, who is the more mischievous because he is an enemy in disguise of a friend, they had formed a conspiracy against me. I have, however, taken up my abode here, and dissipated all this smoke; and am now on the best terms with them all, from the highest to the lowest." By degrees, however, ugly rumours gained ground. As early as the 31st October 1516, one month only after he had left England, More wrote to tell him that Latimer* was highly pleased with his New Testament; "in which, however, you have been too scrupulous for his approval. He is not pleased with your retaining the word *Sabbatum*, and the like. He would not admit a single word that has not the sanction of classical authority. I agreed with him, so far as Hebrew idiom and usage would allow, and begged him to send you a list of such words as he would have translated otherwise. But, my dear Erasmus, there are others here who have conspired to read your work with very different intentions; whose design, I confess, fills me with alarm. Don't, therefore, be in a hurry to bring out a new edition. Very sharp critics here have determined to sift your book to the uttermost, and lay hold of all occasions for condemning it. Who are they? you will say. I am afraid to name them; it will strike you with despair. I must tell you, however, that that consummate theologian the Franciscan friar,† of whom you have made such honourable mention in your preface to St. Jerome, has entered into a conspiracy with others of his order to note down your blunders. For the more speedy execution of their task, they divided the work between them, and decided after reading it through with the greatest attention not to comprehend a word of it. You see your danger. They

* Professor of Greek at Oxford.

† Dr. Standish.

came to this resolution over their cups in the evening; but in the morning, as I hear, forgetting what had passed, rescinded their determination and betook themselves to mendicancy,—a trade they understand much better than criticism.”

But notwithstanding this banter, it was necessary for Erasmus to hasten forward a new edition. The first had been produced under very unfavourable circumstances; and when the excitement occasioned by its appearance was over, no one was more ready to acknowledge its imperfections than Erasmus himself. The work had grown upon him, and assumed a dignity and proportion he had never originally intended. At first he had designed to restrict himself to very brief notes, not exceeding two or three words, on such passages of the New Testament as seemed most imperatively to need explanation. When the work was ready for the press, he was persuaded by his friends to correct the grosser errors of the Vulgate, and occasionally change the style into a purer Latinity. “This little additional trouble, as I then thought it,” he writes to Budeus, “proved most oppressive. I was next persuaded to increase the length of the notes. The work had to be recast entirely. Another labour succeeded. I had imagined that I should have found more correct copies at Basle; I was disappointed, and compelled to revise the sheets beforehand for the use of the printers. Two persons, one a lawyer, the other a theologian, acquainted with Hebrew, had been engaged to correct the press. But as they had never been used to this employment, they could not fulfil what they had undertaken; and I had to read the proofs. The work of the editor and that of the printer proceeded simultaneously; and a sheet was finished daily. I could not give my undivided attention to the New Testament, as I was at the same time engaged on St. Jerome. I had resolved to bring out the work before Easter, or die at my post. Again, I was deceived in the size of the volume. The printer assured me it would amount to thirty sheets only; it exceeded eighty-three. Worn out with these labours and occupied with things which properly did not belong to me, I had to proceed to the notes. I did the best I could, considering the time and the state of my health. Some errors I passed over intentionally; some I connived at, in the publication of which I dissented from my own opinions. I am now preparing a second edition, and shall be glad of your assistance.”

In the first edition he had admitted corrections with a sparing hand. In his version of the gospels he had closely adhered to the Vulgate. The evangelical narratives were so clear and so simple, written in such a plain and unaffected style, that he thought there was no room for error. Translator and copyist

could scarcely go astray. It was otherwise with the epistles. The difficulties and obscurities of St. Paul demanded a greater mastery over the Greek than could be expected from those under whose hands the Vulgate had assumed its present shape. Here there was greater need of revision and explanation. He was urged by his friends, especially in England, to give freer scope to his criticisms; to express his judgment more fully, where before he had been brief and obscure. The success of his paraphrase of St. Paul's Epistles, published about this time, and universally applauded, gave him confidence to make his revision of the gospels correspond with his previous version of the epistles. Greater facilities were at hand, especially the appearance of a new Greek Lexicon, for the more successful prosecution of his task. But he entered upon it with manifest reluctance. He dreaded a return to Basle; and his weak health made him naturally reluctant to expose himself to a repetition of those fatigues and privations from which he had so recently escaped. "There are three things in Germany I detest," he says in one of his letters: "the stoves, the thieves, and the plague," which was then raging. He could not make up his mind, notwithstanding the high opinion he had of Frobenius, whether to go to Basle or to Venice. He would much rather have gone to neither. Had Greek types been accessible in Louvain or Brussels, he would have consulted his own ease and inclination by remaining in his lodgings. He would rather have forfeited three hundred golden crowns than undertake the journey. "Oh, how I wish you had a fount of Greek types!" he writes to Badius Ascensius,* a printer near Brussels. "Now, at the hazard of my life, must I go to Basle, to superintend in person the printing of the New Testament." But Badius had no types, and there was no alternative.

Before his departure, he sent word to the two best Greek scholars of the day, Latimer in Oxford, and Budæus in Paris, requesting their advice and assistance. But Latimer was formal and pedantic, Budæus envious and conceited. "You know," says More, "how stiff and obstinate are these philosophers. I suppose it is because they take so much pride in their consistency." Whether More was right or wrong in his conjecture, their consistency would not thaw, or not in time to be useful. Once more, then, single-handed, Erasmus wended on his road to Basle, reluctant above all things to stoop his neck to the collar. "Once more here I am in this odious mill," he tells his correspondent De Berghes. By the latter end of 1517 he was hard at work. Next year, on the 25th April, he writes to Henry VIII., who had sent him sixty angels and a pressing invitation

* 17th April 1518.

to return to England, that he must devote four months to the second edition of his New Testament, but he would leave Basle in the autumn. Before, however, he committed his labours irrecoverably to the press, he had taken the precaution of fixing his wavering friends at Louvain. If he could not prevent, he might anticipate opposition by securing their approbation to his proposed revision. The two whom he had most cause to fear were Dorp and the vice-chancellor; the latter for his insincerity, the former for the flexibility of his temper. Dorp had once attacked him and repented. The vice-chancellor he held "like a wolf by the ears," to use his own illustration. Ostensibly civil whilst Erasmus was at Louvain, he would join any conspiracy against him when his back was turned. "The time was drawing near," he says in one of his most remarkable letters to Barbiri, "when I had to start for Basle with the second edition of my New Testament. On the eve of my journey, the vice-chancellor invited me to supper. Egmont was there and Vives. I informed the vice-chancellor after supper that I must leave for Basle in a few days. I begged, protested, besought him to do me the favour to tell me, if there was any change he would like to see made in the work; or any thing in it prejudicial to good manners or the Catholic faith." He replied he had read over the whole, and it seemed to him pious and learned. "I would rather be admonished than praised," replied Erasmus; "admonition will profit me, praise will not. Now I have opportunity for altering: hereafter it will be too late." He reiterated his applauses. "If you are sincere, said I, why did you join in the outcry against the first edition?" "Before I had read it," he answered, "many unfavourable criticisms were reported to me; but on reading it I found reasons for changing my sentiments. I approve hugely of what you have done; I cannot say what you may do." "Then," said Erasmus, "if you like the first edition, I will lay my life you will approve of this. He then bade me God speed on my pious labours and my efforts for the advancement of the Christian religion."

He started for Basle about May; how far satisfied with having muzzled the wolf we cannot undertake to say. He is not the only scholar who has tasted such experience. He is not the only divine who has shown notes and prefaces to Christian friends, and found that his unguarded confidences were afterwards so many counts in the charge against him. Vice-chancellors, divinity professors, principals of colleges, the whole battle-array of orthodoxy, with its guns charged and its spears in rest, were for the next four months consigned to oblivion. Even the pleasant summer months were shut out, as he stood in the grim printing-house of Frobenius buried up to the ears

in copies of the Fathers, damp sheets, and groaning forms. But the wit, the good humour, the lively sallies, the sparkling repartee, which played and flickered about his lips, no labour could shut out. "Gracious Heavens!" says Frobenius, in a letter prefixed to his epigrams; "have we not seen Erasmus, when he was with us a year and a half ago, partly employed in turning Greek into Latin, partly in correcting the Epistles and Gospels; now compiling his notes to the *Novum Instrumentum*, anon penning scholia upon St. Jerome? What laborious, what incessant study! What fatigues were his daily portion! In the midst of all, visitors of rank would make no scruple of calling on him and interrupting him about some trifle or another; one would try to wheedle him out of an epigram, another to gain immortality by a letter. And how did he, the most easy, good-natured man in the world, act on these occasions? Did he refuse? did he manifest impatience? He was fully occupied in writing—break off his employments he could not. Yet write he did, at odd moments, as he went backwards and forwards to mass; any thing to oblige."

Erasmus returned to Louvain in September, with the first instalment of his work wet from the press. He had left Basle in languid health, occasioned by long confinement. It was a pleasant sail down the Rhine; but the autumn was hot, and at noon the sun was oppressive. At Brisach he was annoyed by the stoves and the abundance of flies,—two plagues he detested. His appetite failed, and his somewhat fastidious taste recoiled from the coarse fare of an inferior German hotel; "nasty plates, nasty pies, nasty salt meats, which had already been served to previous customers,—*meræ nauseæ*." At the next stage he sat down to supper with more than sixty travellers in a small heated kitchen. "If there be any God," said Luther,* "for whom the Germans of my days entertain a profound veneration, that is the god *Qwaffe*." His orgies were celebrated with an inflexible constancy, known only to Teutonic appetites. No guest was allowed to rise from the table before the clock struck ten; and as the devotees grew hot and noisy over their orgies, the ears and nose of Erasmus, the most sensitive of mortals, were not agreeably entertained. At Spire, his English horse† knocked up from bad treatment. At Mayence he embarked on the Rhine; took an open carriage at Cologne, in a terrible storm, succeeded by a rainy night, and reached Aix completely knocked up. Here he was compelled, by the officious courtesy of his friends, to dine off fish,—a diet he could never endure.‡

* Table-Talk, p. 527.

† Urswick's present.

‡ He used to say of himself, that though his soul was a good Catholic, his stomach was a Lutheran.

In great pain he reached Louvain, where a stupid physician pronounced that he was suffering from the plague,—a signal for all to abandon him. Happily he was compelled to take his case into his own hands. A cup of chicken-broth, rest, and quiet effected his cure. "Who could suppose," he exclaims, "that this frail body of mine, for I am now turned fifty, so slim and so delicate, after such laborious journeys and so much hard study, could have borne up against so many afflictions?"

Just then the dispute between Luther and the Dominicans on the subject of indulgences was deafening the world by its noise and its acrimony. Suspicion was aroused. It was impossible to anticipate how far the mischief might spread, or to what perils this permission of the laity to interfere in theology and pass their judgment on the Scriptures might lead. His enemies in England had not been idle; and his new edition gave them an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves. So long as Erasmus had been contented to confine his notes and revision to the text of St. Paul's epistles, there was no great danger of the dispute extending beyond the ranks of the learned. People at large understood little and cared less for nice points of scholarship. The most potent of orthodox champions would have failed to blow up the excitement beyond blood-heat. Greek particles, minute distinctions between Greek verbs and their tenses, are but poor faggots to kindle a fire with. What cared the uninitiated whether *Ecclapadius*, who superintended the sheets and lent his Hebrew acquirements to the undertaking, had made a blunder in some point or not? What did they know whether *ὡς Θεός* was more fitly rendered by *tanquam* or *quasi Deus*? Erasmus might have gone on to the end of his days with his learned affectation of *Novum Instrumentum*, free, at least, from popular clamour and danger. Lord mayors and aldermen, the corporation of London, the Court of Arches itself, would have slept on, and turned a dull ear to the rhetoric of Standish and the vitriolic orthodoxy of Lee. In an evil hour Erasmus had descended to popular ground. He not only enlarged the scope of his notes and trenched on many delicate topics of doctrine and manners, but he had modernised the Latin version of the Gospels. First and foremost he had changed the expression in St. John's Gospel, already sanctified by long usage, and the acknowledged antidote of Arianism, from "*In principio erat Verbum*," into "*In principio erat Sermo*." He had spoken of the histories of the Old Testament (that of Samson, for instance) under the questionable expression of *fabulæ*. He had accused St. Paul of having recourse to Hebraisms from inability to express himself in correct

Greek.* Christ's equality with the Father he had referred to his human and not his divine nature (Philipp. ii. 16). In his notes to St. Matthew (ch. ii.) he had insinuated that the writers of the Gospels might have erred from not examining books, but trusting too much to their memories. As the climax to all these offences, he had struck out from the Epistle of St. John the celebrated verse of the Three Witnesses. Women and children, the most ignorant, the most indifferent, could understand and shudder at the danger when Erasmus was charged with reforming the *Magnificat* and the *Pater Noster*. When Carmelites and professors of theology, in their violet-coloured hoods, thundered out anathemas from the pulpits against that profane learning which, discontented with the simplicity of the divine oracles, sought to remodel them to the caprices of itching ears, who could remain unmoved? The days of Antichrist were at hand, and these were the signs of his coming.

Foremost among his opponents were two Englishmen, Dr. Standish, provincial of the Franciscans, about this time appointed bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Edward Lee, afterwards archbishop of York, the patron of Roger Ascham. Both these prelates played important parts in the reign of Henry VIII. Standish was descended from an ancient family of that name long settled in Lancashire. He had studied at both universities; had entered the order of Gray Friars, and became warden of their convent in London, now converted into the Blue-coat School. The readers of Burnet will remember that this Standish was the chief actor in that notable dispute at the outset of Henry's reign between the king and the Convocation. Standish is represented on that occasion as standing up against the bishops and clergy in behalf of the king's supremacy. And if that account is to be trusted, he was more than a match for Warham, Fox, or Wolsey. The story has its difficulties, like many others in this reign. To find the friars the uncompromising advocates of the king's supremacy, and exalting the temporal over the spiritual power, is a fact not easy to be reconciled with our modern notions of these orders. This is clear, however, that the old animosity between the bishops and the religious remained unabated.

We regret we have not room for a graphic account given by Erasmus of the feuds and squabbles which prevailed at this time between the Franciscans and their rivals; but the limits of our space admonish us to be brief. Supreme over all the mendicant friars in England, Standish was a formidable opponent; if not for his talents, for the means he thus possessed of rousing the

* "The Greek of the Apostles," he says, "is tinged with the peculiar idioms of their native tongue." Elsewhere: "their Greek is not that of Demosthenes, but *e vulgi colloquio*."

passions of the people. The exclusive privilege of the mendicant friars to hear confession gave them a hold over every household in England. They were accused of ruling the husband by the knowledge thus obtained from the wife. The female sex, more devout than the male, listened readily to their suggestions. They were the popular preachers; had great social powers; combined in their own persons the qualifications of the home and foreign missionary. In Chaucer's sketch of them, which remained unaltered till they were swept away by the Reformation, they are described as skilful in playing the fiddle and telling good stories; and no one who has looked into their sermons will doubt the correctness of the poet's description. Whilst the Dominicans kept possession of the schools and the monk was confined to his cloister, the friar wandered at large in the towns, and made himself agreeable in the pulpit and out of it. As his reputation with his own order depended on the amount of alms he collected from day to day, all his arts of wheedling and intimidation were thus brought into play. Bare heads and naked feet, tattered russet coats girt with a knotted rope, appealed irresistibly to the charitable feelings of all classes, especially the lower. The poor Carthusian monk of Sterne was in fact a begging friar of the better sort; and they who escaped the cajolery of the importunate, or defied the unscrupulous, could scarcely stand unmoved before the eloquence of silent poverty, which proffered its claims in the meek accents of pallid faces, uncomplaining grief, and pious resignation. There might be pretenders to sanctity among them; but we have the most undeniable evidence that they preached and prayed where no others of the clergy ventured.

In a most remarkable state-paper, written at the commencement of this reign, giving an account of the wretchedness, confusion, and misgovernment of Ireland, the writer says:* "What common folk in all this world is so poor, so feeble, so ill beseen in town and field, so bestial, so greatly oppressed and trod under foot, as the common folk of Ireland?" And this among other reasons is assigned: "Some say that the prelates of the church and clergy is much cause of all the disorder of the land; for there is no archbishop ne bishop, abbot ne prior, parson ne vicar, ne any other person of the church, high or low, great or small, English or Irish, that useth to preach the word of God, *saving the poor friars beggars.*" Even Henry himself, though fond of learning, keenly sensible of the ridiculous, and possessed with more than a Tudor's dislike of popular commotion and disaffection, would not allow the friars to be crushed by the superior clergy. This very Dr. Standish was upheld by him against the whole influence of Convocation; against all hostile influence

* State-Papers of Henry VIII. ii. 10.

afterwards (and that was not slight), he was advanced by the king to the bishopric of St. Asaph. Nor was it otherwise with Katharine. All her devotional predilections ran in favour of the friars. When she expected a prince, she had recourse to their prayers and their intercessions. The friars of Greenwich, Oxford, and Cambridge received, from her pious hopes and fears, many a charitable dole and many a pound of wax. At all events, like most of her sex, we may be quite certain that she sympathised more with Standish than with Erasmus, and believed, like half the good women in England, that this new method of interpreting Scripture was little better than covert infidelity.

These were the men who were now to signalise their opposition against Erasmus. Shortly after the appearance of the second edition of the New Testament, Standish was appointed to preach at Paul's Cross before the lord mayor and corporation of London. After prefacing his sermon with some general observations on charity, he suddenly broke away from the main topic, and launched forth, to the astonishment of his audience, in bitter denunciations against Erasmus. He declared that the total extinction of Christianity was at hand, unless these new-fangled versions of the Scriptures were suppressed. It was intolerable that Erasmus should venture to corrupt the Gospel of St. John, and transform the old reading, "*In principio erat Verbum*," to which the Church had adhered for so many centuries, into the new style of, "*In principio erat Sermo*." Then turning to the lord mayor and corporation, he told them that St. Augustine had given very good reasons for the use of the old word *Verbum*. "But," added he, "that pretentious and shallow Grecian could not comprehend the arguments of the holy father. And, oh!" he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness these times,—I, a doctor of so many years standing; I, who have all my life read '*In principio erat Verbum*,' to be sent to school and compelled to read '*In principio erat Sermo*.'" With that he wept, to the astonishment of the men, and the edification of the women.

It was his fortune that day to dine at the palace; and after the meal was over, Standish was introduced to the royal circle. A large assembly of bishops, nobles, and scholars surrounded Henry and Katharine. Bustling through the crowd, Standish fell on his knees, and, raising his hands to heaven, broke forth into loud praises of the king's royal progenitors, who had always religiously defended the Catholic church against heresy and schism. Most perilous times, he exclaimed, were at hand: Erasmus was daily publishing some new book; and, unless a firm resistance were made to such innovations, Christianity

was at an end. Then, turning up his eyes to heaven, he begged Christ to assist his forlorn spouse, though all else forsook her. One of the circle, probably More or Mountjoy, watching his opportunity, slipped down on his knee before the king, and, mimicking the theatrical tones and attitudes of Standish, besought him, as he had inspired their majesties with so much fear and anxiety for the safeguard of Christendom, to be good enough to tell them what were the perilous heresies and schisms to which he alluded in the writings of Erasmus. Then, stretching out his hand, Standish began to reckon them on the tips of his fingers. "First," says he, "Erasmus denies the resurrection; next, he annihilates the sacrament of marriage; thirdly, he derogates from the eucharist." These assertions occasioned great sensation. His opponent requested him to produce the passages on which these accusations rested. Standish began with his thumb: "First," said he, "that Erasmus denies the resurrection I prove thus: Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians" (he mistook Colossians for Corinthians) "says: *Omnes quidem resurgemus, sed non omnes immutabimur*; but Erasmus, out of his Greek, reads it thus: *Omnes quidem non dormiemus, sed omnes immutabimur*. It is clear, therefore, that he denies the resurrection." The other explained, that Erasmus had professed to adhere strictly to the Greek text; and as the word 'resurrection' had been retained by him in so many other places, it was absurd to say that in this change, which he had adopted on good authority, he had denied the resurrection. "Ah, yes," said Standish, "you mean the authority of St. Jerome; but Jerome took this from the Hebrew." Hereupon, another friend of Erasmus, advancing through the circle, dropped on his knee before the king, and, after reverence done, addressed himself to Standish: "I cry your mercy, reverend father: will you repeat what you said just now, as I was not paying much attention." Standish repeated his remark. Then his opponent, to draw attention to its absurdity, rejoined: "That is no trivial argument which his reverence has advanced; but I should like to reply to it, if his majesty will permit me." Queen Katharine twitching the king called his attention to the speaker: "I don't see," says the objector, with assumed gravity, "what answer can be made to his reverence's argument. I don't suppose he imagines that the epistles of St. Paul were written in Hebrew, when every schoolboy knows they were written in Greek. What purpose could St. Jerome possibly have in correcting them from the Hebrew, when no Hebrew copies of them ever existed?" Henry saw the bishop's discomfiture; and, with kingly grace, changed the conversation.

But the opposition of Standish, though vexatious enough,

was confined to England. A more bitter and formidable enemy sprung up in Edward Lee, chaplain and almoner to Henry VIII. He had written, or more probably had put together, the floating objections of the times against the first edition of the New Testament, and circulated the book in manuscript among his own friends and those of Erasmus. On the return of the latter from Basle, before the notes to the second edition had appeared, he had requested Lee to allow him the sight of his criticisms; if not, he begged Lee to publish them at once, that he might make the necessary corrections in his forthcoming edition. Lee resolutely refused. He was bent on securing a reputation by an attack on the most remarkable author of the age; and his book would have been worthless had Erasmus anticipated his objections. The matter might have ended there, with little credit to Lee's generosity. But Erasmus could not forbear expressing his irritation. He spoke of Lee in terms of great contempt, to more than one of his numerous correspondents: "the earth had never produced any thing more arrogant, venomous, or foolish" (xii. 32). He stigmatised him as a conceited young man and a sciolist. With still greater indiscretion, finding all other means ineffectual, he wrote a letter to Lee, in which he had the bad taste to threaten him with the vengeance of his friends in Germany, "who had not yet," as he added, "dropped all their native ferocity." Lee waited for no further provocation. He immediately brought out his book, and prefaced it with the following calm and sarcastic letter. "*Edovardus Leeus Desiderio Erasmo salutem. En! nunc demum habes, Desideri Erasme, nostrarum annotationum librum, quem tantopere efflagitasti,—opus, spero, cum primis tibi gratum et jucundum, si non quod nostrum sit, tamen quod tuo nomini nuncupatum, et te annum jam totum hortante emissum; vel forte, eo potius nomine, quod inde orbi nostra prodetur ignorantia, quam tu nullis non modis studes propagari; ut omnes cognoscant me talem esse, qualem tu fingis.*"

It was evident that the author of such a letter could not be the puny and contemptible adversary Erasmus had represented. Nor was he. Roger Ascham has done justice to the learning of Lee. More and Fisher were inclined to think he had been unfairly treated, and, after the provocation he had received, he could hardly be expected to remain silent.

Lee took exception to the hasty and perfunctory manner in which Erasmus had introduced emendations into the New Testament. He accused Erasmus of rejecting readings, confirmed by long patristic usage, on the slender authority of a Greek manuscript, as to the age of which and its general accuracy grave doubts existed. He taxed him with citing passages from

the Greek copies which were not to be found in them, and omitting such as were. In some instances his Latin version did not correspond with the Greek; in others the true meaning had been misquoted or misrepresented. The rest of Lee's objections related rather to matters of doctrine and opinion: Erasmus had spoken contemptuously of previous commentators; he had condemned the Church for admitting the Epistle to the Hebrews into the canon; he had asserted that the Gospel of St. Mark was nothing more than a compendium of St. Matthew's. But it was his gravest and most substantial charge that, in the Apocalypse, Erasmus, to supply the defects of his Greek Mss., had ventured on the extraordinary license of turning certain verses into Greek which he had found only in the Latin copies. Objectionable as such an act undoubtedly was, and subversive of all sound criticism and literary honesty, Erasmus had not intended to impose upon his readers. He had acknowledged the fact in his notes. It was indeed much to be wished that Erasmus had candidly admitted these accusations, instead of attempting to recriminate. They were true in the main; they could not be denied. Had he fallen back upon that line of defence which he had taken up at first; had he admitted that in so laborious a work, too rapidly completed and surrounded by numerous obstacles, it was scarcely possible to avoid omissions and errors, he would have diminished nothing of his fair fame. He chose to stand upon the defensive; to hurl back invectives at the head of Lee; and thus he gave an importance to these charges they did not intrinsically deserve. His best friends looked sad; to his enemies he had exposed an advantage of which they were not slow to avail themselves; whilst to the Gallios of this world, who regarded with supreme indifference the real question at issue, it afforded a fund of delight, to see the great Biblical scholar tormented by petty and malicious assailants. Stunica and Caranza, the successors to Lee and Standish in this inglorious warfare, were as amusing as Pasquin to infidel bishops and classic cardinals at Rome, if not for their wit, yet for their unceasing virulence.

But we must draw these observations to a close. Of the editions of the New Testament which appeared in the lifetime of Erasmus, the fourth, published in 1527, is the most complete, as he had the advantage of the critical aids afforded by the Complutensian. In the third edition, which appeared in 1522, he reinserted, from an English Ms., the verse of the Three Witnesses. But, except for the interest which must always attach to first experiments, the Greek Testament of Erasmus has little value for the Biblical scholar of the present day. Much beyond his contemporaries in his conception of the duties of an

editor, and of the philological requirements for establishing and explaining the text of an ancient author, he fell far below the modern standard. He understood quite as well as later scholars do, that the text of the New Testament must be determined by the ancient Greek copies, supported by the earliest Latin versions and the Greek fathers. He was in some respects even less fettered than modern critics are by prejudices in favour of an authorised text or established translation. He had no leaning to the Vulgate. He was not inclined to attribute to it the praise it unquestionably deserves. The necessity of a careful description of the age and condition of the Mss. and authorities employed by him in forming his text,—an indispensable part of an editor's duty,—he almost entirely overlooked. Consequently, beyond his own critical judgment and sagacity, his text rests on no satisfactory or determinable authority. He would have done more had he done less,—had he been content with a careful edition, resting on one or two good Mss. Therefore, unlike the early editions of the Greek classics, the New Testament of Erasmus is absolutely worthless for all critical purposes. Yet, strange to say, until within a very late period, it remained substantially the only form in which the original was known to the world. It was not in the execution, but in the conception of his work that he deserves our praise. He had not health, patience, or inclination for the tedious and laborious process of collating Mss. He was much more at his ease in compiling notes and bringing his vast and multifarious reading to bear on the elucidation of the history and antiquities of the New Testament. So far as vast learning can be of service, in this respect, no commentator can be compared to Erasmus. With the whole region of Latin literature he was familiar, and scarcely less at home with the most eminent of the Greek and Latin fathers. At a time when the Greek scholars in England might be counted on the fingers, his notes to the Greek Testament abound in quotations from Homer, the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, Aristophanes, Aristotle, Athenæus, Lucian, and others.

Whatever judgment we may now be inclined to pass on his work, it must be allowed the praise of being the first attempt to introduce a more diligent study of the New Testament. Luther used his labours, and proclaimed his contempt for them, in his noble commentary on the Galatians. Erasmus, he complained, stuck too much to the letter: "*humana prævalent in eo plus quam divina.*"* Yet, in spite of this dictum, are we not entitled to say, after three centuries' experience, that the surest sign of a barren and unreal theology is not over-attention to the critical

* Luth. Epist. 29.

meaning of the original, but carelessness of the life that is in words? The slow induction, the careful sifting comparison, the spiritual sympathy, so to speak, which alone enable a scholar to understand Plato, or a philosopher to read the material world, must surely be applied to the Greek of the New Testament if we would know its true compass and significance by a profounder insight than we have. The severe beauty of the Vulgate and our own homely and noble English version have partially set aside and obscured their original by the chain of words that come native to our thought and the long link of household associations. Such work as Erasmus's was is dreaded by many as a wanton iconoclasm, a defacing, if not a destruction, of the holiest forms of faith. Perhaps the very fear is the best argument that the task needs to be done again. Of all phases of bibliolatry, that which prefers the copy to the original is surely the strangest. For ourselves, we can only express our firm confidence that the Gospels will never lose by being studied in the very words of the Evangelists.

ART. IV.—CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD.

Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel. W. Blackwood and Sons.

WITHOUT presuming to lift the veil which covers all anonymous authorship, we shall venture to assume that no one but a woman could have written *Salem Chapel*. Its merits and its faults are not easily explicable on any other ground. The delicate observation and subtle analysis of character, no less than the incapacity for broad effects, are alike feminine. A man could hardly have painted men so ill, or women so well. Nevertheless we start from this assumption chiefly to vindicate our right of calling the novelist "*she*" by hypothesis, and without much caring though the woman should turn out to have "a great peard under her muffler." What we have to say concerns rather the substance of the book than the individuality of its author.

Salem Chapel consists of two different and incongruous parts,—the plot of a sensation novel, and a series of descriptions of the inner life of a dissenting congregation. The plot may be dismissed summarily as not only bad but unnecessary.

It assumes a young girl of puritan education and high character going off on a most improbable story with her lover, who, unknown to her, is a married man; it rescues her by the intervention of the lover's wife, who shoots her husband in his room at an inn, a few hours only after she has traced him there, and with so much ingenuity as to defy discovery; and it represents the authorities as desisting from all inquiry on the simple statement of the wounded man, that he exonerates one person who has been wrongfully apprehended, and that he will give no further particulars. The worst of it all is, that these improbabilities, and many pages of horrors piled upon horrors, terror, despair, and suspense to the innocent victims of Colonel Mildmay's crime, only divert the reader from the main purpose of the book. For its purpose, which the plot rather impairs than strengthens, is to show the weakness of enthusiasm, refinement, and mere well-meaning, in contact with the vulgar realities of every-day life. The hero, Mr. Vincent, has come down fresh from Homerton to preside over the destinies of Salem chapel, and, as he believes, to sustain the cause of Nonconformity against the dead-weight of a corrupt Church establishment. He is disgusted by his vulgar deacons, who tell him to his face that he is their servant; he is indifferent to the senior deacon's daughter; his heart is captive to the great lady of the town, the Anglican Lady Western; and he sways backwards and forwards between his habits of old thought and his taste; a smile from Lady Western, or a rough speech from the butlerman, pretty much determining his allegiance. Then comes the great trial of his sister's unexplained elopement, followed by her apparent complicity in a murder. The routine of chapel work becomes doubly odious under great mental anxiety; and while he grows in breadth and spiritual insight, he is less fitted than ever to cope with the demands of his flock for visits and tea-meetings. Gradually it flashes upon him that "a cure of souls cannot be delegated to a preacher by the souls themselves who are to be his care." He resigns his charge, and turns literary man. The moral is not offensively obtruded; but it reads suspiciously, at least, like a special pleading for an established church.

This under-current of theological purpose has a little impaired the unity of the book, while it has probably heightened its interest. It is a palpable fault that Vincent is made too much a gentleman for his position, in order that the sharp contrasts of refinement and vulgarity may be better brought out. Men equally sensitive to interference are no doubt born in every section of society; but such men would be gratified and conciliated by much of the vulgar kindness that stifles Vincent.

It is surely a little overstrained, when the minister thrills "with offence and indignation" because pretty Miss Phœbe Tozer brings him round, soon after his arrival, a shape of jelly "that was over supper last night." A more genial man would probably take the whole affair in the spirit of simple good-nature that prompted the gift; and it is scarcely fair to mix up the deficiencies of an over-sensitive temperament with the faults of the Voluntary system. After all, there are many parts of England where the clergy of the Establishment live on the same homely and cordial footing with their parishioners. But, in fact, Vincent's nature is throughout over-wrought, and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish whether the author means him to be laughed at or admired. His innocent entanglement in the draught-net of Lady Western's admirers; the curious interweaving of his convictions and his little social annoyances; his hysterical fits of passion, and helplessness when the time for action comes,—are all true to the life of a weak, and in some respects a ridiculous, man only. He is always giving a subdued groan, or straying into the clerical counterfeit of an oath, or grasping hands "in an overflow of gratitude and compunction." There is something positively revolting and most unmanly in the scenes where he threatens Mrs. Hilyard with denouncing her to the police, not from any stern sense of duty or any urgent need of clearing his sister's fame, but rather from an impulse to satisfy himself by doing something, and latterly even from a certain hardness of mood that would like a victim. Yet we hold, on the whole, that the author intended Vincent's as the type of a high character. As a woman, she perhaps overrates the interest that his power of loving genuinely lends him in the eyes of half the world; but, as an artist, she was right in giving consistency to his character by at least one strong sentiment. Not that his religious feelings are insincere, but they are loose colours, and will not stand the test of rough weather. The man is unable to pray or preach out of himself; and his troubles are not disturbing, but controlling, elements in his speculation. All this makes him the more genuine and effective, but the less real. It is impossible to overrate the advantage for an orator of being able to transmute his personal resentments or his last experiences into his pleadings for a great cause; but the power cannot in its very nature be longer-lived than the man's hatreds or sufferings. We only know Vincent in a short novel that concerns itself with some two months of his career. The accident of an uneventful or a changeful life must, we may be sure, have determined his after-history; and if he did not run the gamut of Protestant variations, we may infer that his home was quiet and

prosperous. In the fact that he is not self-poised or self-contained, lies all that makes him distasteful to common men, and his peculiar charm for the author of *Salem Chapel*. She seems to be at once attracted and repelled by enthusiasm; to recognise something godlike in every man who acts fearlessly upon honest impulses, and yet, from invincible good sense or artistic instinct, to see clearly the foibles and follies of the enthusiastic temperament. Probably to a great extent her pencil is truer than her purpose, and she draws honestly what she has analysed subtly and grouped well, without regard to her own philosophy of art. Probably also her experience of life, a little depreciatory it may be, has yet taught her that there is infinite good mixed up with the infinite littlenesses of human nature and society. She is unconscious of the force of her own satire, because she knows so clearly what large allowances she has made.

In strict keeping with the unheroic hero are his surroundings and friends. We pass over for the moment the inimitable deacons and their families, who are not of the stuff of which romance is made. Colonel Mildmay, the shadowy debauched villain, and Mr. Fordham, the shadowy well-meaning gentleman, like the curate of St. Roque and Dr. Rider, are rather lay-figures than flesh and blood. When all are summed up, and the separate feeling for each analysed, the reader will probably be surprised to find how largely contempt, good-natured genial contempt at best, makes up his estimate. And if this be true of the men, among whom Tozer almost struggles out of the ridiculous, the same, or even worse, may be said of the women. Mrs. Hilyard, who is in fact Mrs. Mildmay, the clever, desperate wife of a villain, who has driven her to live separate, and who tries to carry off their daughter that he may speculate with her in marriage, is a little coarsely sketched. The restlessness, the energy, the desperate unreasoning love, are all admirably given in their way; but the one fatal vice of sensation novels, the necessity for stage-effects, has driven the author upon attempting something more. We disbelieve in the midnight conversation with Colonel Mildmay, precisely because a woman who announces her intention to murder with so much calmness, and rallies her husband on a fastidious feeling about the gallows, can hardly be compact of good to the extent Mrs. Hilyard is meant to be. It is true that the mind may easily grow familiar with the thought of a great crime by long brooding over it, so that when temptation and opportunity offer, the passage from inaction to guilt is almost imperceptible. But here there has been no real occasion for such devilish casuistry. Mrs. Hilyard has been able to carry off and conceal her child, and it is even a question if

the law would not secure her its exclusive custody. Nay more, the idea of murder is represented as occurring for the first time in this interview, and as suggested by a chance word of her husband. The training of an English lady, her own habit of theological speculation, and her daily intercourse with respectable well-meaning people, are all strong reasons why homicide should not flash on the mind, and be instantly caught at and cherished as an expedient. There are other smaller traits in Mrs. Hilyard's character which strike us as inconsistent with herself. She is meant to be a lady of high breeding, who, from oddness, self-assertion, and carelessness of the world's opinion, permits herself to say rude things pretty much at random among her friends. The character is not exactly uncommon; but, in a woman of shrewd observation and real good-nature, social tact at least would determine the sphere of action within very definite limits. Mrs. Hilyard may say what she likes to Lady Western, but she would be more careful with the young minister, though she likes him, and reads his secret, and a little despises him. The jokes about the butterman and the dairy-woman, in whose circle he is moving for the time, are essentially vulgar. The interviews with Mrs. Vincent are more wanting in self-restraint than the meeting of one woman with another, a stranger, and not a friendly one, is likely to be in actual life. The nervous excitement, which is to make the attempt at murder intelligible, is perpetually obtruded on us in the book, that we may understand the catastrophe when it comes. The one great fault of art has involved a thousand minor incongruities. But either the sharp intellect and resolute will, or the feverish spasms of bearing and action, are improbable. We prefer to strike out the crime and the tricks of manner that lead us up to it, as anomalous.

On the other hand, the characters of Lady Western and of Mrs. Vincent are thoroughly of a piece, and are so excellent in their conception as to be originals. It may seem a little harsh to compare the minister's mother to Mrs. Nickleby, yet the difference is chiefly in the far more exquisite workmanship which softens and refines the traits of the Lonsdale widow. Throughout Mrs. Vincent is a lady at heart and a good mother, and is therefore recommended by all the enhancements of refinement and tenderness; and yet these are not the qualities by which any one reading the book remembers her. The absolute want of judgment and will which make her a cipher in her daughter's emergency are so perfectly contrasted with her tact of manner and address in handling her son's congregation and in baffling awkward questioners, that she not only lives herself in the pages of *Salem Chapel*, but is the occasion of life to others. It is not

a high characteristic this double-natured pliancy, which bows to circumstances and adapts itself to persons; it is rather an instinct of the lower animals, who hide and whine during a storm, but divine in a moment if the stranger near them be a friend or an enemy. The whole question is, whether the type be not fairly conceived and essentially feminine. The only apparent incongruity is in the mixture of helplessness with a certain ability to appreciate and finesse. Precisely in this, we believe, is the truthfulness of the portrait most evident. The minister's widow, accustomed to think all knowledge summed up in her husband's sermons, and all phases of human experience contained in the congregation of a dissenting chapel, is hopelessly adrift when a new variety of man forces himself upon her circle. In default of the keen moral instincts which would arm a larger-natured woman with Ithuriel's spear, she judges the London *roué* by the ordinary tests for a young man who has stepped in to tea after a Bible-class. We suppose some such incapacity to comprehend the dark side of the other sex's life is the reason why so many good women make shipwreck of their lives upon sheer blackguardism. No man, however obtuse his perceptions may be, is ever very widely mistaken in his estimate of a flashy debauched adventurer, or accepts his self-assertion without a reasonable discount. There is, of course, another side to the picture; and we admit in advance that a man's judgment is equally worthless from the moment his eyes or his heart are interested. But we are not arguing as special pleaders for either side; and our problem is only to decide why the sex, in whom social tact is a sixth sense, should break down in their use of it on one point which is vital to themselves, and where men act fearlessly. Something may be allowed to the high estimate of pluck and energy which those who see life from the outside only are especially apt to form, and under cover of which a counterfeit sometimes passes current, or drawbacks are overlooked. Something may be set down to that absolute ignorance of sin in its grosser forms in which English women fortunately grow up. They do not suspect what they could not realise. But the truest reason of all we believe to be, that feminine tact is based upon self-analysis rather than on imagination or sympathy. Wilhelm von Humboldt remarked that the very occupations of the boudoir, be they music or drawing, crochet-work or embroidery, are such as lend themselves more or less to the carrying on independent trains of thought. More sensitive to impressions than the man, and more observant of little things, the woman broods over the trivial details of her life in a way which the close work of an office or the distractions of business absolutely forbid. She is matchless in her

own field, and lost out of it. The very intenseness of her study, her complete mastery of all that is within her range, unfit her to suspect her deficiencies, or surmise an outer sphere. Naturally enough, in the one instance where Mrs. Vincent is circum-spect and suspicious, she is so without cause. She allows a little maternal jealousy of Mrs. Hilyard's influence over her son to take colour and form as a doubt of the poor lady's reputation. But in managing the congregation Mrs. Vincent is peerless. She knows exactly what is expected of the minister, and of the minister's mother. She puts the pretty admirer quietly but irresistibly aside, while she silences the open enemy by a calm assertion of superiority. A very sincere woman would often be at a loss where Mrs. Vincent succeeds. The little hints about the connexion at Liverpool, and her own preference for an affectionate congregation to a large income, could probably not have been uttered in the palace of truth. It is a great tribute to the skill with which the character has been drawn, that these little insincerities scarcely strike the reader as an immoral element in it. It requires some reflection to see that Mrs. Vincent's goodness is that of a shallow nature and a prosperous life, and that its very existence is secondary to her excellence as a social strategist and her instinct of motherhood.

As perfect in its way is the conception of Lady Western. The graceful radiant creature, all sweetness and sunniness, who plays with her lover's feelings in utter unconsciousness that they can be deeper than her own, and because she likes to see him happy and to be admired herself, is so inimitably reproduced, that her gestures, the very tones of her voice, seem present to us. We may doubt one or two details of the story. High-bred and slightly high-church as she is, Lady Western is hardly likely to have courted the acquaintance of the dissenting minister in a country-town, even though he wore a good coat, and was good-looking, and had the manners of a gentleman. Even less would she have asked him to meet the curate of St. Roque's at dinner. Her emotion at hearing the name of her old lover is decidedly overdrawn, and implies a capacity for strong passionate attachment which must in actual life have impaired the peculiar charm of her manner; for her attractiveness lies in her thorough kindness and her absolute inability to comprehend deep feeling. It is precisely because she only wishes to make Vincent happy, and has no idea of encouraging a hopeless attachment, that we forgive her all the suffering she causes. Any, the smallest, experience of real love or sorrow would make her ignorance impossible, and convict her of wanton cruelty, such as Lady Western in real life could never have allowed herself, even for an hour's amusement and to an admirer. As

it is, her want of sympathy and tact becomes even an element of morality. She is able to call on Mrs. Vincent when the widow's heart is breaking, and to utter tender platitudes with the saddest voice. In pure goodness of heart she bows a last sunny smile to the poor minister, who is in the pangs of desperate love, as she passes out of Carlingford at his rival's side, having become that rival's wife. Vincent himself cannot complain if his heart has been a little wrung by such tender hands in such sweet unconsciousness of his suffering.

It is a great descent in the social scale when we pass from Lady Western to the deacons of Salem Chapel. But, setting aside charm of manner and refinement of language, the vestry is not much more vulgar than the Hall. The unsympathetic isolation of most characters in the book, from the hero and from one another, is in fact the secret of much of their interest. Tozer the dairyman, and his wife and daughter, have a high appreciation of the young minister. They see that he has something about him which common men want; gifts, as they would call it; genius and good manners, as others would say. With the true sentiment of an official, Tozer divines the opportunity for extending the connexion, and giving the chapel a name in the annals of Nonconformity. But Vincent breaks down under two tests. He never applies his doctrine properly, and he fails to visit daily among the richer members of his congregation. The former defect may be cured with time, but the social omission is palpably unfair. Salem allows genius its appropriate sphere in the pulpit, but it demands an every-day article for every-day life. It wants some one who will look in for afternoon visits or evening teas, and keep the connexion in good humour with their prophet's views of spiritual realities. There is even a commercial side to the question. "Them as chooses their own pastor, and pays their own pastor, and don't spare no pains to make him comfortable, has a right to expect" that the minister will visit and keep the flock pleased. From the first day of his arrival to the last of his stay in Carlingford, Vincent finds himself at war with these requirements. Circumstances are against him, and he is needlessly touchy; but, on the whole, the conclusion that a refined and well-educated man is out of his place in under-bred society is irresistible. And surely never was that society sketched with more genuine humour or dramatic insight. The picture lacks the breadth and appreciative humanity of *Adam Bede*; it deals with shallower natures and smaller things; but its finer touches are inimitable in their way. Phoebe Tozer is as perfect when she blushes "pinker than ever," because jolly Mr. Raffles jokes her about being "unkind" to the minister, as when she hints resentment and confidence to Vin-

cent himself in a later stage of the intercourse: "They say you don't think us good enough to be trusted now; but oh, I don't think you could ever be like that," and gives "an appealing remonstrative glance before she drops her eyelids in virginal humility." The young man from "Omerton," who makes "an 'it,'" and who regards the Tozers as "liberal-minded people," "the flower of the middle classes," is a perfect pendant to heavy senile Mr. Tufton, who almost ruins his "young brother" by admitting every charge against him, in the genuine desire to deprecate criticism, and sways backwards and forwards between rival impulses in unctuous irresolution. Mrs. Pigeon, the malcontent of the flock, who contrives to say before Mrs. Vincent that her son cannot manage "good gospel preaching and rousing up," and who is retributively routed by the minister's mother, is a minor personage indeed, but distinct in individuality. But the triumph of the novelist's art is Tozer. We seem to understand from the first why the buttermilk is the directing mind of Salem, and an over-match for the poulterer. He is the typical John Bull of the religious *bourgeoisie*; bluff and independent towards his minister, whom he has a vested right to drive, business-like and energetic in the vestry, and a goodnatured autocrat in his family circle. He has his weakness; but we incline to think with Mr. Tozer, that it is no peculiar foible, but common to "all you men. Niver a one, however you may have been brought up, nor whatever pious ways you may have been used to, can stand out against a pretty face." In short, Tozer admires Lady Western: "If the angels are nicer to look at, it's a wonder to me." Nor is this the only touch of chivalry about the dairyman. The knightly heart under coat of frieze asserts itself in Vincent's time of trouble; and while Carlingford is discussing the minister's shortcomings, and heaping them with the crime charged upon his sister, the deacon stands steadily by the desolate man. The speech in defence of Vincent at the meeting called to bring about his resignation is the most manly bit of writing in the book. The jocosity with which the deacon observes, "that a young man, as maybe isn't a marrying man, and anyhow can't marry more nor one, ain't in the safest place at Salem tea-drinkings," is a fine prelude to the real argument: "It shall never be said in our connexion as a clever young man was drove away from Carlingford, and I had a share in it. For me, and them as stands by me, we ain't a-going to set ourselves up against the spread of the gospel, and the credit of the connexion, toleration, and freedom of conscience, as we're bound to fight for." It adds to the truth of all this, that it rather detracts from the moral of the book. For if a hysterical talent like Vincent's has been able under all disadvantages

to command the loyal allegiance of a man like Tozer, the very embodiment of the old proprietary spirit, who can say what genuine enthusiasm in the minister might not have commanded? We suspect Tozer is as capable as Sancho Panza of following any leader who is not himself half-hearted on the adventure for a spiritual Barataria.

It is not our purpose to analyse any further the minor characters in *Salem Chapel*. Only one point we desire to notice, because it bears directly on one of the main criticisms we have to make on the book. The consent given by Susan Vincent to travel, not indeed alone, but essentially unprotected, under Colonel Mildmay's charge, is something more than flagrantly improbable. An innocent, rather stupid, and quite inexperienced girl might, no doubt, in the perplexity of a rash moment, consent to leave her home on some inadequate pretext. But no well-bred and pure-minded woman, however ignorant of the world, would consent to travel for hours, not to say days, in her lover's charge. She would divine instinctively that the story was false, or she would insist on not having his companionship by the way. She would be punctilious and reserved precisely because their relations were intimate, and in proportion as she valued his esteem. We regard this fault as something more than a fatal necessity of an absurd plot. It is another indication of that contemptuous vein, which leaves us throughout in doubt whether the author be not covertly amusing herself with the public she interests, or irrepressibly scornful of society, and above all of women. Here, we seem to be told, are the women for whom hearts break, or who make up the holiness of home-life; and one is shallow and heartless, another shallow and cunning, and a third nursing bitter thoughts of rancour while she sits in God's house. Here is the young girl, for whose purity all who meet her would instinctively pledge themselves, and she leaves home on the idlest of excuses to travel with the depraved man whom she loves. Here is the man, whose fiery eloquence has shaken a congregation, like God's breath passing over it; and his inspiration was compounded of a quarrel with his deacons and love for a pretty face, or, at best, mixed with some unselfish feeling for his sister. It reads almost as if the mask were thrown off, when the author marries him to a girl whom we have only known as an idiot, whose father is a villain, and her mother only not a homicide. And yet the *dénouement* is conveyed in words of simple beauty and serious purpose. "After all his troubles, the loves and the hopes came back with the swallows, to build under his eaves and stir in his heart." There is no irony here.

Perhaps the explanation is, after all, simpler than might

appear at first sight. An age of decorous platitudes, whose truest prophet is the satirist, and which reserves its hero-worship for the man best accredited by success, is not, on the very face of it, one that can create a literature of lofty idealism. It may look at its own surroundings, from above or below, like a squirrel turning in its cage, and may so regard them as objects to be trampled on or clung to; but it has no external standing-point from which it can gaze forth upon heaven and earth. The philosophy of shams is the decent apology for faith in the unheroic. It would be curious to trace the gradual steps by which literature has declined from tragedy and the epic, upon the vaudeville and the lyrical romance. We can only notice here that in the last thirty years,—and it would be easy to go back further still,—in spite of one or two partial but splendid exceptions, such as Scott and Miss Brontë, the novel of home-life has gradually become the accredited type of romance; domestic virtues have been the staple of interest; and the decalogue of creative art is summed up in the commands, to be genteel, and marry at the end of the third volume. There is much to be said for this phase of triviality. As novels in England are written especially for ladies, their writers are never tempted to deviate into immoral descriptions, and are commonly very respectable. It is a great thing to be provided inexpensively with “the pleasure of despising one’s inferiors,” which a late dignitary of the church is said to have classed on a level with the joys of heaven; and any reader who is conscious of unimpeachable h’s and decent orthography may read Thackeray, Trollope, and half a hundred others, and thank Heaven that he is not as other men are—in the pages of romance. The weak side of the school is exposed in such a book as *Salem Chapel*, not because it is not a consummate work of art, but because its author is more fearless than most in her portraiture. She has pushed the theory to its climax of logical absurdity. Her women in Mr. Thackeray’s hands would be as dull as Amelia or Laura Penderennis, and we should pass them quietly by as failures. In *Salem Chapel* we are riveted by the artist’s skill, and see the meanness of the type all the better, because of the keen scalpel which has dissected it. The obvious answer is, that the actual has its peculiar charm and claims to be eternalised precisely because it is the actual. Herein lies, we believe, the essential fallacy. That there is in every life, however trivial, a latent something which might have been great; and that every nature, however dull, may be lighted up with a casual gleam of beauty, is happily so true as to be beyond dispute. But the artist’s concern is like Mary’s, with the spiritual guest, not like Martha’s, with the platters and household serving. It is at his

peril if he bring the tables of the money-changers and voices of the street into the House Beautiful.

Our censure may seem exaggerated. We are not pleading, however, against miniature sketches of grotesque life, but against their absolute substitution for ideal art. We incline to believe that there is a craving in the mind for 'something beyond meals, dress, and small-talk, which demands satisfaction, as imperiously in its way as the lower appetites. Nay more, the monotony of common things, after a point easily reached, becomes unnatural. "Il n'y a que l'imprévu qui ne m'étonne jamais," was the saying of one who knew life well; and it holds true of virtues and vices as much at least as of events. The sensation novel itself is proof of it. The description of average men and women, who can neither think, or do, or love more than their neighbours, palls after a time upon the reader; and his jaded attention demands to be excited by stimulants. There is a column in every newspaper which suggests the expedient. Transplant the vulgar vice of our police-courts into the upper classes of society; give it the reserve and complexity of cultivated natures, and arm the innocence that it threatens with the cunning and resource of a Bow-street detective; and we have at once the modern counterpart of the Æschylean drama,—the good man suffering and triumphant. It is curious to think what a picture of modern society will go down to the future antiquarian, if he estimates the importance of books by their circulation. In one of those novels which have been the delight of a season, the heroine's penchant is for murder and forgery: in another, the graceful charming squire's lady is a bigamist, an assassin, and an incendiary, with the taint of madness in her blood; in a third, we are let off more gently with a stolen register, a false wife palmed on the world, and the real one shut up in a madhouse under the orders of an Austrian spy; in a fourth, a good woman, who has committed adultery because she loves her husband, comes back to educate her children under the eyes of that husband and of her old rival, his second wife. It is characteristic enough that the apostle of the Dutch school, Mr. Thackeray, gave the hints which have been so fruitful of result. His wife with two husbands, a baronet and a convict, preceded the present fashion by some years. But Mr. Thackeray's novels are studied for the English and the irony, not for the plot. He might throw a piece from Astley's into the appropriate novel form, and would still fascinate readers. With the author of *Salem Chapel* it is different. Her power of character-sketching is so perfect up to a certain level, that she might almost have written the under-plot for a Shakespearian drama. Dogberry and Verges would have come out under her

hands a little less simple in effect, but yet exquisitely felt and rendered. Her weakness—and she seems conscious of it—is, that her sympathy is less appreciative than her satire. She has learned to disbelieve in all singleness of motive and grandeur of life, and the feeling comes out painfully in all she writes. In default of this, she tries to crowd her pages with startling incident. She can believe in great crime and extravagant folly, if she distrusts absolute virtue. All this appears to us to be full of evil augury for her future success. She cannot write up to her own mark without conviction, and she cannot have appropriate figures with a dash of moral excellence sketched-in for her by an artist of the ideal. Her rare talent, to which we willingly do homage, will be crippled by the one-sidedness of her perceptions. Not even Tozer and Mrs. Vincent could save a second work from the judgment, which is rather deferred than doubtful, over the first. Voltaire once said that the heart of man would never endure a religion visibly below its moral instincts. We may say with at least equal certainty, that society will never definitely accept an art below its own average of excellence. *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*—the Realist's canon—applies surely to the degrading as much as to the fanciful estimate of character.

ART. V.—STANLEY'S LECTURES.

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. London: Murray. 1863.

"In the marvellously tessellated workmanship," says the author of the eloquent and instructive volume now before us, "which" the historical books of the Old Testament "present,—in the careful interweaving of ancient documents into a later narrative,—in the editing and reëditing of passages, where the introduction of a more modern name or word betrays the touch of the more recent historian,—we trace a research which may well have occupied many a vacant hour in the prophetic schools of Bethel or Jerusalem, and at the same time a freedom of adaptation, of alteration, of inquiry, which places the authors or editors of these original writings on a level far above that of mere chroniclers or copyists. Such a union of research and freedom gives us, on the one hand, a view of the office of an

inspired or prophetic historian, quite different from that which would degrade him into the lifeless and passive instrument of a power which effaced his individual energy and reflection; and, on the other hand, presents us with something like the model at which an historical student might well aspire, even in our more modern age. And if, from the handiwork and composition of these writings, we reach to their substance, we find traces of the same spirit, which will appear more closely as we speak of the prophetic office in its two larger aspects. By comparing the treatment of the history of Israel or Judah, in the four prophetic books of Samuel and of Kings, with the treatment of the same subject in the books of Chronicles, we are at once enabled to form some notion of the true characteristics of the prophetic office as distinguished from that of the mere chronicler or Levite.*

In these words Dr. Stanley has not only given us the true point of view for estimating his own work, but has at the same time disclosed to us the rationale of all historical composition. The chronicle is not, and cannot be, history in its highest sense. As the eye cannot see the objects which are in immediate contact with it, so even the acutest observer can have no adequate appreciation of the true bearing and real significance of events of which he is the contemporary. He records impressions without the power of interpreting them. He may be a photographer, but he cannot be an artist. Old legends, popular poetry, local chronicles, diaries, correspondence,—every notice, however insignificant, which reflects the belief and feeling of the time,—all these are invaluable as materials for history,—what the French comprehensively designate "*mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*,"—but are not history itself. The mind must be at some distance from a period to comprehend it; and the greater the distance, provided the records remain, the more perfect will be its judgment. There is no shallower prejudice than the contempt sometimes expressed for history by calling it an old almanac, which has told us all it can, and may be cast aside. The fact is, the teachings of history are inexhaustible. God speaks to us directly, in the living contact of mind with mind, not only in our own thoughts and aspirations, but on a still grander scale, and with a more emphatic voice, in history,—which is their permanent outward realisation. It is the continuous evolution of his mind and will; the oracle, never dumb, through which He utters his eternal purpose in the ear of each succeeding age,—an everlasting witness of the mysterious union between the human and the divine. Going down into the Infinite, its moral depths are not to be fathomed; but the more

* Jewish Church, p. 445.

they are explored again and again, by the aids of an exacter criticism and the established principles of a truer philosophy, the richer must be the results which they will continually yield. Philosophy, taking its stand on the highest point of an advancing civilisation, claims the whole of the past as its vast domain of thought; and if history would be an unmeaning chaos, without the interpreting voice of philosophy, philosophy, it may be observed, invariably loses itself, and begins to dote, the moment it relinquishes its footing in history. It is surely a consideration of no little weight, that the inspirations, which make all the difference between Heathenism and Christianity, are brought to us by the witness of history.

If it be a true definition of history,—that it is a construction of the traditions of the Past, from the view of the Present,—two questions, it is obvious, will have to be considered before we can form an opinion of the value and true character of any historical work: first, What is the nature of the original materials on which it is based? and secondly, What has been the animating idea of the historian in interpreting and combining them? This distinction could of course never have been entirely absent from the mind of a thoughtful critic. Men must always have perceived that different historians took a different view of the same events, and wrote of them with their peculiar party bias; and that their title to credibility must depend on their having made a faithful and intelligent use of the sources from which they drew their accounts. But neither of these considerations has, till quite recently, been allowed its full weight. Modern writers have been too much disposed to imagine an ancient historian in the same intellectual position with themselves; to presuppose him under the influence of the same ideas; with all his materials laid before him in the same positive and authentic form; testing and comparing them with the critical eye of a Grote or a Ranke. They have confounded an author in his study, surrounded by books and papers, with the wanderer after legendary lore from city to city, and the collector of myths and oracles at widely-scattered sanctuaries,—the *λογοποιοί* and *χρησμολόγοι* of the early dawn of civilisation. Niebuhr, following up with more fertile genius and a profounder erudition the tracks already opened by Heyne and Herder, and perhaps still earlier by Vico,—was the first to bring out broadly and clearly the wide difference frequently existing between the real meaning of the primitive materials of history, and the interpretation subsequently put on them; the first also to illustrate extensively the obscurities of ancient usage and speech, by those broad parallelisms in the underlying thought of all periods of human culture, which are so remark-

able a witness to the unchanging unity of our nature. The modifying influence of a later *coup-d'œil* on the ancient monuments submitted to its view, its almost unconscious transference of modern ideas into a remote past,—always observable, and always to be allowed for in reading any historical work,—becomes of increased importance, and requires a more vigilant notice, the further we go back into those simple and uncritical times, when the first object of a writer, which absorbed every other consideration, was to bring out a definite moral from his exhibition of the events and characters of any particular period, when history was regarded less as a question of fact than as a medium of direct instruction. The scrupulous literary honesty, reverencing *fact* above all things, as the only solid basis of knowledge,—with the delicate discrimination of *meum* and *tuum* in the use of its materials, which is one of the results of the higher mental condition developed by the inductive philosophy,—was not appreciated, as with us, even by the greatest ancient historians,—Thucydides, Polybius, and Tacitus; and Lucian's exquisite satire in his two pieces, "How History should be written," and his "True History," shows us very clearly what he thought of the credibility of the mass of popular histories. Lord Macaulay has remarked, in one of his essays, that a knowledge of the past may be conveyed to us in two ways: either in the vivid light of a creative imagination reflected from a wide range of antiquarian lore,—as Sir Walter Scott has brought before us, with wonderful truthfulness, the times of the Crusaders and the Covenanters; or through evidence carefully elaborated by criticism, and presented in close logical sequence to the understanding,—as Mr. Hallam has illustrated the constitutional history of England. Provided we keep in view the perfectly distinct character of these two forms of historical presentment, no mischief can follow our taking impressions of the past from both. They may help to supplement and complete each other. But the two were perpetually confounded in antiquity. In many an ancient narrative it is difficult to say what is fact, and what is a mere conception of the writer. According to our present standard, that alone can properly be called history, of which the facts have been critically ascertained and tested from the best accessible sources, however much the exposition of them may be illuminated by philosophical generalisation or enriched by pictorial power. Of this rare union of the critical with the graphic faculty, Gibbon is perhaps the most perfect example in our literature.

With the advance of our race, men become more individual and independent in the exercise of their faculties. They stand more on their own peculiar ground. They may think as they

like. All that our exacter science requires of them is, that they should first prove and arrange their facts, and then logically draw their conclusions. It was different in the old world. Men lived, and thought, and felt then more entirely in and through the society of which they were the members. Their religious as well as their civil existence was hemmed in more on every side by the great powers of Nature and the great agencies of the State. They had not fully realised the conviction, that to each man has been assigned a sphere of thought peculiarly his own; that before every one there has been opened a career of mental and social activity, which no one else can properly encroach upon, which belongs by right to him alone, and which he is summoned by the conditions of his own free nature to work out for himself. The consequence was, that with a man so circumstanced, the claims of pure abstract truth were constantly overpowered by the nearer human interest of his race, his commonwealth, his faction, or his religion. Perceiving that all which most nearly concerned him, came to him through the community of which he formed a part, he regarded as his own whatever he inherited along with it, particularly all the beliefs and traditions, all the utterances of popular thought and feeling, which he observed to act most powerfully on the public mind; and he therefore used them freely, according to his own judgment and for his own purposes, without any consciousness of invading another's property, whenever he supposed it possible in this way to exalt the glory, confirm the principle, or promote the edification, of the particular state or party or faith, unconditional loyalty to which was the fundamental article of his moral and religious creed. Only on this view can we account for that continual recasting of older materials in a modernised form,—that unhesitating interpolation of ancient works with new matter, to adapt them to the altered demands of more recent thought,—that fearless borrowing of venerable names from the past to give increased worth and dignity to the productions of the present,—which, from the time of Onomacritus downwards, is so marked a feature in the literary history of antiquity. Such practices in our days would be justly stigmatised as fraudulent. But every age must be judged by its own moral standard. Ideas on morals, as on all other subjects, acquire expansion and precision with the enlargement and complication of our social relations. Men do not see all the sides of a moral question at once. When literary materials were scanty, and the demand for a higher instruction was pressing, and authority was needed to give weight to doctrines, which men were as yet incompetent to appreciate for their intrinsic value,—we can well understand how some who

felt the strong claims of a great social want, but whose minds were insensible to the force of obligations which circumstances had not yet arisen to indicate,—might have honestly thought they were performing the first of duties by seizing every means which the knowledge and belief of their times afforded them, for impressing great truths on the minds of their contemporaries. Our judgment in each particular case must be governed by our perception of the animating motive, and of the inherent worth and nobleness of the social or spiritual constitution of things which such efforts were designed to uphold.

Our remarks so far have had immediate reference to the heathen world. But it must have been obvious from the first to every one who saw all that was involved in the critical principles applied by Niebuhr to the earliest memorials of Rome, that they must be extended sooner or later to that portion of ancient history which is contained in the Bible. For there is perhaps no book preserved to us from antiquity, when relieved from the arbitrary assumptions by which its true interpretation has been hitherto prevented, which admits of so fruitful an application of them. All scholars are now perfectly well aware that there are documents of different age and authorship buried under the surface of the sacred text, one lying beneath the other, but cropping out here and there, like older formations, with a hue and texture that are at once discernible by the practised eye. This indubitable result of critical analysis, bringing so many heterogeneous materials distinctly into view, seems at first sight irreconcilable with another phenomenon equally characteristic of the Bible,—that close connexion of parts, and that unity of thought and purpose pervading it from end to end, which have contributed to the popular persuasion that it is, not what it is in reality, an exceedingly multifarious literature, but *one* work, the book of books, *the Bible*. If, however, we keep in mind the distinction, insisted on at the opening of this paper, between the materials of history and the interpretation of them by the final historian, and will consent to refer the books of the Old Testament, in the form in which we now have them, to a later period than that which is at the present time arbitrarily assigned to them,—these difficulties disappear, and we have strong evidence of having got to the truth, in the facility with which phenomena apparently contradictory are reconciled. The whole literature of the Bible is essentially a prophetic literature. All the memorials of the national life, from the first faint echoes of primitive myth and legend, through the clearer utterances of the old heroic songs, and the plain pragmatic records of the court chroniclers, and the more elevated reflections of contemporary seers, up to the last great crisis of the captivity, which revolutionised

the popular mind, cast out for ever its lingering predilections for idolatry, and issued in a small theocratic community of intensely monotheistic Jews—were again and again collected and reviewed by the highest religious thought of the time, looking back on them from the most elevated point of the actual civilisation, and so combining and interpreting them as to find in them a corroboration and enforcement of the great ideas by which it was itself possessed. The prophets—beyond all comparison the most wonderful order of men of whom any record exists in the extant annals of our race—informed and moulded the national mind of the Hebrews; and in the Bible, which is their national literature, we have an embodied expression of their highest thought. The great Messianic idea—which, however diversified in outward form, was developed with marvellous continuity and consistency in its essence by the prophets—is the proper inspiration of the Bible, the pervading fire which fuses down and amalgamates its most diversified constituents. To illustrate a higher by a lower subject, what the thought of Rome—its destined universality of empire—

“—regere imperio populos—
—paciſque imponere morem”—

was to the inspiration of Latin poets, orators, and historians, that the belief in a future kingdom of God, which should hereafter subdue all nations to righteousness and truth and the all-perfect law of Jehovah, was, with far higher aim and purer influence, the inspiration of the prophets, psalmists, and historians of Israel. And when we consider how peculiar was this inspiration, how unlike that of the surrounding civilisations, how vast have been its effects on the subsequent condition of mankind—we are not conscious of any unphilosophical assumption, when we feel ourselves compelled to assign it a more than human origin. But it was an inspiration acting in accordance with the fixed laws of humanity, not exerting all its force at once, continuous and progressive, gathering from all sources, but ever refining and recasting in the mould of its own high thought, the materials for a history of God's chosen people, that had been transmitted to it from an earlier and more rudimental condition of the national life.

Collateral with the main series of historical books in the Old Testament from Judges to Kings, there are other writings in the Bible which are of great assistance in helping us to determine their true character, and to account for the predominant spirit by which they are pervaded: the extant prophecies, and the supplementary books of Chronicles. The prophecies preserved to us are only a part probably of a much more exten-

sive prophetic literature, fragments of which yet remain embedded in the historical books. What we possess, however, is of inestimable value, as showing how the national mind was formed—how it was led up step by step to the point of view from which it surveyed its earlier history, its oldest traditions, and the commencement of its legislation. The thought which animated the latest reviser of the historical materials, which suggested their disposition and furnished their connecting links, and which evidently was not inherent in the materials themselves, since it has often been unable to disguise in them a meaning which is at variance with its own,—this thought flowed into the history from prophecy, and could not have existed till the later stages of prophetic development. Often, there is reason to believe, the historian and the prophet were one; and there was good ground for the arrangement of the old rabbinical canon, which reckoned the historical books just mentioned, among the prophets. Prophecy and history stood to each other in the relation of doctrine and practical illustration. Hence the deep religious spirit with which Jewish history is so remarkably imbued. The Chronicles, from the earliest time, have been put into another class; for they belong to a far later age, and are distinguished by a very different tendency. They express the sacerdotal rather than the prophetic spirit; and a comparison of them with the earlier histories written ere the national life was extinct, and while the prophetic influence was still strong and active,—will reveal all the difference between the fresh and genuine outpourings of a vivid national consciousness, confident and credulous, wholly uncritical indeed, but never deliberately untrue,—and the systematic exaggeration and calculated perversion of fact which always mark the statements of an unchecked and irresponsible priesthood. There may possibly be, as Ewald asserts, some original materials in Chronicles not elsewhere to be found; but their suspicious accompaniments render it necessary to receive them with extreme caution, and to test them by a most vigilant criticism.

We have endeavoured to show, from the contrast so frequently discernible in the present texture of the historical books of the Old Testament, between the point of view of the latest *rédacteur*, and the lower conceptions still adhering to the materials of which he had the disposal,—that it was to the progressive development of prophetic intuition in a long succession of marvellously gifted seers, that the Hebrew race were indebted for their gradual emancipation from the grossness and limitation of their rude primeval belief, and their elevation step by step to that pure and earnest monotheism, uniting God and man in the closest moral compact, which has been their glorious distinction

among the nations of the earth. At the era of the Captivity these accumulating influences had culminated, and left an impression never more to be effaced or weakened, on the remnant that was finally restored to the land of their fathers. The same reasoning which we have here applied to the historical books, admits—we think it might be shown, had we time to go at length into this interesting question—of an extension to the books which precede them in the order of our present canon, the Pentateuch and Joshua,—and would furnish some data towards determining their relative age in the form in which they now exist. When we reflect, how legislation must of necessity keep pace with the wants of society, and cannot outstrip them—how any anticipation of them is worse than useless; and when we further observe that in the books just referred to, there are the distinctest traces both of the most elevated prophetic influence and of a highly developed sacerdotal system, of neither of which do we find any evidence in the history till a comparatively late period;—it seems impossible to resist the inference, that in this introductory portion of the Bible, instead of a complete code of civil and ecclesiastical law promulgated at once by the *fiat* of the Almighty, through the mouth of the oldest prophet, as the popular theory assumes,—we have rather what we may call the *Pandects* of the Hebrew people, the accumulated fruits of their progressive legislation for near a thousand years, prior enactments superseded by later ones, but both preserved with a sort of antiquarian conservatism in the old legal record—a multifarious *Corpus Juris*, with a *Liber Originum* prefixed, and a Palestinian Domesday-book subjoined—which the digesters of our actual canon, not earlier perhaps than the time of Ezra, deemed no unsuitable introduction to place at the head of their *Collectanea* of the ancient history and literature of Israel. Even the English reader cannot pass from the grave and hortatory language of Deuteronomy or Joshua to the wild legends which form the staple of the book of Judges, without feeling that he has got into a new region and is breathing a different moral atmosphere. Instead, therefore, of thinking, with Eichhorn, that the law as it exists in the books of Moses and Joshua must have preceded the prophets, and furnishes the only intelligible basis of their ministry, we rather feel ourselves obliged to take the opposite view, and hold that there are elements in the Pentateuch and its supplementary book, which are to us wholly inexplicable, except on the supposition of a long foregoing development of prophetic agency. To those who have been accustomed to acquiesce in the traditional theories of the popular theology, such views of the composition of the Bible as we have now ventured to express, will very probably seem painful and offensive, as

unsettling their previous convictions. But we must not mistake mental indolence for piety. The first question which a lover of truth ought to ask himself on this and on every other subject is, What are the facts which criticism and science have incontestably established? Facts cannot be gainsaid. Every ascertained fact is a fresh disclosure of the mind and will of God, and should be accepted with mingled thankfulness and trust. No fact has ever yet proved fatal to the religious hopes and consolations of mankind, though many an illusion cherished as a fact has chilled and darkened both. The feeling of reverence is often strangely misplaced in the so-called religious world. Wholly unconscious of their presumption, but with utter irreverence, as it seems to us, they determine beforehand how it shall please the Almighty to dispose and limit the media of his spiritual communications with the human soul; and then investing this arbitrary creation of their own ignorance with an artificial awe and sanctity, they bow down before it as divine, and charge with irreverence all who dare to call in question its authority:

“—*hic ubi opus est,*

Non verentur; illic ubi nihil opus est, ibi verentur.”

To all objectors we should deem it a sufficient answer to ask them to disprove facts. But we may go further, and say that the gradual evolution of spiritual truth from a few prolific germs in the dim consciousness of primeval man, is most in accordance with the grand analogies of the universe, and particularly with the history, so far as we can trace it, of the successive conditions of the planet on which we dwell. And this accordance, so far from raising difficulties, ought rather to be considered as a proof of the divine constitution of that system of things, through which the Bible shows us provision has actually been made for the religious education of the human race. The sole point of importance for us—the one fact on which every thing else depends—lies in this: that the truth *has* been reached, that the light *has* been revealed, let the preceding stages along which it gradually advanced, and the darkness and obstruction through which it had to force its passage, have been what they may. All growth, all progress, all transition from a lower to a higher state of being, is to us inconceivable without the supposition of inspiration from above,—from the Universal Fountain of Mind. Wherever we see development, we trace the action of a living God. What we need in the records of our faith is less the hard *pragmatism* of outward history—though of that, too, we are thankful for as much as we can get—than a history of religious ideas,—how they arose, how they grew, their inter-crossings and their conflicts,—the gradual expulsion of grosser

elements, and the final triumph of the pure and true. But there is a morbid, carnal craving after sensuous reality and positive affirmation in spiritual things, cherished by the popular theology, which is at war with the very essence of religious trust and hope, and which the modern criticism, however destructive it may be thought, will help, with unspeakable benefit to Christianity, for ever to dispel, by showing the absolute impossibility of satisfying it.

We owe an apology to our readers for having detained them so long from the book, which is the proper subject of the present article ; but we thought it desirable to state at some length the views with which we now proceed to an examination of it, and which, without presuming to hold Dr. Stanley responsible for any of the statements just made, receive, we think, no little support and illustration from several portions of his work. The *History of the Jewish Church* is not itself a critical work, but it has made large and intelligent use of the results of previous criticism, and applied them with a skill and a spirit which deserve all praise. We cannot speak too highly of the author's style. It is graphic and living, and clothes his narrative with an air of truthfulness and reality which is almost delusive, and renders the reader quite unconscious of the many critical faults and fissures which are hidden under the smooth and blooming surface of the text. Never before were we made so fully aware of the inadequate evidence which mere vividness of pictorial presentment affords of conformity to historical fact. Taking the events and characters of early Hebrew history as they are offered him in the Bible, and investing them, from his own familiarity with the unaltered manners and scenery of Palestine, with a marvellous richness of local colouring, Dr. Stanley exerts a spell over his readers which makes it difficult to resist the impression that he has set before us the actual form and lineaments of ancient realities. And this remark applies as strongly to those parts of his narration, such as the patriarchal age and the Exodus, which no competent scholar now doubts are largely intermingled with mythical elements, as to those which are more predominantly historical, such as the books of Judges and Samuel. Nothing can be more picturesque, more exactly corresponding to the life of a modern Bedouin sheik, than the description of Abraham and Jacob in Genesis ; but that all we read of them must therefore be accepted as even substantially historical truth, would be an undue inference from this conformity. Whatever amount of reliable tradition came into the hands of the person who first reduced their history to a written form, he could only work it out into a continuous narrative by filling up the outline from the unchanging features of a form of society which was

constantly before him. Only through a present life which his eyes daily looked upon, could he realise to himself the possibility of one that had passed away. The unconscious simplicity of the primeval mind would facilitate the complete identification of the two periods. Throughout the rich tissue of speech and action in the Iliad and Odyssey, there is a wonderful expression of reality; but no one concludes from this that we are reading of historical fact. We shall allude to this subject again. It is to us an indication at once of the strong and of the weak side of Dr. Stanley's highly-gifted mind. After all, the great charm of his book is the spirit in which it is written; its geniality, its catholicism, its warm deep human sympathies. He has the rare merit of *humanising* history—of making it the reflection of a living world. Biblical history, which as hitherto treated repelled all readers of taste and sensibility, and had become almost a by-word for insufferable dullness, assumes in his hands an animation and a freshness which carry the reader through the varying incidents of his narrative, and even through the discussions which occasionally illustrate it, with an interest as sustained and unfailing as that of a well-written novel. Yet the interest throughout is profoundly religious. He tells us in his preface (p. xi.) that his Lectures are "strictly ecclesiastical," and so gives us at once the point of view from which he surveys the history, and from which his own work ought in fairness to be judged. Like his masters the prophets, he contemplates the events of a remote past, with a continual reference to their great future issues, and as a progressive exemplification of those eternal principles which reached their consummation in Christ. In his comprehensive view, the true Church of God had its origin with the commencement of humanity, and will expand and purify itself for ever with the ceaseless advancement of our race. We particularly direct the reader's attention to the beautiful 20th Lecture, "On the Nature of the Prophetic Teaching." It has rarely been our lot to meet with an exposition of true religion—the everlasting spirit of Christianity—more entirely in harmony with our own deepest convictions; and that quite irrespective of possibly some minute differences of doctrinal opinion. We never felt so strongly before—how close, amidst many diversities of intellectual conception unavoidably resulting from education and native temperament, is the inner bond of sympathy which unites all religious natures. In the hopeful accents of this delightful chapter we seem to recognise no dim foreshadowing of the slowly but surely approaching Church of the Future. The whole book is indeed a good and devout man's retrospect of the mysterious ways of Providence in its dealings with the human soul. We often think Dr. Stanley, as

a critic, not so much perhaps mistaken, as halting and defective ; but taking his work as a whole, and penetrated by the spirit which it every where breathes, we rise from its perusal with a warm love and admiration for the man.

But we must go a little more into detail. That part of the history which precedes the conquest of Canaan, seems to us less satisfactorily treated in a critical point of view than that which follows it ; but it contains some fine specimens of the writer's graphic power. Take for example the following description of the Egyptian city of On, the Heliopolis of the Greeks.

"It stands on the edge of the cultivated ground. The vast enclosure of its brick walls still remains, now almost powdered into dust ; but, according to the tradition of the Septuagint, the very walls built by the Israelite bondsmen. Within this enclosure, in the space now occupied by tangled gardens, rose the great Temple of the Sun, which gave its name and object to the city. How important in Egypt was that worship, may be best understood by remembering that from it were derived the chief names by which kings and priests were called—'Pha-raoh,' 'The Child of the Sun,' 'Potiphe-rah,' 'The Servant of the Sun.' And what its aspect was in Heliopolis may be known partly from the detailed description which Strabo has left of its buildings, as still standing in his own time ; and yet more from the fact that the one Egyptian temple, which to this day retains its sculptures and internal arrangements almost unaltered, that of Ipsambul, is the temple of Rha, or of the Sun. In Heliopolis, as elsewhere, was the avenue of sphinxes leading to the huge gateway, whence flew, from gigantic flagstaffs, the red and blue streamers. Before and behind the gateways stood, two by two, the colossal petrifications of the sun-beam, the obelisks, of which one alone now remains to mourn the loss of all its brethren. Close by was the sacred spring of the sun, a rare sight in Egypt, and therefore the more precious, and probably the original cause of the selection of this remote corner of Egypt for so famous a sanctuary. This too still remains, almost choked by the rank luxuriance of the aquatic plants which have gathered over its waters. Round the cloisters of the vast courts into which these gateways opened were spacious mansions, forming the canonical residences, if one may so call them, of the priests and professors of On : for Heliopolis, we must remember, was the Oxford of ancient Egypt, the seat of its learning in early times, as Alexandria was in later times ; the university, or rather perhaps the college, gathered round the Temple of the Sun, as Christ Church round the old cathedral or shrine of St. Frideswide. Thither Herodotus came to gather information for his travels ; and thither, centuries later, the more careful and accurate Strabo. The city in his time was in a state of comparative desolation ; it had never fully recovered the shock of the fanatical devastation of Cambyzes. A long vacancy, a vacation of centuries, had passed over it. Priests and philosophers, canons and professors, alike were gone, and only a few chaplains and vergers

(ἱεροποιοὶ καὶ ἐξηγηταί) lingered in the sacred precincts, to carry on the service of the temple, and to show strangers over the silent quadrangles and deserted cloisters. Amongst these was pointed out to Strabo the house in which Plato had lived for thirteen years. Perhaps he may have been also shown, or, had he been there a few generations earlier, would have been shown, the house which had received Moses when he studied there under the Egyptian name of Osarsiph (Joseph. c. Apion. i. 26, 28). In the centre of all stood the temple itself. Over the portal, we can hardly doubt, was the figure of the Sun-god; not in the sublime indistinctness of his natural orb, nor yet in the beautiful impersonation of the Grecian Apollo, but in the strange grotesque form of the Hawk-headed monster. Enter; and the dark temple opens and contracts successively into its outermost, its inner, and its innermost hall; the Osiride figures in their placid majesty support the first, the wild and savage exploits of kings and heroes fill the second; and in the furthest recess of all, underneath the carved figure of the Sun-god, and beside the solid altar, sate in his gilded cage the sacred hawk, or lay crouched on his purple bed the sacred black calf, Mnevis or Urmer; each the living, almost incarnate representation of the deity of the temple. Thrice a day before the deified beast the incense was offered, and once a month the solemn sacrifice. Each on his death was duly embalmed and deposited in a splendid sarcophagus. One such mummy calf is still to be seen at Cairo. He was the great rival of the bull Apis at Memphis; and Hadrian, when in Egypt, had to determine a controversy respecting their precedence. The sepulchres of the long succession of deified calves at Heliopolis corresponded to those of the deified bulls at Memphis. It was after seeing such a strange and monstrous climax to so much power and splendour and wisdom, that the Israelites were likely both to need and to feel the force of the warning voice: 'Thou shalt not make any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath;—the likeness of any beast that is on the earth, the likeness of any winged fowl that flieth in the air.' The molten calf in the wilderness, the golden calves of Dan and Bethel, were reminiscences, not to be wiped out of the national memory for centuries, of the consecrated calf of Ra, the god Mnevis" (pp. 86-89).

This passage is a typical specimen of our author's felicitous mode of treatment,—blending together the different elements of his narration from a great variety of sources, without any very critical discrimination of their respective historical value, supplying some absent feature by an ingenious conjecture, giving life and reality to the whole by an unexpected parallelism from modern times, and then bringing the general impression to bear at last with admirable illustration on the main subject of his book.

Dr. Stanley reviews in succession the period of the Patriarchs, of Moses, of the conquest of Palestine, and of the Judges, and ends with that of Samuel and the prophetic office. Of

these sections of his book, that devoted to the Judges strikes us as decidedly the ablest and most satisfactory. He compares their time with the medieval period of the Christian Church,—an age of turbulent transition and incipient organisation. His materials here are more of that obviously legendary character, and the personages introduced of that ordinary human type, which admit of being handled with freedom. The awe which has hitherto restrained him is shaken off; he seems to breathe at ease; and we see in unimpeded action and high enjoyment, the keen historical sense of a pupil of Arnold. He has caught the spirit of those stormy times, and enters heartily into the wild pathos, the savage heroism, and the rough humour, of the old legends and songs which have preserved them. We refer particularly to his capital delineation of the strongly contrasted characters of Deborah, Gideon, and Samson. Nothing is more admirable than the easy grace and truthfulness with which he brings the results of a more recent criticism, forcing at last their way through the hard crust of an inveterate conventional theology, within the living circle of our common humanity. The solemn and the formal wholly disappear. Not a touch of national peculiarity, not the lightest stroke of latent humour, escapes his notice. He calls out the meaning of the old story, as Scott would have seized that of a Border ballad. His account of Samuel is not, in our judgment, equally successful. The narrative involves many difficulties, and opens questions which the author does not fairly grapple with. What was Samuel's true relation to the priests and prophets who succeeded him; what was the nature of the worship at the high places where he sacrificed; and what was the character of his Jehovistic faith, as compared with that of Isaiah and Jeremiah,—are points scarcely alluded to, and nowhere worked out. Samuel's position is described as that of a mediator between the old and a new state of things; but this rather states the problem than solves it. The appearance of Samuel marks a crisis in the history of the Hebrew people. A new era dates from him. He was in one sense a second Moses. Dr. Stanley has brought down the first part of his history of the Jewish Church to this interesting point, just where Mr. F. W. Newman commences his valuable history of the Hebrew Monarchy. When the former resumes his work, we shall be curious to observe, how two men equally learned and in earnest look on the same period of human history from their very different points of view;—how Newman's keen logic and clear analytic intellect meet and mingle with the singular talent for pictorial combination and the gushing sympathies of Stanley. We give one more extract to show how eloquently our author, after the model of the ancient historians, can turn the examples of the

past to the instruction of the present. It is the conclusion of his remarks on Samuel :

"Samuel is the chief type, in ecclesiastical history, of holiness, of growth, of a new creation without conversion ; and his mission is an example of the special missions which such characters are called to fulfil. In proportion as the different stages of life have sprung naturally and spontaneously out of each other, without any abrupt revolution, each serves as a foundation on which the other may stand ; each makes the foundation of the whole more sure and stable. In proportion as our own foundation is thus stable, and as our own minds and hearts have grown up gradually and firmly, without any violent disturbance or breach to one side or to the other, in that proportion is it the more possible to view with calmness and moderation the difficulties and differences of others—to avail ourselves of the new methods and new characters that the advance of time throws in our way—return from present troubles to the pure and untroubled well of early years—to preserve and to communicate the child-like faith, changed doubtless in form, but the same in spirit, in which we first knelt in humble prayer for ourselves and others, and drank in the first impressions of God and of heaven. The call may come to us in many ways ; it may tell us of the change of the priesthood, of the fall of the earthly sanctuary, of the rise of strange thoughts, of the beginning of a new epoch. Happy are they who, here or elsewhere, are able to perceive the signs of the times, and to answer without fear or troubling, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth'" (p. 409).

We have given this volume our honest and hearty approval. It popularises the results of modern criticism and research with a scholarly skill and thoroughness, which will do more to promote an intelligent relish and appreciation of biblical history among the mass of English readers, than any work which has yet appeared, and, though designed in the first instance for an academic audience, will, we believe, produce deep and enduring effects through a much wider circle. We rejoice that one who occupies so distinguished a position in the University and the Church, should have given such free utterance to the enlightened, comprehensive, and benevolent views of religion which he has here proclaimed ; and we cannot disguise our unfeigned satisfaction, that to a clergyman of so truly catholic a spirit and so pure a life, should have been confided the task of moulding the moral and religious principles of the probable inheritor of the crown of England. It is an influence from which we augur well for the future of our country.—But we should not be doing justice to our subject, if we shrunk from remarking, that this work, with all its merits, is chargeable with some serious deficiencies. It constantly evades difficulties where it ought to have encountered them. By hints and indications it raises

doubts and questionings in the reader's mind which it leaves unanswered. It pursues its course too evenly and unbrokenly along the actual text, as if it were made up of pure and simple history, though there are contradictions and difficulties so short a way below the surface, that the mere English reader is perpetually stumbling on them. Sometimes it takes a hasty look at criticism in passing, without going boldly up to it and asking what it means. Dr. Stanley would perhaps reply, that he intended only to deal with clear and ascertained results; that what is still matter of critical controversy did not come within his sphere. But he might have placed his work on a more critical basis, as he has shown by his able and learned handling of several obscure points, without at all impairing its popular and practical character. Indeed, he has already gone so far in the critical direction, that he ought in consistency to have gone farther. As it is, he continually stops half way, or comes only to the opening of a road, and then turns suddenly off. His book is in this respect exceedingly disappointing, and not what the learned world, in the present state of knowledge and opinion, had a right to expect from one of his large mind and varied culture and intimate familiarity with the fruits of Continental scholarship. Yet it is clear from his survey of the sources of the history in his preface, that he is fully in possession of the critical principles which, had they been fearlessly applied, would have enabled him to grapple successfully, though possibly at the expense of some orthodox assumptions, with the main difficulties of the narrative. He is perfectly well aware that there was "a Bible within a Bible," "an Old Testament before an Old Testament was written," which accounts for the glimpses that we catch here and there "of an earlier world, of an extinct literature," bringing us, wherever we can recover it, "years, perhaps centuries, nearer to the events described;" and that different documents have entered into the construction of our extant text, indicated "by variations of style, and by the use of peculiar names and titles" (p. xxxiv.). He concludes, therefore, that the authorities now accessible to us "hardly profess, or can hardly be proved, to contain the statement of the original historical facts to which they relate; but that "they nevertheless contain the greatest approach which we, at this distance of time, can now make to a representation of those facts, and that they are the refraction of the history, if not the history itself; the echo of the words, if not the actual words" (p. xl.).

In the face of bold concessions like these, is it not surprising that Dr. Stanley should have left his readers wholly in doubt what interpretation he himself puts on a narrative so obviously mythical as that of the Ten Plagues of Egypt—whether he re-

gards them as natural or supernatural occurrences; and that he should think to satisfy an irrepressible curiosity by pointing out certain correspondences with the local peculiarities of Egypt, by calling them "truly signs and wonders," and by summing up the whole account with the feeble historical truism, that "in whatever way we unite the Hebrew and the Egyptian accounts, there can be no doubt that the Exodus was a crisis in Egyptian as well as in Hebrew history"? (p. 117.) The real difficulty is here untouched. It is evaded.—Other examples occur. The speaking of Balaam's ass in the midst of an animated narrative delivered as history, is slurred over with two words of passing remark,—“however explained”—and a reference to Hengstenberg's interpretation, “as a dream or trance,” in a note (p. 189). But the reader has a right to ask whether it can be explained so as to make it history in any sense; and if it cannot, how this must affect the character of the whole story where it occurs. Dr. Stanley calls the author of the latter part of Isaiah, which heralds the return from the captivity, the “Evangelical Prophet.” We have little doubt of his own conviction, that this prophet was some person quite distinct from the Isaiah who was contemporary with Hezekiah. But observe how he shrouds his own opinion in the ambiguity of the following note: “By this term may be designated the author of Isaiah xl.-lxvi., whether, with most Continental scholars, he is regarded as a separate prophet from the Isaiah of Hezekiah, or, with most English divines, he is regarded as the older Isaiah, transported into a style and position later than his own time;” as if the last of these opinions could possibly maintain its ground in the judgment of any competent scholar, when critically balanced against the first (p. 423).

It is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of Continental theology, that several scholars have thought they could discover in the Pentateuch, and in the ensuing books of the Old Testament, distinct traces of original composition out of poetic materials, as Niebuhr attempted to resolve the early narratives of Livy into the lays of ancient Rome. De Wette, in a youthful work, ventured to speak of the Pentateuch as an Israelitish epic; and this idea he did not relinquish amid the matured convictions of his age.* Ewald, in the same spirit (*Gesch. d. Volk. Israel.* ii. 415), considering the manner in which the humour, the strength, the headstrong rashness of Samson

* He first put forth this idea in his *Kritik der Israelitischen Geschichte*, published continuously in 1806 and 1807, with a commendatory preface by Griesbach. § In the latest edition of his *Einleitung in A.T.*, published in 1845, he thus speaks of this theory: “Wenn eine Geschichtserzählung ohne kritische Forschung (*Istoria*) nach religiös-poetischen Ideen behandelt, episch ist, so kann man den Pentateuch das *theokratische Epos* der Israeliten nennen, ohne damit die historische Grundlage desselben zu leugnen.”

are worked up to a catastrophe in the narrative of Judges, has not unnaturally ventured on the supposition, "that the story may, even in early times, have been wrought into a dramatic poem." From Dr. Stanley's mode of alluding to this supposition, it is evident he does not think it an unlikely one; and the question trenches so closely on that of the probable constitution of the early narratives of the Old Testament, and of the theories that have been broached for more than half a century respecting it, that a writer of his ample knowledge, and so fully up to all the critical theories of the day, might reasonably have been expected not to let it pass without some investigation. But here, as on other occasions, he just whets the appetite without satisfying it. He puts the reader on the track where the quarry seems before him, and then throws him off the scent by some remarks, just and beautiful in themselves, but here altogether out of place, on the strong predilection of our own Milton for the story of Samson (p. 369).

In the account of the Exodus and the Sinaitic legislation, we observe the same want of clear discrimination between the different elements of the narrative. It is given as continuous history. With regard to the marvellous accompaniments of certain portions of it, the author avoids expressing any decided opinion. We cannot tell whether he regards them as *bonâ fide* miracles, or the mythic conceptions of an older poetry. He simply notices the harmony of their local tone with the circumstances implied in the description. Of the burning bush, where God first revealed himself to Moses, and the mystic rod which was the subject and the instrument of so many wonders in the prophet's hand, he remarks: "These were the outward signs of his call. And whatever the explanation put on their precise import, there is this undoubted instruction conveyed in their description, that they are marked by the peculiar appropriateness and homogeneity to the peculiar circumstances of the prophet, which marks all like manifestations, through every variety of form to the prophets, the successors of Moses, in each succeeding age" (p. 109). But a child or a peasant, in reading these narratives, would naturally ask, What do they mean? And it is a question which we cannot evade. The curiosity which prompts it is innocent and healthy; and unless we would turn religious teaching into a disingenuous sophistry, we must be prepared with some answer that is at once honest and intelligible. "Whatever that may signify;" "whatever were the means employed by the Almighty," &c., are the current phrases with which our author puts off any categorical judgment on difficulties, which are not few and accidental, but enter into the very substance of the history of which he is an expositor. From

beginning to end it is invested with a marvellous character. He has applied the last of these phrases to the Passage of the Red Sea (p. 129); and his meaning is the more ambiguous in this case, because, while he distinguishes this event from those which have been effected by human agency, he still puts it in the same class with the raising of the siege of Leyden and the overthrow of the Armada,—events which, though preëminently providential, plainly come within the operation of the known and ordinary laws of the universe.

Dr. Stanley, while admitting the possibility of subsequent accretions, thinks that a large mass of the legislation contained in the Pentateuch is strictly Mosaic, and had its origin at Sinai. He is also of opinion, that the profound sense “of the overwhelming greatness and nearness of God,” which is so characteristic of the religion of the Old Testament, cannot have had “its beginning in any later time than the epoch of Moses. It is the primary stratification of the religion; and we should invert the whole order of the nation, if we placed it among the secondary formations of subsequent ages” (pp. 161, 155). This has been the conviction of many eminent scholars, of Eichhorn among the rest. Much may be urged with a strong show of reason on its behalf. We have already ventured to express our own belief, that the Pentateuch and Joshua in their actual form presuppose, as a condition of their existence, a long antecedent course of prophetic agency. But we claim for this belief only a preponderant probability. In stating what appear to us some deficiencies in the arguments adduced by Dr. Stanley in support of his view, we are well aware that the question in its whole extent is a difficult one, and must be considered *adhuc sub judice*, and that any approach to a positive dogmatic tone on either side would be absurd. With regard to the pervading sense of God's nearness and greatness, as constituting the primary stratification of the Mosaic religion, there can be no doubt that a devoted attachment to their national God, the God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, distinguished from the first the Hebrew race, and formed one of the strongest and most binding elements of their national life. This it was that furnished a solid basis in the national consciousness, however at times weakened or disturbed by the intrusion of neighbouring idolatries, on which the prophets could progressively work, and build up by degrees purer conceptions of the one all-holy and omnipotent Jehovah. But whether the object of the popular worship in the time of Moses corresponded entirely to the pure and perfect Spirit revealed by the great prophets of a later age, and in the most elevated passages of the Pentateuch itself,—is a question on which, in the presence of such conflicting evidence

in the historical books, it is impossible to speak with confidence; and it is the assumption of their identity which alone gives value to the foregoing statement of Dr. Stanley, and the popular affirmation concerning the Mosaic theology. The late Dr. Bleek* has urged in proof of the Sinaitic origin of many of the laws preserved in the Pentateuch, the allusions in their language to a nomade life and the encampment in the wilderness. Our author lays stress on the same circumstance (pp. 162, 163). No one, of course, doubts that the Hebrews once were nomades; that in that condition of society they commenced their national existence, and made their way through the desert from Egypt to the conquest of Palestine. But the forms of expression once assumed in the rudiments of legislation, are perpetuated when circumstances have altogether changed. They are a witness to the settled and city life of after ages, of the wild steppes and rugged mountains where the infant nation was rudely cradled. Their retention, however, is no certain criterion of the date of a particular law. It takes the outward shape of preceding formulas. Of this the Zend-avesta, like the Pentateuch, furnishes abundant proof. Dr. Stanley himself admits it. "Relics of such a state," he says, "are long to be traced both in their language and their monuments. The very words 'camp' and 'tents' remained long after they had ceased to be literally applicable." And in confirmation of this, he remarks from the history in another place (p. 293), that "although a city grew around" the old settlement at Shiloh, "and a stone gateway rose in front of it, yet it still retained its name of the '*camp* of Shiloh;' and the sanctuary was only known as the '*tabernacle* or *tent* that God had pitched among men.'"

The nearest approach to the statement of a general principle applicable to the mingled elements which enter into the texture of the Mosaic narrative, occurs in the following words: "We cannot repudiate altogether the existence of natural causes, unless we go so far as to maintain that mountains and palm-trees, quails and waters, wind and earthquake, were mere creations of the moment to supply momentary wants; we cannot repudiate altogether the intervention of a Providence, strange, unexpected, and impressive, in the highest degree, unless we are prepared to reject the whole story of the stay in the wilderness" (p. 144). But this, after all, is rather a statement of the conditions of the problem than a solution. No criterion is here suggested for determining the relation of what is called providential intervention to natural causes, whether it is a mere intensifying of those causes, or the superseding of them by some

* See his posthumous *Einleitung in das Alte Testament*, 1860.

deeper law that underlies them; or whether the circumstances under which it is mentioned, do not render it most probable that the whole account had its origin in the conception of the writer, or of those from whom he received it. Each of these suppositions seems to us consistent with a sound religious philosophy, and applicable to large portions of the Old Testament; the last, perhaps, the most extensively applicable of the three. When particular cases occur, Dr. Stanley appears to us to shrink unnecessarily from any decided application of his general formula. The consequence is, that with the aid of his charming style, he often leaves on the reader's mind a stronger impression of positive history than the facts of the case, tested by a thorough criticism, would be found to warrant. He sees, for instance, evidence of the reality of the circumstances which accompanied the Exodus, in the institutions which perpetuated its remembrance, especially the Passover. "For its effects," he observes, "on Israel, it might almost be said, that we need not go back to any written narrative. It still lives and breathes amongst us. Amongst the various festivals of the Jewish Church, the Passover alone, till quite a later time, was distinctly historical" (p. 119). Then follows a most vivid description of the rite as at present celebrated by the Samaritans, further illustrated, in Appendix III., by what he himself witnessed only last year during his tour in Palestine with the Prince of Wales. But the argument, founded on the close correspondence of the observances of the rite with the particulars of the Exodus described in the Pentateuch, appears to us overdone. We know what attractive force there is in an old tradition perpetuated by some annual celebration, to gather to itself all the kindred legends that are floating about in the popular remembrance, and to find a meaning or expression for them in some parts of the accompanying rite; nay, that usages whose original signification has been forgotten, sometimes enlarge or alter the interpretation of the story which is believed to have given occasion to them. If the Passover from the first had the significance which is here assigned to it, it is certainly remarkable that from the keeping of it in Gilgal, mentioned in Joshua (v. 10), when we are told the manna ceased, till the great passover holden in the reign of Josiah, just before the extinction of the kingdom of Judah (2 Kings xxiii. 22), there is no mention whatever of its celebration in any part of the intervening history. It seems probable that there were originally two great yearly festivals observed by the Hebrews, as by other ancient nations, Arabs, Babylonians, Indians, Persians, and Greeks,—the great harvest-festival which opened the year, and which lasted six weeks, from the first-fruits of the barley to the

gathering in of the wheat, the limits of which were ultimately marked by Pascha and Pentecost,—and the great vintage-festival, which began with the new moon of the seventh month, and was called the Feast of Booths or Tabernacles. These festivals, it has been supposed, were antecedent to the Mosaic age, and had been retained by the Hebrews from the rude nature-worship of their forefathers.* Nothing was more natural, therefore, than the association of their patriotic traditions, their memories of Egyptian deliverance, and the commencement of their rational existence, with the seasons of periodical festivity in their ancient calendar; and that, as they grew in political strength and independence under the Mosaic institutions, the historical should at length have almost overpowered the old natural elements of their yearly observances. Nor is it quite correct to say, that the Passover is the sole distinctly historical festival of the Jewish Church, till we come to the later times of Haman and Antiochus Epiphanes. For it is observable, that all the old nature-feasts of the Hebrews have had a historical significance infused into them; and that as the Passover marked the Exodus, so Pentecost commemorated the giving of the law on Sinai, and Tabernacles the dwelling in booths in the wilderness. Generally, we must say, that the author has not gone so thoroughly into the examination of this important part of Old Testament history as might have been expected from his undoubted acquaintance with the present state of critical opinion respecting it. He has nowhere noticed, so far as we have observed, the curious fact, that though the period of the wandering in the wilderness is represented by the mystic or conventional number of forty years, the events recorded will only account for two of them, the year of their quitting Egypt, and the year before their entering Canaan, the intervening thirty-eight being left a complete historical blank;—a suspicious phenomenon which the keen secular glance of Goethe detected many years ago.†

There is no part of the Biblical history that has caused more misgivings in the heart of serious Christians, or furnished a more prominent object for the attacks of unbelievers, than the bloody and exterminating war waged by Israel against the Canaanites; nor can it, we fear, be doubted, that this example, sanctioned as it has been supposed to be by the direct commendation of the Divine Word, has largely contributed to that un-

* See Lengerke's *Kenan*, pp. 381-3. These two festivals marked off at opposite ends the warm from the cold or rainy season of the Palestinian year; the early rain beginning after the vintage, the latter ceasing with the commencement of the barley-harvest.

† In his *West-östliches Divan*.

hesitating carnage of all who, for the time being, have been regarded as the enemies of God, whether Albigenes, Huguenots, or Catholics,—which Christians in all ages of the Church have fancied they were justified in perpetrating. Dr. Stanley explains the transaction by comparing it with Cromwell's conduct in Ireland and our recent treatment of the rebel sepoys in India. The plea set up is the necessity of moral and social self-preservation; the means of effecting it determined and so far justified by the moral standard of the times. The explanation and the plea involved in it are valid, according to the view that we take of the history. If we insist with our author (p. 308) in drawing a sharp distinction between sacred history and common history, maintaining that "there is a barrier between them which, with all their points of resemblance, cannot be overleaped," and that the sacred history of the Bible is the vehicle of a "special revelation,"* the comparison fails, and the plea is unavailing. The explanation is, that the Israelites did what every other people would have done under similar circumstances and in the same stage of social advancement; and that the effects of their ferocious passions were providentially overruled to subserve the highest ends in the spiritual education of the human race. We accept this explanation, provided the history be regarded as common history. But the moment we assume any *special* influence, by which the passions of men were inspired with a force and a direction which they would not have had if left to their own free agency, we make the just and merciful God directly accountable for the sins and excesses of his creatures; and this is a shocking consequence, which we do not see how the ordinary views of the Bible can escape. If you allow the comparison with other peoples, you destroy the

* Dr. Stanley quotes the following passage from Professor Max Müller's essay on *Semitic Monotheism* (p. 393): "The Father of Truth chooses His own prophets; and He speaks to them in a voice stronger than the voice of thunder. It is the same inner voice through which God speaks to all of us. That voice may dwindle away, and become hardly audible; it may lose its divine accent, and sink into the language of a worldly prudence; but it may also from time to time assume its real nature with the chosen of God, and sound into their ears as a voice from heaven. A 'divine instinct' would neither be an appropriate name for what is a gift or grace accorded but to a few, nor would it be a more intelligible word than 'special revelation.'" We adopt without qualification the doctrine of this extract, for it represents the special revelation granted to only a few, as but a larger measure of that common religious inspiration which comes to them as to all men, however at times dimmed or diminished, equally from God. It is a difference not of kind but of degree, leaving the history of the race among which such eminent prophets arose, to be governed by the same laws and present the same phenomena as all other history, and distinguishable from it only by their stronger influence, amidst much darkness and obstruction, over the thoughts and actions of their countrymen. We do not suppose Dr. Stanley meant more than this, when he drew the distinction between common and sacred history. But his language is not perfectly clear.

specialty; if you insist on the specialty, the comparison will not hold without implicating God. Dr. Arnold's explanation (quoted by Stanley, p. 332) of the commendation bestowed on Jael in Deborah's song seems to us in every sense unsatisfactory. Jael's assassination of the confiding Sisera admits of no vindication whatever. It was a sin not only against the higher law of Christian mercy as yet unknown to her, but against the then clearly recognised standard of Arab honour and faith. She murders, while sleeping under her own tent, an ally of her tribe, and apparently a friend of her husband, who had thrown himself on her protection and partaken of her hospitality; and yet, in spite of this, the prophetess proclaims her "blessed above women." We see no other solution of these difficulties than to hand over these personages of the Biblical story, and the approval pronounced on them by the Biblical writers, unconditionally to the free judgment of the Christian conscience of the nineteenth century, and to regard their history as simply a human history; marking, however, at the same time, with reverent eye, how, amidst this dark chaos of blood and crime, bright spirits arose, one after another in uninterrupted succession, to break the gloom, and permeate it more and more with a light from God.

We have not scrupled to notice in this admirable work some points which we thought ought not to be passed over in silence,—less as positive blemishes than as deficiencies, a falling-short of what might have been expected from the author,—a failure to carry out to their full and legitimate consequences, principles which underlie the entire structure of his volume, and which no one could have applied more felicitously and with richer fruit than himself. We regret this the more, because such omissions must become more perceptible as the knowledge and intelligence of the public on these subjects increases, and they are better prepared for that large and generous interpretation of the Bible, to which nothing will have more powerfully contributed than his own book. Our thanks to him, however, for what he has done are not the less hearty, because we are confident that he is capable of doing, and, as we venture to hope, will hereafter do, a great deal more.

We crave room for a few additional words, ere we conclude. We have observed in some quarters a disposition to draw an invidious comparison between the author of the present volume and Bishop Colenso,—the first part of whose work on the Pentateuch and Joshua was noticed in our last number—as though the former had rendered as much service to the religion of the Bible, as the latter by his free criticisms had damaged it. We think such a comparison not only invidious but singularly un-

just. Dr. Stanley and Dr. Colenso are each doing a good work in their own way,—each doing what the other perhaps could not do. The task of a rigid analyst, involving of necessity some destruction of cherished prepossessions, is always a less agreeable one than that of the creative fancy which can combine and reproduce. It is the difference between the anatomist and the painter of the living form. But as the painter can never attain to a truthful representation without the previous science of the anatomist, so the historian can never convey a correct impression of a past age without the foregoing labours of the critic. The bishop's strictures on the Biblical account of the Exodus have been derided as minute and unimportant; but if they test the correctness or the incorrectness of a history that has been treated as infallible, by a plain matter-of-fact criterion, which the popular intelligence can at once seize and appreciate, they are neither one nor the other; and they supply just that element to the investigation in which Dr. Stanley's delightful narrative is confessedly defective. The real objection to the bishop's criticisms is not that they are insignificant, but that they are felt to be unanswerable. They dissipate, by the dissolving touch of fact and figure, that vague mistiness of statement in which a half liberalism, with one meaning for the learned and another for the vulgar, loves to shroud its imbecility, and compel the answer of a decided *yes* or *no* to their straightforward and searching questions. The prevailing cant is, We do not care for the history; we want to preserve our theology. But a true theology can never be based on a rotten history; and if much which has been taken for history is really not history, our vast theological systems which assume a foundation in fact, rest on tottering supports; and he who discovers their true character, is rendering an inestimable service to the highest truth. Agassiz has well said, that every new view which upsets predominant and deeply-rooted opinions, has to pass through three stages. First, its truth is boldly denied. Then, when it is seen to be making its way among the thoughtful, the outcry is, that it is hostile to religion. Lastly, when it can no longer be resisted, people all at once find out that there is nothing new in it, and wonder why such a fuss should be made about a thing which every body knew and perfectly well understood long ago. From the disposition in certain circles to *pook-pook* Dr. Colenso's book, it may not unreasonably be inferred that the view which he advocates is rapidly approaching the last of these stages, and that its truth is being tacitly admitted where it is not openly avowed. In the same spirit are vented depreciatory judgments on his scholarly attainments and his knowledge of the original languages of the Bible. What these

may be, we have no means of knowing except from his writings. Foreign scholars, with whom no living English theologian will admit of a moment's comparison—such men as Ewald and Hupfeld—certainly do not think meanly of them or of their fruits. They are at least equal to those of his assailants, and amply sufficient to qualify him for the treatment of a question mainly historical. In his last volume we might point to his dissertation on the origin of the name Jehovah, and its occurrence in proper names as an evidence of date, as an excellent specimen of clear and exhaustive philological analysis. Probably many errors in detail will be discovered; nor can it be expected that one mind in a single inquiry should be able to take in all the points that must enter into a thorough investigation of the whole of this complicated problem. But what then? Such deficiencies do not affect the soundness of his general views, or prove to be misdirected the great final end of his researches. Nothing is more disgraceful in our modern controversy than the disingenuous trick of fastening on and magnifying small and unavoidable mistakes, for the purpose of damaging an adversary in the opinion of the ignorant, while the great principle to which he is committed, and which involves the very essence of the question, is not only unrefuted, but carefully left untouched. How much more befitting an honest mind the generous concession, that if we would ultimately gain any truth worth having, we must allow for many errors by the way!

We write earnestly on this subject, because we regard the recognition of the great services in different directions of two such men as Dr. Stanley and Dr. Colenso, within the pale of our national Establishment, as absolutely essential to the justification of its claim to be considered the first of Protestant Churches, and a true exponent, under diversified intellectual forms, of the religious spirit of the age. Unhappily there is much latent liberalism diffused through society, unaccompanied by the moral earnestness which would dictate an unreserved utterance of individual conviction. There is a so-called liberal school which can make any thing out of every thing,—which twists old formulas into any shape like a glove, and avoids with instinctive aversion, as the worst of heretics, those more decided and manly intellects which seek for facts, and insist on calling things by their right names. We confess we have no faith in this party. No healthy progress is to be expected from them. They will keep every thing as it is, by discovering some mystical reason for it; and will never, we are convinced, be brought to face courageously the critical questions which cannot be evaded, if we are to renovate our theology by a more enlightened interpretation of the Bible and ecclesiastical history. It

seems strange that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the most thoughtful and earnest minds should be expected to limit their ideas by the ignorance of the past, and be hampered in their efforts to elevate the spiritual condition of their contemporaries by the timid or worldly prejudices of the present. What is the meaning of doctors and leaders in the Church? Is new truth forbidden to them? Are they only to conserve, and never to acquire? If the free movement which is a condition of all life is to be withheld from them, they are in a worse condition than the bishops of the primitive Church in the second and third centuries, who within the limits of their respective *παροικίαι* were at liberty, under certain conditions that secured a vital Christianity, to modify the liturgy and the creed in accordance with the needs of their locality and their time, and held themselves for all such discretionary reforms responsible to their Lord alone.* Ought not the Church to demand the restoration of her ancient franchises? Ought not the bishop, the presbyters, and the people to resume their former relations, and once more consult together for their common spiritual weal? A momentous alternative is now impending—whether the Church shall receive new blood into her veins, and expand into national breadth and comprehensiveness, or lapse into the cold and petrified formalism of an obsolete sect. *Di meliora p̄is* is our fervent prayer.

ART. VI.—BOLINGBROKE AS A STATESMAN.

The Life of Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne. By Thomas Macknight, author of the "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke."

WHO now reads Bolingbroke? was asked sixty years ago. Who knows any thing about him? we may ask now. Professed students of our history or of our literature may have special knowledge; but out of the general mass of educated men, how many could give an intelligible account of his ca-

* "Scimus quosdam quod semel imbibierint nolle deponere, nec propositum suum facile mutare, sed salvo inter collegas pacis et concordiae vinculo quædam propria, quæ apud se semel sint usurpata, retinere. Quia in re nec nos vim cuiquam facimus, aut legem damus, cum habeat in ecclesiæ administratione voluntatis suæ arbitrium liberum unusquisque præpositus, rationem actus sui domino redditurus." Cyprian. Stephano Epist. ii. 1, edit. Erasm. This last expression occurs in two other epistles, "ad Magnum" and "ad Cornelium." It seems to have been a favourite one with the author; and we must remember who he was, not the high-flying nonconformist Tertullian, but the conservative Cyprian, the model high-churchman to all future time. Bingham, himself a high-churchman, has discussed this matter with his usual learning in his *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, b. ii. c. vi.

reer? How many could describe even vaguely his character as a statesman? Our grandfathers and their fathers quarrelled for two generations as to the peace of Utrecht; but only an odd person here and there could now give an account of its provisions. The most cultivated lady would not mind asking, "The peace of Utrecht! yes,—what was that?" Whether Mr. St. John was right to make that peace; whether Queen Anne was right to create him a peer for making it; whether the Whigs were right in impeaching him for making it,—the mass of men have forgotten. So is history *unmade*. Even now the dust of forgetfulness is falling over the Congress of Vienna and the peace of Paris; we are forgetting the last great pacification as we have wholly forgotten the pacification before that; in another fifty years "Vienna" will be as "Utrecht," and Wellington be no more than Marlborough.

In the mean time, however, Mr. Macknight has done well to collect for those who wish to know the principal events of Bolingbroke's career. There was no tolerable outline of them before; and in some respects this is a good one. Mr. Macknight's style is clear, though often ponderous; his remarks are sensible, and he has the great merit of not being imposed on by great names and traditional reputations. The defect of the book is, that he takes too literary a view of politics and politicians; that he has not looked closely and for himself at real political life; that he therefore misses the guiding traits which show what in Queen Anne's time was so like our present politics, and what so wholly unlike. We shall venture in the course of this article to supply some general outline of the controversies that were to be then decided, and of the political forces which decided them; for unless these are distinctly imagined, a reader of the present day cannot comprehend why such a man as Bolingbroke was at one moment the most conspicuous and influential of English statesmen, and then for years an exile and a wanderer.

We must own, however, that it is not the intrinsic interest even of events once so very important as the war of the Grand Alliance and the peace of Utrecht which tempts us to write this article. It is the interest of Bolingbroke's own character. He tried a great experiment. There lurks about the fancies of many men and women an imaginary conception of an ideal statesman, resembling the character of which Alcibiades has been the recognised type for centuries. There is a sort of intellectual luxury in the idea which fascinates the human mind. We like to fancy a young man in the first vigour of body and in the first vigour of mind, who is full of bounding enjoyment, who is fond of irregular luxury, who is the favourite of society, who excels all rivals at masculine feasts, who gains the love of

women by a magic attraction, but who is also a powerful statesman, who regulates great events, who settles great measures, who guides a great nation. We seem to outstep the *moenia mundi*, the recognised limits of human nature, when we conceive a man in the pride of youth to have dominion of the pursuits of age, to rule both the light things of women and the grave things of men. Human imagination so much loves to surpass human power, that we shall never be able to extirpate the conception. But we may examine the approximations to it in life. We see in Bolingbroke's case that a life of brilliant license is really compatible with a life of brilliant statesmanship; that license itself may even be thought to quicken the imagination for oratorical efforts; that an intellect similarly aroused may, at exciting conjunctures, perceive possibilities which are hidden from duller men; that the favourite of society will be able to use his companionship with men and his power over women so as much to aid his strokes of policy, but, on the other hand, that these secondary aids and occasional advantages are purchased by the total sacrifice of a primary necessity; that a life of great excitement is incompatible with the calm circumspection and sound estimate of probability essential to great affairs; that though the excited hero may perceive distant things which others overlook, he will overlook near things that others see; that though he may be stimulated to great speeches which others could not make, he will also be irritated to petty speeches which others would not; that he will attract enmities, but not confidence; that he will not observe how few and plain are the alternatives of common business, and how little even genius can enlarge them; that his prosperity will be a wild dream of unattainable possibilities, and his adversity a long regret that those possibilities are departed. At any rate, such was Bolingbroke's career. We have better evidence about him than about any similar statesman, for the events in which he was concerned were large, and he has given us a narrative of them from his own hand; and a summary retrospect of his career will not be worthless, if it show what sudden brilliancy and what incurable ruin such a life as his, with such a genius as his, was calculated to ensure.

Bolingbroke's father was a type of his generation. He was a rake of the Restoration. Charles the Second is the only king of England who has had both the social qualities which fitted him to be the head of society, and the immoral qualities which fitted him to corrupt society. His easy talk, his good anecdotes, his happy manners, his conversancy with various life, made Whitehall the "best club" of that time. What sort of life he encouraged men to lead there we all know. Bolingbroke's

father learned of him all the evil which he could learn. It was not singular that he committed excesses of dissipation; but it was rather singular that he committed what was thought to be murder. He stabbed a man in a drunken broil, and if Burnet can be trusted, only escaped from the gallows by a great bribe. He dawdled on at the coffee-houses far into Queen Anne's time, a memorial of extinct profligacy, and a spectacle and a wonder to a graver generation.

Bolingbroke's mother was a daughter of the Earl of Warwick; but she died early, and his father married again, so that we hear very little about her. If the silence of his biographers may be trusted as evidence, she exercised but little influence upon his infancy or upon his life.

The most influential preceptors of Bolingbroke's boyhood were his grandmother and grandfather, who also were not unusual characters in their generation. The former was a serious and moderate royalist, the latter was a serious but moderate Puritan. Bolingbroke's father apparently did not much like keeping house: it must have interfered with his pleasures, and marred the life of coffee-houses. The whole direction of Bolingbroke's mind was given to his grave grandfather and grandmother. In after-times, when he was a prominent Tory and professed high-churchman, satirists used to say that he was brought up among "Dissenters." And it is probable that his grandmother, who was the daughter of the celebrated Oliver St. John, the great parliamentary lawyer and chief-justice, was far from being in opinion what a high Anglican divine would term a "church-woman." Bolingbroke himself used to relate terrible stories of having been compelled to read the sermons of Puritan divines. But, as far as our slight information goes, he did not suffer more than in any moderately "serious" family of our own time. All serious families were then thought to have a little taint of Dissent; and Bolingbroke was probably very sensitive to the partial dulness of a semi-puritanical religion.

At any rate, we have no doubt it was said (and his elder relatives much grieved at it) that "the boy was gone wrong, like his father." When he came out into the world, he astonished his associates by his license. He had been at Eton and Oxford, but he had not learnt, what is often learned there, a decorum in profligacy. To what precise enormities his license extended is immaterial, and cannot now be known. Goldsmith had talked to an old gentleman who related that Bolingbroke and his companions, in a drunken frolic, ran "naked through the Park." But this is hardly credible; and probably Goldsmith's informant was one of the many old people who believe, that the more wonderful the stories they tell, the more wonderful they themselves

become. But at any rate his outrages attracted censure. He did not, like his father, belong to his generation. The age of King William tolerated much that we tolerate no longer; but it was not like the first years of Charles the Second. There was no longer a headlong recoil from Puritan strictness, and the crown was on the side at least of apparent morality; as is usual in England, grave decorum and obvious morals had a substantial influence, and against these Bolingbroke offended.

He wrote poetry too, and the sort of poetry can only be appreciated by reading Locke's celebrated warning against that art, and the connexions which it occasions. Bolingbroke's verses are addressed to a Clara A—, an orange-girl, who pretended to sell that fruit near the Court of Requests, but who really had other objects. She was a lady of what may be called mutable connexions; and the object of Bolingbroke's verses is to induce her to give them up and adhere to him only. He says:

“No, Clara, no; that person and that mind
Were formed by Nature, and by Heaven designed
For nobler ends: to these return, though late;
Return to these, and so avert thy fate.
Think, Clara, think; nor will that thought be vain;
Thy slave, thy Harry, doom'd to drag his chain
Of love ill-treated and abused, that he
From more inglorious chains might rescue thee:
Thy drooping health restored by his fond care,
Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear;
Moved by his love, by his example taught,
Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
With kind and generous truth thy bosom warm,
And thy fair mind, like thy fair person, charm.
To virtue thus and to thyself restored,
By all admired, by one alone adored,
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
And live for him who more than dies for you.”

One would like to know what the orange-girl thought of all this; but it would seem he was lavish of money as well as of verses.

At twenty-two he married. We do not know much about his money-matters; and, as his father and grandfather were both alive, his means could not have been at all large, especially as his expenses had been great. But his wife had certainly a considerable fortune. She was descended from a clothier called Jack of Newbury, who had made a fortune several generations before, and was one of the coheiresses of Sir Henry Winchescomb, who had large property. What sort of person she was does not very clearly appear. But it does appear that the match was an unhappy one. He said she had a bad temper, with what truth we cannot ascertain now; and she said he was a

bad husband, which was unquestionably true. He had been a rake before marriage, and did not cease afterwards. He could drink more wine than any one in London, and continued that too. A kind of connexion was kept up between them for many years, but it was a dubious and unhappy connexion. We may suppose, however, that when he was a great statesman she derived some glory, if little happiness, from him; and he certainly received a large income from her property during very many years.

At the age of twenty-eight Bolingbroke entered the House of Commons. Before that time he had done nothing to prove himself a man of great ability. At school and college he had done well, and had laid up perhaps a greater store of classical knowledge than those around him knew of. When abroad for a year or so, he had learned to speak French unusually well and unusually easily. But since he had been of age and in the world, his vices had been great, and he had not done much to compensate for them. Probably his boon companions considered him very clever; but then sober men rated very low the judgment of those companions. His skill in writing poetry had not been greater than most people's, and his choice of subjects had been worse. Until now he had had no opportunity of showing great talents, and much opportunity of showing considerable vices.

In the House of Commons it was otherwise. His handsome person, long descent, and aristocratic mien set off a very remarkable eloquence, which seems to have been very ready even at the first. Years afterwards he was the model to whom Lord Chesterfield pointed in all the arts of manner and expression. "Lord Bolingbroke," he tells us, "without the least trouble, talked all day long full as elegantly as he wrote;" "he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied and laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction which (from care perhaps at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press without the least correction either as to method or style." "He had the most elegant politeness and good-breeding which ever any courtier or man of the world was blessed with."

Nor did he neglect matter in the pursuit of manner. In later life he wrote some characters of the two great orators of antiquity which showed how acutely he had studied them. He turned aside from the commonplace topics, from their language and their manner, to comment on their acquaintance with all the topics of their time, and on the practical style in which they

discuss practical questions. No one can read those delineations without perceiving that the writer is speaking of an art which he has himself practised. Those who knew how little studious Bolingbroke's habits were, appear to have been surprised at the information he displayed. But his excitable life rather promoted than forbade brief crises of keen study; his parts were quick, his language vague, though imposing, and he could always talk very happily on subjects of which he only knew a very little.

The time was favourable to a great orator. The Tory party was exactly in the state in which it has been in our own time. It had many votes and no tongue. Our county system tends to prevent our county magnates from ruling England. Stringent limitations are laid down which narrow the electoral choice, and tend to exclude available talent. It is wise and natural that the landed interest should choose to be represented by landed gentlemen; a community of nature between representatives is desirable and inevitable. But our counties are more exacting than this: each county requires that the member shall have land within the county, and as in each the number of candidates thus limited is but small, unsuitable ones must be chosen. We have left off expecting eloquence from a county member. Grave files of speechless men have always represented the land of England. In Queen Anne's time too, as in our own time, a lingering prejudice haunted rural minds, and inclined them to prefer stupid magnates that shared it to clever ones who were emancipated from it. Bolingbroke, like Mr. Disraeli, found the Tory party in a state of dumb power; like him, too, he became its spokesman and obtained its power.

Bolingbroke came into parliament just at the end of King William's reign, and was at once forced into contact with the two subjects which were to occupy almost exclusively his active life. The reign of King William, which was about to end, and that of Queen Anne, which was just about to begin, were filled by two of the greatest topics which can occupy a period. The first of these was a question of dynasty. Our revolution has been called the "minimum of a revolution;" and in the eyes of a political philosopher so it is. It altered but little in the substance of our institutions and in our positive law. But to common people, when it happened, the change was great. Even now the detail of our parliamentary system is not much understood by the poorer part of the public, and they care for it but little; the Queen and her family, and the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, mainly interest them. The person of the sovereign embodies to them constitution, law, power. But our revolution changed the sovereign. The only political name and idea

known to rural hamlets were taken away, and another name and idea were substituted in its stead. Jacobites went about saying that there was one king whom God had made, and another king whom Parliament had made. At this moment, though the dogma of hereditary right has been confuted for ages, though it has been laughed at for ages, though parliaments have prohibited it, though divines have been impeached for preaching it, though it is a misdemeanour to maintain it, the tenet still lives in ordinary minds. In Somersetshire and half the quiet counties the inhabitants would say that Queen Victoria ruled by the right of birth and the grace of God, and not by virtue of an Act of Parliament. They still think that she has a divine right to the crown, and not a right by statute only. If the old creed of the Jacobites is still so powerful, what must have been its force in Queen Anne's time? That generation has seen the change from "God's king" to "man's king," and very many of them did not like it. Shrewd men said that England was prosperous under the revolutionary government; common sense said that an ill-born king who governed well was better than a well-born king who governed ill; Whigs said that England was free after the revolution, and would have been enslaved but for the revolution; yet on the simple superstition of many natural minds the force of these arguments was lost. They admitted the advantage of liberty and of prosperity, but they would not renounce "the Lord's anointed for a mess of pottage."—Happily this political feeling was counteracted by a religious feeling. The hatred to popery supported the successful and rebellious king, who was a Protestant, against the unsuccessful and legitimate king, who was a papist. But the strength so obtained was precarious; it might cease at any time. The "Pretender" might change his religion, and reports were continually circulated that he had done so, or was to do so. The existing dynasty could not be strong while its best support in the most natural minds was the continued profession of one religion by a person who had very strong motives to profess another.

The question of dynasty was the prominent question in Bolingbroke's age; such a question must always be the first where it exists. The question, who shall be king, can never be secondary. But it had a formidable rival. All through King William's and all through Queen Anne's time, the English mind was occupied with almost the only question which could compete with the question, who should be king of England—the question, whether there ought or ought not to be war with France. Frequent battles, daily hopes of battles, daily arguments whether there should be battles or not, kept even the greatest domestic question out of our thoughts.

On both these subjects Bolingbroke was compelled to critical action in his first parliament. The question of dynasty was in a very odd and very English complexity. It might have been thought to be a question of bare alternatives, and to have been susceptible of no compromise. *Either* Parliament had no power to choose a sovereign upon grounds of expediency, or it might choose any sovereign who was expedient. If King James might be expelled at all, it could only be because he was a bad king, and in order to put in a better king. On principle, Parliament was either powerless or omnipotent. But this clear decisive logic has never suited Englishmen. As for King William, indeed, no one could say he was any sort of king except a parliamentary king; but his heir was the Princess Anne. "Surely, it was thought, she and her children had *some* divine right—a little, if not much? She had no right by birth certainly, for her father and her brother came before her; she was not the nearest heir, but she was the nearest Protestant heir; she was not the eldest son of the last king, but she was his eldest daughter that was living." These facts do not seem to be very material to us now, but at the time they were critically material. Half the population probably believed that it would be right,—not merely expedient, but right in some high mystic sense,—to obey Anne and her children. They were not only ready, but were anxious, to take her for the root of a new dynasty. But the Fates seemed capriciously determined to defeat their wishes. Anne had thirteen children, and all the thirteen died. At the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who was the last of them, some further settlement was necessary, and what it should be was decided in Bolingbroke's first parliament.

On this subject he ought to have been a Whig of the Whigs. His books are full of such expressions as the "chimera of prerogative;" "the slavish principles of passive obedience and non-resistance which had skulked" in old books till the reign of James I. And he has stated the Whig conception of the revolution as well as any one, if not better. "If," he says, "a divine, indefeasable, hereditary right to govern a community be once acknowledged; a right independent of the community, and which vests in every successive prince immediately on the death of his predecessor, and previously to any engagement taken on his part towards the people; if the people once acknowledge themselves bound to such princes by the ties of passive obedience and non-resistance, by an allegiance unconditional, and not reciprocal to protection; if a kind of oral law, or mysterious cabbala, which pharisees of the black gown and the long robe are always at hand to report and interpret as a prince desires, be once added, like a supplemental code, to the known laws of the land: then,

I say, such princes have the power, if not the right, given them of commencing tyrants; and princes who have the power, are prone to think that they have the right. Such was the state of king and people before the revolution." He could have no horror of Popery, for he regarded all the historical forms of Christianity with an impartial scepticism; he probably thought it more gentlemanly than Presbyterianism, and not more absurd than Anglicanism. He ought to have been ready to obey whatever king was most eligible upon grounds of rational expediency.

The proposal of the Whigs, too, was as moderate as it was possible for it to be. As public opinion required, they selected the next Protestant heir. They passed over all the children of James II., who were Catholics, the descendants of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., who were Catholics, the elder descendants of Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., who were Catholics, and found the Princess Sophia, a younger daughter of Elizabeth, who was a very clever and accomplished lady, and who, if she had any religion, was a Protestant. All the reasonable and prudent part of the nation were in favour of this scheme. The Whigs were of course in favour of it, for it was their scheme. Harley, at the head of the moderate Tories, strenuously supported it. But it was not popular with the unthinking masses, and perhaps could not be. Half or more than half the believers in divine right were ready, as we have explained, to pay obedience to Queen Anne as a sort of consecrated queen; she was at any rate a princess born of a real king and queen in real England; we had always been used to her. But a search in Germany for the sort of Protestants we were likely to find there was not pleasant to the mass of Englishmen; and of the strong-minded old lady that had been discovered nothing whatever was commonly known. After all, too, there was no certainty that in future we should be obeying the nearest Protestant heir. We were passing over several Catholic families; and if hereafter any one of them were to become a Protestant—according to *principle*, or what was called such, we must obey him as our king.

Though the choice of the Hanoverian family as heirs to the crown was prudent, wise, and statesmanlike, there was no strong popular sentiment by which it was firmly based, and no neat popular phrase by which it could in argument be precisely supported. In a word, unthinking people of the common sort did not much like the House of Hanover, and a mass of ill-defined prejudice accumulated against it. Of this prejudice Bolingbroke made himself the organ. He did not share it, or try to share it. But, finding a large and speechless party, he thought he could become at once politically important by saying for them that which they could not say for themselves. The

scheme was successful. He became at once important in Parliament, because he was the eloquent spokesman of many inaudible persons.

In foreign policy, Bolingbroke's tactics were the same. The aggression of France was the natural terror of lovers of liberty at that time. Louis XIV. was as ready to use his power without scruple against free nations as Napoleon; and his power, though not equal to that of Napoleon at his zenith, was greater than that of Napoleon at most times, and than that of any other French sovereign at any time. The King of Spain, too, was about to die; it was to be feared that he would name as his heir Philip, the grandson of Louis, and few doubted but that Louis, notwithstanding an express renunciation of all such claims by treaty, would permit his grandson to accept of it. Nor was the Spain of 1700 merely the Spain of our time. She was much more powerful. She possessed the "California" of that age, a vast empire in South America, producing gold and silver, which were then thought to be magically potent substances, for the whole civilised world. She possessed, too, Sicily, and Naples, and Milan, and Belgium; and popular imagination, which ever clings to decaying grandeur, still believed that Spain itself was a nation of great power—was still able, as in former generations, to obtain ascendancy in Europe. The *terror*, for such it was, of liberal politicians then was, that this vast inheritance would practically fall into the dominion of Louis XIV.—that it would belong to a Bourbon prince brought up under his eye, and slavishly in subjection to him. The Whigs contended that this calamity should be prevented, if possible, by an amicable partition of Spain, by giving France as little as possible, and that little in places as little important as possible. If no such amicable arrangement were possible, they said, it must be prevented by a war. The Tories did not like war; did not like partition treaties. They did not love France, but they were not anxious to oppose France. In that age we were uneducated in foreign policy; the mass of men had no distinct conception of Continental transactions, nor was reason reinforced very distinctly by antipathy. We hated France, it is true, but we hated Holland also; she was our rival in commerce, and our enemy—sometimes our successful enemy—in naval warfare; and to vanquish the French by the aid of the Dutch did not gratify an unmixed animosity. The anti-revolutionary part of the nation did not care for liberty, for that was the code of the Whigs and the basis of the revolution. In a word, though there was little distinct or rational opinion opposed to a war with France, there was much indistinct and crude prejudice. Of this too Bolingbroke became the organ.

In the later part of his life he did not attempt to defend his

first notion of foreign policy. He says: "I have sometimes considered, in reflecting on these passages, what I should have done, if I had sat in parliament at that time; and have been forced to own myself, that I should have voted for disbanding the army then; as I voted in the following parliament for censuring the partition treaties. I am forced to own this, because I remember how imperfect my notions were of the situation of Europe in that extraordinary crisis, and how much I saw the true interest of my own country in a half light. But, my lord, I own it with some shame; because in truth nothing could be more absurd than the conduct we held. What! because we had not reduced the power of France by the war, nor excluded the house of Bourbon from the Spanish succession, nor compounded with her upon it by the peace; and because the house of Austria had not helped herself, nor put it into our power to help her with more advantage and better prospect of success—were we to leave that whole succession open to the invasions of France, and to suffer even the contingency to subsist of seeing those monarchies united? What! because it was become extravagant, after the trials so lately made, to think ourselves any longer engaged by treaty, or obliged by good policy, to put the house of Austria in possession of the whole Spanish monarchy, and to defend her in this possession by force of arms, were we to leave the whole at the mercy of France? If we were not to do so, if we were not to do one of the three things that I said above remained to be done, and if the Emperor put it out of our power to do another of them with advantage; were we to put it still more out of our power, and to wait unarmed for the death of the king of Spain? In fine, if we had not the prospect of disputing with France, so successfully as we might have had it, the Spanish succession, whenever it should be open; were we not only to show by disarming, that we would not dispute it at all, but to censure likewise the second of the three things mentioned above, and which King William put in practice, the compounding with France, to prevent if possible a war, in which we were averse to engage?" The truth doubtless is, that Bolingbroke never believed, or much believed, these absurdities. As he was the spokesman of the Tories, he advocated, and was compelled to advocate, the vague notions which they not unnaturally held, and these were prejudices imbibed by habit, not opinions elaborated by effort.

That his mode of advocacy was very skilful, we may easily believe. His speeches have perished; but their merit may be conjectured. He is in his writings a great master of *specious* statement. Accessory arguments and subordinate facts seem of themselves to fall precisely where they should fall. He has the knack

of never *making* a case; the case always seems made for him; he seems to be giving it its most suitable expression, but to be doing no more. In the greater part of his writings which were written late in life, except when he defends the peace of Utrecht, he had no tenet to defend in which he took a keen interest. He had not the habits suitable to abstract thought, or the genius for it. He is apt, therefore, to embody meagre thoughts in excellent words; to develop long arguments from sparse facts. He had a pleasure in writing, and he had little to say. But when his passions were eager, when his interest was vivid, when the very dissipation of his life quickened his excitability, when the topic of discussion was critically important to himself,—we may well believe his advocacy to have been effective. He could ever say what he pleased, and in early life he had much to say which he well knew and for which he much cared.

A blunder of Louis' for several years simplified English politics. At the death of James the Second, he acknowledged his son, the "Pretender," as king of England; and he could have done him no greater harm. The English people were not very sure of abstract rights, but they were very sure of practical applications. Whether they had a right to choose a king for themselves might be doubtful, but it was clear that the king of France had no such right. Whoever might be our king, it certainly should not be his *protégé*. War with France became popular. The king of Spain was dead; as was feared, he had left the vast inheritance of Spain to Louis' grandson; and war with France became expedient. It was declared accordingly.

The death of William simplified politics still further. Bolingbroke himself may explain this. "The alliances," he tells us, "were concluded, the quotas were settled, and the season for taking the field approached, when King William died. The event could not fail to occasion some consternation on one side, and to give some hopes on the other; for, notwithstanding the ill success with which he made war generally, he was looked upon as the sole centre of union that could keep together the great confederacy then forming; and how much the French feared from his life had appeared a few years before, in the extravagant and indecent joy they expressed on a false report of his death. A short time showed how vain the fears of some, and the hopes of others, were. By his death, the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of the army, and indeed of the confederacy; where he, a new, a private man, a subject, acquired by merit and by management a more deciding influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain, had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the grand alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more

rapid and vigorous motion was given to the whole ; and, instead of languishing or disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he appeared, and many of those wherein he was not then an actor—but abettor, however, of their action—were crowned with the most triumphant success. I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to that great man, whose faults I knew, whose virtues I admired ; and whose memory, as the greatest general and as the greatest minister that our country or perhaps any other has produced, I honour.” The war absorbed England for several years. For the first time in our history, we were the centre of a great confederacy, and our general was the victorious leader, in great battles, of miscellaneous armies. It was then that we first acquired that great name as a military people, which, notwithstanding our small numbers and small armies, we have since supported, and that a great foresight, a minute diligence, and a splendid courage in modern war, were first combined in an Englishman. Marlborough was in one respect more fortunate than Wellington. Napoleon must always be the first military figure of his generation, but throughout the last century the whole Continent talked of the wars of Marlborough ; for he was the most fascinating as well as the most successful general in them.

During the first eight years of Marlborough’s wars, the English nation was nearly united. A war always unites a people : the objector to it becomes a kind of traitor to his country ; he seems to be a favourer of the enemy, even though he is not. Not only Harley, a moderate Tory, but Bolingbroke, an extreme Tory, took office in the war-ministry. It is true there was no dereliction of party principle in their doing so, either as such principle was then understood, or as it is understood now. Marlborough himself had never been a Whig ; and Godolphin, the head of the treasury and first minister for the home administration, had ever been a Tory. But though plain party-ties might not be violated by a Tory support of Marlborough’s wars, a sort of sentiment was violated. The war was a Whig war, and could only be carried on by Whig support. Ere long Godolphin and Marlborough were compelled to give the Whigs a large share in the actual administration. The ministry became a composite one. Though many Tories remained in it, yet its essence and its spirit were Whig. It was carrying on the sort of war which one party in the State had extolled for years, and which the antagonist party had depreciated for years. It has been called after its cause. It has been called the Whig ministry of Godolphin and Marlborough, the two leading Tories of the age.

The place which Bolingbroke accepted was that of Secretary at War, which brought him into contact with the best

business of the time, with that sort of business upon which most depended. As far as appears, he did it well, and the official experience he then acquired must have been inestimable to him afterwards. There is much which no statesman can in truth know, and much more which he will not be thought to know, unless he has gone through a certain necessary official education, and learned to use certain conventional official expressions; this sort of knowledge Bolingbroke now acquired. But it was not by success or failure in office desk-work that the movements of his life were to be regulated.

The Whigs naturally did not quite like the subordinate position which they occupied in a ministry which was carrying out a Whig policy. They thought it hard that Tories should be paid for Whig measures; that the glory of delivering Europe should be given, not to Whigs, who had striven to deliver it, but to Tories, who would have liked not to deliver it. Their support was necessary to Godolphin and to Marlborough, and they gradually raised the price of that support. Early in 1708, most of the remaining Tories were turned out, and Bolingbroke among them. Except the two chiefs, Godolphin and Marlborough, the ministry became a Whig ministry almost exclusively.

That Bolingbroke did not like to be turned out is probable, but he professed to like it. He sought refuge in retirement; he professed to study philosophy, and passed much of his time in the country, and in reading; such professions from a man of great ambition and lax life were ridiculed. A friend suggested that he should write this motto over his favourite rural retreat:

"From business and the noisy world retired,
Nor vexed by love, nor by ambition fired,
Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
Still drinking like a fish, and amorous like a goat."

And Swift says he could hardly bear the jest, for he was a man rather sensitive to ridicule. And though satirists might laugh at his meditations and his studies, and though he permitted them to derange very little his pleasure or his vices, there is no doubt but that they were real, and that they were valuable. Doubtless, too, though he was only twenty-eight, he was a little tired of subordinate office. His disposition was very impatient, and his sense of personal dignity very considerable. Even so patient a pattern of routine diligence as Sir Robert Peel rejoiced as a young man to be for a year or so out of office. His mind, he acknowledged, widened, and his capacity to think for himself improved. If Peel, who was made to toil in the furrow, felt this, Bolingbroke, who was made to exult in the desert, might well feel it. During three years he really read much and thought much.

But a great change was at hand. The war with France was still successful and still popular, but it might be doubted if it was still necessary. We had weakened France so much, that it might be questionable if she wanted weakening more. Our victories had destroyed her prestige; and the results of these victories had weakened her vigour. Sensible men began to inquire what was to be the time, what the occasion, and what the terms of peace.

The ministry, indeed, appeared to be firm, but it was firm in appearance only. The conditions of ministerial continuance differed in that age in a most material respect from the present conditions. Now the House of Commons, in almost all cases, prescribes imperatively not only what measures shall be taken, but what men shall take them; it chooses both policy and ministers. In Queen Anne's time Parliament had acquired an almost complete ascendancy in policy; it could fix precisely whether there should be war or no war, peace or no peace; it had acquired a perfect control upon legislation, and a nearly perfect control upon internal administration. But it had no choice, or but little, in the selection of persons. *What* was to be done Parliament settled, but *who* was to do it the queen settled.

Queen Anne had done so at her accession. Though she was engaged in a Whig war, she removed the Whig ministers whom she found in office. She appointed as supreme generalissimo over the war abroad, and real prime minister over matters of state at home, the Duke of Marlborough, not because of his discretion or his acquaintance with business, or his military genius, but because his wife was her early friend and her special favourite. As the Duke of Wellington justly observed, the Duke of Marlborough *was* the English government; he was not liable to be thwarted, or misconstrued, or neglected; his operations in Flanders were never cramped by the home-government, as the operations of the Duke of Wellington in Spain were cramped. He appointed the lord high treasurer Godolphin; he placed the treasury, then even more than now the supreme internal office, in Godolphin's hands, because he was connected with him by domestic ties, because they had long acted together, because he had great confidence in his financial ability. The Duke of Marlborough was not only great because of his wife, but absolute because of his wife.

By a kind of compensation the source of his power was the cause also of his downfall. The queen and the duchess quarrelled, as was natural. The duchess was virulent and obtrusive, and the queen was sensitive and sullen. The queen had a strong sense of personal dignity, which the duchess used to outrage. The duchess, who was clever, thought the queen a fool,

and scarcely forebore to look and say so. From early habit the friendship lasted much longer than could have been thought likely, but it could not last for ever. As it was breaking up, a small force produced a large effect. The queen, Swift says, had not a "stock of amity" for more than one person at a time: she commonly cared but little for every body save one; but she required one. The duchess had placed at court a poor relative of her own, a Miss Hill, whom both she and the queen regarded as a petty dependent, a *real* maid, who would be useful and lie on the floor when peeresses and young ladies of quality were useless and went to bed. As she was humble and artful, she acquired influence: she was never in the way and never out of the way. She was always pleasant to the queen, and the duchess was commonly unpleasant. The consequence was certain. The abject new favourite soon supplanted the querulous old favourite.

A very curious man took advantage of this. Wits and satirists have been fond of describing Robert Harley; but perhaps they have not described him very well. They have made a heap of incongruities of him. They have told us that, being bred a Puritan, and retaining till his death much of the Puritan phraseology, he yet became the favourite leader of high churchmen and Tories; that being a muddle-headed dawdle, he gained a great reputation for the transaction of business; that having an incapacity for intelligible speech, he became an influential orator in parliament; that being a puzzle-headed man, of less than average ability, and less than average activity, he long ruled a great party, for years ruled the court, and was at last prime minister of England.

It is very natural that brilliant and vehement men should depreciate Harley, for he had nothing which they possess, but had every thing which they commonly do not possess. He was by nature a moderate man. In that age they called such a man a trimmer, but they called him ill. Such a man does not consciously shift or purposely trim his course. He firmly believes that he is substantially consistent. "I do not wish in this house," he would say in our age, "to be a party to any extreme course. Mr. Gladstone brings forward a great many things which I cannot understand; I assure you he does. There is more in that bill of his about tobacco than he thinks; I am confident there is. Money is a serious thing, a *very* serious thing. And I am sorry to say Mr. Disraeli commits the party very much. He avows sentiments which are injudicious. I cannot go along with him, nor can Sir John. He was not taught the Catechism; I know he was not. There is a want of sound and sober religion,—and Sir John agrees with me,—which would keep from

distressing the clergy, who are very important. Great orators are very well; but, as I said, how is the revenue? And the point is, not to be led away and to be moderate, and not to go to an extreme. As soon as it seems *very* clear, then I doubt. I have been many years in parliament, and *that* is my experience." We may laugh at such speeches, but there have been plenty of them in every English parliament. A great English divine has been described as always leaving out the principle upon which his arguments rested; even if it was stated to him, he regarded it as far-fetched and extravagant. Any politician who has this temper of mind will always have many followers; and he may be nearly sure that all great measures will be passed more nearly as he wishes them to be than as great orators wish. Harley had this temper, and he enjoyed its results. He always had a certain influence over moderate Whigs when he was a Tory, and over moderate Tories when he was a Whig. Nine-tenths of men are more afraid of violence than of any thing else; and inconsistent moderation is always popular, because of all qualities it is most opposite to violence,—most likely to preserve the present safe existence.

Harley's moderation, which was influential because it was unaffected, was assisted by two powers which brilliant people despise, because in general they do not share. Harley excelled in the forms of business. There is distinct evidence that official persons preferred his management of the treasury to that of Lord Godolphin, who preceded him, or Sir R. Walpole, who succeeded him. In real judgment and substantial knowledge of affairs, there was doubtless no comparison; Godolphin was the best financier of his generation, and Walpole was the best not only of his own but of many which came after him. But the ultimate issue of business is not the part of it which most impresses the officials of a department. They understand how business is conducted better than what comes of it. The statesman who gives them no trouble,—who coincides with that which they recommend,—who thinks of the things which they think of, is more satisfactory to his mere subordinates than a real ruler, who has plans which others do not share, and whose mind is occupied by large considerations, which only a few can appreciate, and only experience can test. In his own time, both with the Tory party, and with moderate Whigs, Harley's reputation as a man of business was a means of influence which, on the same scene and in our own day, could hardly be surpassed.

But it was surpassed in his own day. In personal questions, as we have explained, the Parliament in Queen Anne's time was only a subordinate power; the court was the principal and the determining power. Now the faculty of business is but

secondary in all courts; the faculty of intrigue is the main source of real influence. To be able to manage men, to know with whom to be silent, to know with whom to say how much, to be able to drop casual observations, to have a sense of that which others mean, though they do not say,—to be aware what Lady A. is in secret planning, though she says the very opposite,—to know that Lord B. has no influence, though he seems most potent,—to know that little C. is a wire-puller, and can get you any thing, though he looks mean and though no one knows;—in a word, to understand, to feel, to be unable to help feeling, the *by-play* of life, is the principal necessity for a success in courts. It is the instinct of management which is not to be shown even in conversation, far less in writing or speculation, but yet which rules all small societies. Harley possessed it, and the obscure but potent talents of business also; and we need seek no farther explanation why he was one of the most successful men in his own time.

Harley was some sort of relative to Miss Hill (or Mrs. Masham, for she married), the rising favourite of Queen Anne's time. He was the favourite leader of all moderate Tories; and, on the whole, though not without grumblings from extreme men, the most important leader of the Tory party. He had been turned out when Bolingbroke was turned out, and he wished to return. The fly was brought to the spider. Mrs. Masham, the new favourite, asked Harley what counsel she should give the queen. He said, Turn out the Whigs; and meant, Bring *me* in.

The queen was inert, for that was her nature; and the evident popularity and the glorious success of the Whig war naturally staggered her. But the Whigs made an error. The high-church and semi-high-church party had enormous power in the nation; they had always advocated non-resistance before the revolution, and though they had taken the oaths to King William's government, they did not like to think that they were supporting a government which was conspicuously rebellious, which began in resistance to legitimate authority. Of course the fact was so. King William invaded England with Dutch troops, and was joined by English rebels; but the divine right of princes, and the duty of unconditional obedience, retained much influence over most of the clergy and over many of the laity. If the Whigs had been wise, they would have offended this powerful sentiment as little as possible. High churchmen were certainly powerful, but were necessarily inert; they had no distinct course to recommend; they *would* have done much, but they *could* do nothing. They had assented to the existing government, and though their assent might be un-

willing and ungracious, the existing government should have let them alone. The Whigs adopted the reverse course. A foolish parson expressed with unusual folly the sentiments of the great majority of his order. The Commons, at the instigation of the Whigs, actually impeached him at the bar of the Lords. In their folly they used against a pious and innocuous fool the extreme remedy which the constitution provides for the final punishment of impious and dangerous traitors. The country was in a ferment; the Tory party were active; the moderate classes were alarmed; the clergy were incensed; the Whigs became unpopular.

Harley seized the opportunity. He persuaded Mrs. Masham to persuade the queen that now was the moment to gratify her new antipathy to her old favourite; that now she should punish the Duchess of Marlborough; that now she should dismiss the Whig ministry. She did so. He came in himself, and made Bolingbroke a secretary of state, and the first member in the House of Commons.

It has been said, and is very likely, that Harley would have preferred to retain in office the quiet and moderate Whigs, and not to bring in Bolingbroke, an extreme and unquiet Tory. The Whig party, however, was compact, and held together; it must be expelled as a whole, or retained as a whole. If it had been wholly retained, Harley could not have come in; and he was therefore obliged to ally himself with the aggravated Tories, and with Bolingbroke, who had made himself their mouthpiece. It only completes the mingled character of Bolingbroke to repeat the legend of the time, that his acceptance of office was heard with gladness, not only in grave manor-houses, and by severe high churchmen, but in more unmentionable places and by more questionable persons. Some ladies of much beauty and little virtue, so runs the legend, were heard to say, "Bolingbroke is minister. He has six thousand guineas a year. Six thousand guineas, and all for us." The auspices of such a ministry were not good.

The public aspect of affairs was, however, in the most critical particular very favourable. While the French war lasted, indeed, the new ministry must be perplexed. They must either retain the Duke of Marlborough as general-in-chief, which was not pleasant, as he was the chief of the party opposed to them, and since probably Mrs. Masham did not wish it; or they must dismiss the duke in the midst of victory, and find a new general, who might be defeated. But this painful alternative was temporary only. The English nation had been sated with sieges and victories, and more than sated with taxes and with debt; it was disposed to peace. The new ministry came therefore into the en-

joyment of a great inheritance, the greatest that has ever fallen to a new ministry. France had been so reduced by Marlborough's victories that she was ready to consent to a peace which a few years before she would have thought most shameful, which a few years before we should have thought most honourable. The new ministry were to make that peace.

The preliminary difficulty soon assumed its worst shape. It became necessary to dismiss the Duke of Marlborough; and, as might be expected, the Duke of Ormond, who succeeded him, was much less successful. There was happily no great defeat, but there were minor disasters, which were magnified by the contrast with past glories. We had been used to a great exploit every year, and we were now asked to be thankful at not being defeated very much. The contrast was painful, and the necessity of making peace became greater than ever.

Up to this time Bolingbroke had been the most successful politician of his age, and almost of any age, in England. He had, it is true, no influence at court. Queen Anne distrusted him; she liked decorous men of regulated life. But, though little over thirty, he was the leader of the House of Commons; the first orator there; the second minister in the cabinet; the favourite minister of the most ardent section of his party,—a section just strengthened by an election. The fame of his oratory filled London; and the fame of his genius filled the country. Mr. Pitt excepted, no Englishman has risen so high and so rapidly under our parliamentary system. It was at this crisis that his eager nature and his life of excitement began to prepare his downfall, as they had prepared his rise.

The official management of the foreign negotiations was in the hands of Bolingbroke. Lord Dartmouth, the other secretary of state, could speak no French, and Harley, the prime minister, could speak but little; but Bolingbroke spoke it well. Harley, too, had no directing ability. He had the defects of Lord Aberdeen: he was moderate and useful and judicious. But he could not upon the spur of the moment strike out a distinct policy. Other statesmen must create before he can decide on their creations. Bolingbroke was to devise how a peace should be made.

A plain and strongheaded statesman—such a statesman as Walpole or as Palmerston—would have had little difficulty. France was most anxious to make peace; and it mattered but little for England or for Europe what were the precise conditions of it. There are occasions when a war itself does its own work, and does it better than any pacification. The Crimean war was an instance of this. That war thoroughly destroyed the prestige

of Russia, and the pernicious predominance of Russia. At the end of it, what were to be the conditions of peace was almost immaterial. The wars of Marlborough had done their work also. We had gone to war to prevent the acquisition of overbearing power by Louis XIV.; if a grandson who was devoted to him had succeeded to Spain and the Spanish empire while France was unexhausted, he would have been a despot in Europe; he would have been terrible to us as Napoleon was terrible. But nine years of continuous defeat had exhausted France, and Louis XIV. was now a vanquished and decayed old man. At his death the crown of France would pass to Louis XV., who was an infant; it was not much to be feared that the policy of France and the policy of Spain would be dangerously connected because their kings were second cousins. Possibly, indeed, Louis XV. might die, and the King of Spain might come to the throne of France. But this was a remote and contingent danger; it would have been unwise in our ancestors to lavish blood and spend treasure because a prince might die young who really lived to be extremely old. The true object of the war had been accomplished by the war itself, and the substantial task of making a peace was therefore very easy.

The accessories of the task, too, it would seem, were easy also. As we had been victorious in a first-rate war, it was right that we should be dignified in the final pacification. It was right that we should be ready, that we should even be anxious, to make peace; but, at any rate, France, who was vanquished, ought to seem equally anxious. Since, in part, the war was a war to reduce her influence over the European imagination, the manner of making peace was at least as material as the terms of it. We were principal members of a great league, and we had stirred up a part of Spain to resist the French king of Spain. We were bound to keep clear faith with our allies, and bound not to desert brave provinces who had relied principally on our protection.

Bolingbroke was too eager to perceive these plain considerations. He sent a man to Paris to ask for peace; and the French minister was so astounded that he would hardly believe the man. He owned afterwards that, when he was asked the preliminary question, "Do you want a peace?" it seemed to him like asking a lingering invalid whether he wanted to recover. He could hardly bring himself to believe that Bolingbroke's messenger was duly authorised.

The previous life of that messenger certainly was not such as to gain him credit. He was a French abbé named Gaultier, who had been a French spy, and perhaps still was so, in England. He was an acute plausible person, very fat, and not very respect-

able, and altogether as unlikely a person to be sent from a victorious nation to a defeated nation as could be imagined.

Nevertheless the Abbé Gaultier was so sent. He said to Torcy, the French minister, "Do you want a peace? I bring you the means of treating independently of the Dutch, who are unworthy of his majesty's kindness and the honour he has done them in addressing himself to them so many times to restore peace to Europe." In an ordinary alliance, such a clandestine reconciliation with the enemy, and such a secret desertion of allies, would have been plainly dishonest. There would have been little to say for it, and very few would have been willing to say that little. But the Grand Alliance was not an ordinary one. Its acute framers had perceived the difficulty of their task. They had foreseen the difficulty of retaining in firm cohesion a miscellaneous league of scattered states. They had adopted the best expedient at their disposal: they had prohibited the very commencement of exclusive negotiation by individual states. Their words are as clear as words can be. They are these: "*Neutri partium fas sit, Bello semel suscepto, de Pace cum Hoste tractare nisi conjunctim et communicatis conciliis cum altera Parte.*" These words expressly forbid such secret missions as those of Gaultier, and were inserted expressly to forbid them.

The separate treaty with Holland was even more express: it said that "no negotiation shall be set on foot by one of the allies without the concurrence of the other; and that each ally shall continually, and from time to time, impart to the other every thing which passes in the said negotiation." And yet it was especially from Holland that Bolingbroke was anxious, by every secret disguise, and every diplomatic artifice, to conceal his negotiation. He hoped, by a separate and secret peace, to obtain commercial advantages for the English, in which the Dutch should have no share.

Even after the first mission of Gaultier had terminated, there was an intricate series of secret negotiations, in which he and Prior were employed for us, and Mesnager for the French. Prior expressly required on our behalf "that the secret should be inviolably kept till allowed by both parties to be divulged;" and the French minister wrote to Bolingbroke: "It wholly depends upon the secrecy and good use you will make of the entire confidence he testifies to the Queen of Great Britain; and the King of France extols the firmness of the Queen, and sees with great pleasure the new marks of resolution she shows." It was impossible to desert our allies more absolutely or more dishonourably. It was impossible to violate an express treaty more audaciously or more corruptly.

Nor was the secret negotiation a mere crime; it was also a

miserable blunder. Diplomacy could hardly commit a greater. There was a splendid, a nearly unexampled power of compelling France to make a good peace. There was a great coalition against her, which had always been victorious under Eugene and Marlborough; which had obtained such successes as no Englishman had imagined; which had reduced France to a pitch of shame, degradation, and weakness, that surprised her most sanguine enemies, and depressed her most sanguine friends. So long as the coalition was compact, the coalition was all-powerful. But by the mere act of commencing a separate negotiation, Bolingbroke dissolved the coalition. There could be no mutual trust after that. The principal member of the league deserted the league, and its bond was immediately disunited. We all know what would have been the consequences if England had acted thus in the last war. Suppose Lords Grey and Grenville had come in before the campaign of 1814; suppose that they had sent a secret emissary to Napoleon; suppose that they had offered a separate peace without Spain, or Austria, or Russia. We know that Napoleon would again have been a principal potentate in Europe, for the coalition which alone could extirpate him would have been dissolved.

The truth of these remarks is written on the very face of the treaty of Utrecht, and is obvious in every part of the negotiation of it. A few months before Louis had been willing to abandon Spain and to abandon his grandson. He had said, "If you can take Spain from him, take it; I will not help him." But the allies were not content. They required that Louis should compel his grandson to resign; and this he considered dishonourable. But at Utrecht it was not even proposed that Philip should abandon Spain; that the House of Bourbon should possess Spain, was a conceded and admitted principle. We had dissolved the European confederacy, and we could not hope to attain its objects.

Nor was the desertion of the other powers combined with us in the Grand Alliance our only desertion, or our worst. All these powers were states of some magnitude, and some were states of great magnitude; they would be able to go on as they had always gone on,—to shift for themselves, as they had always shifted. But we also deserted others who were not so independent. We had incited the Catalans in the north-east of Spain to resist the French king of Spain; we had promised them in express terms our support and aid; for a long time we had given them that aid. But at the peace of Utrecht we deserted them. The Catalans made a brave resistance; but a small province could do nothing against a great nation. The Catalans were soon overcome, and deprived of all their liberties.

Throughout Europe, and doubtless throughout England also, there were many murmurs against our policy. We had encouraged a brave people to rebel; we had even threatened if they did not rebel; and when they did rebel, we deserted them. If, at present, France and England were to incite the Poles to rebel against Russia, they hardly *could* desert them: the public opinion of the world is now so powerful; in Queen Anne's time public opinion could only murmur, but it did murmur. The peace of Utrecht, men said, was a base crime as well as a gross blunder.

But why, it will be asked, did Bolingbroke commit so gross a blunder? What reasons could have rendered it plausible to him. The principal answer is the principal key to his character. With many splendid gifts, he was exceedingly defective in cool and plain judgment. He failed where in all ages such men as Alcibiades have failed. Whether by nature he was much gifted with judgment, we cannot tell; the probability is that he was about as well gifted as other men. But his life was such as to render a cool judgment impossible. "His fine imagination," says Lord Chesterfield, "was often heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and almost deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals." Swift tells graphic stories of his drinking till his associates could drink no longer, and his being left at three in the morning calling for "t'other flask." Many men may lead gross lives and keep cool heads, but such are not men of Bolingbroke's temperament. A man like Walpole, or a man like Louis Napoleon, is protected by an unsensitive nature from intellectual destruction. But such a man as Bolingbroke, whose nature is warm and whose imagination is excitable, imbibes the eager poison into the very heart of his mind. Such is our protection against the possibilities of an Alcibiades. No one who has not a vivid imagination can succeed in such a career; and any man of vivid imagination that career would burn away and destroy. Cold men may be wild in life and not wild in mind. But warm and eager men, fit to be the favourites of society, and fit to be great orators, will be erratic not only in conduct but in judgment. They will see men "like trees walking."

Bolingbroke's excitement did not prevent his working. He laboured many hours and wrote many letters. He often complains of the number of hours he has been at his desk, and of the labours which were thrown upon him. But his work probably only excited him the more; for a time *vires acquirit eundo* is the law of such wild strength. In the course of the negotiations he went to Paris, became the idol of society there, and used his

social advantages efficiently for political purposes. To dazzle people more, he learned, or pretended to learn, the Spanish language, to read such diplomatic documents as were written in it. But such minor excellencies could not mend the incurable badness of a peace commenced by a surrender of the best we had to surrender, by a dissolution of our alliance. A plain strong-headed man would have left alone the accessory advantages, and succeeded in the main point. Without Spanish and without French Walpole would have made a good peace; Bolingbroke could not do so with both.

Bolingbroke, too, had a scheme, as imaginative and excited men will have. He knew that in relinquishing Spain to the House of Bourbon, he was giving the opponents of peace a great argumentative advantage. The mass of mankind, who judge by visible symbols, considered that a peace by which the king whom we had opposed should reign in Spain, and by which the king whom we had proposed did not reign there, as a gross failure. In sound argument, it was probably right for us to concede. As we have explained, the war had accomplished its own work; France was excessively weakened, and there was little fear of present danger from her. If by a possible death the crown of France should fall to the king of Spain, it would be time enough then to prevent the same person from reigning in the two kingdoms. The treaty of Utrecht provides that the same prince shall not reign in both; and, if necessary, we could go to war to enforce the treaty. The Bourbon king was popular in Spain, and was preferred by the Spaniards to any one else. It would have been hard to dislodge him. But Bolingbroke did not like to rely on these plain arguments. He hoped to make the peace popular by an appeal to our commercial jealousy, by gaining mercantile advantages for ourselves which our rivals the Dutch did not share. He obtained for us the celebrated *Assiento* contract, giving us the right of carrying Negro slaves to the West Indies, and also certain privileges which would have given our manufacturers great advantage in the French markets. He hoped this commercial bribe would silence the national conscience; that it would induce us to forget our treachery to our allies, our desertion of the Catalans, and the establishment of the House of Bourbon in Spain; he hoped it would make the peace popular.

He was disappointed. The reception of that peace by the nation, and especially by the Tory party, was very like the reception of Mr. Disraeli's great budget. A great secret had been long paraded of something which was to please every body; it was divulged, and it pleased nobody. Bolingbroke may himself

describe the effect that his work produced on the more moderate portion of his party :

"The whimsical or the Hanover Tories continued zealous in appearance with us till the peace was signed. I saw no people so eager for the conclusion of it. Some of them were in such haste, that they thought any peace preferable to the least delay, and omitted no instances to quicken their friends who were actors in it. As soon as the treaties were perfected and laid before the Parliament, the scheme of these gentlemen began to disclose itself entirely. Their love of the peace, like other passions, cooled by enjoyment. They grew nice about the construction of the articles, could come up to no direct approbation, and, being let into the secret of what was to happen, would not preclude themselves from the glorious advantage of rising on the ruins of their friends and of their party."

Nothing could be more natural than their conduct. The moderate Tory party, and most sensible men, wished for a satisfactory peace made in a satisfactory manner; they wished for dignity in diplomacy, and desirable results. They were disappointed. After a war which every one was proud of, we concluded a peace which no one was proud of, in a manner that every one was ashamed of.

The commercial treaties on which Bolingbroke relied, so far from helping him, were a hindrance to him. The right of taking slaves to the West Indies was indeed popular: the day for anti-slavery scruples had not commenced. But, in return for the privileges which the French gave to our manufacturers, we had given many privileges to them. We had established an approximation to free-trade, and every one was aghast. The English producer clamoured for protection, and he has seldom clamoured in vain. The commercial treaties required the consent of Parliament, and were rejected. If Bolingbroke had been a free-trader upon principle, his convictions might have consoled him. But he professed to know nothing of commerce, and did know nothing. His books are full of nonsense on such topics: he hated the City because they were Whigs, and he hated the Dutch because he had deserted them; and these were his cardinal sentiments on mercantile affairs. He speaks of "matters, such as that of commerce, which the negotiators of the peace of Utrecht could not be supposed to understand." Certainly he did not understand them. He only directed his subordinates to get out of the French as much for ourselves, and as little for the Dutch, as possible.

"Instead of gathering strength," says Bolingbroke, "either as a ministry or as a party, we grew weaker every day. The peace had been judged with reason to be the only solid foundation

whereupon we could erect a Tory system ; and yet when it was made, we found ourselves at a full stand. Nay the very work, which ought to have been the basis of our strength, was in part demolished before our eyes, and we were stoned with the ruins of it."

In our time he would have been really stoned. The fierce warlike disposition of the English people would not have endured such dishonour. We may doubt if it would have endured any peace. It certainly would not have endured the best peace, unless it were made with dignity and with honesty. We should have been wildly elated by Marlborough's victories, and little in a mood to bear shame and to be guilty of desertion. The English people has been much the same for centuries. In country manor-houses, where a son had been killed for the cause which was sacrificed—in alehouses, where men were used to hear of glorious victories—in large towns, where the wrongs of injured races like the Catalans were understood—through a whole nation, which has ever been proud, brave, and honourable, a mean peace, effected by desertion, must have been abhorred. It was merely endured because it was made, and because in those days, when communication was slow, public opinion, as in America now, did not distinctly form itself till the crisis for action was over. But though for the moment endured, it was long abhorred. For very many years half our political talk was coloured by it. It was to the Tories what the coalition between Lord North and Fox was to the Whigs,—a principal operating cause in excluding them from office during fifty years.

And, what for the time was worse, the Tory ministry of the moment was disunited. "Whilst this was doing," says Bolingbroke, "Harley looked on, as if he had not been a party to all which had passed ; broke now and then a jest, which savoured of the inns of court, and the bad company in which he had been bred ; and on those occasions where his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely unintelligible." In reality Harley disliked his position. He had always been a moderate man, respected by moderate men ; he had the reputation of a man of care and judgment, and he had thriven by that reputation. On a sudden he became a party to a disreputable peace, at which even moderate Whigs were frantic, for which even moderate Tories could not vote. That the negotiations had commenced by artifice and deceit did not horrify him much, for he was a man much given to stratagem. But he knew also that the negotiation had ended in conspicuous meanness and unpopular concessions ; he felt that his reputation for judgment was weakened. All shrewd observers knew that there would soon be disunion between Harley, the old head of the moderate

Tories, and Bolingbroke, the present head of the extreme Tories. Swift, who was a very shrewd observer, and who was close at hand, knew that there was already disunion.

Before the treaties had been discussed by, and the commercial part of them rejected in, the House of Commons, Bolingbroke made another error. He left the House of Commons. Harley had been created Earl of Oxford, and he could not endure to be inferior to him. There was much delay in conferring the peerage, and he was very angry at it. He was, Oxford says, "in the utmost rage against the Treasurer, Lady Masham, and without sparing the greatest," and made "outrageous speeches." A wise friend would have observed to him that no greater kindness could have been done him than to refuse him a peerage altogether. The great but gradual revolution which was consummated in the time of Walpole was then beginning to be apparent. Before Queen Anne's time our most conspicuous statesmen had been, during the most important part of their lives, members of the House of Lords; since Queen Anne's time they have at similar periods been usually members of the House of Commons. There are several causes for this, but the principal is one on which Bolingbroke has often commented. From time immemorial the Commons have been the guardians of the public purse; and whenever the public purse was to be touched, they have always been the first body in the State. But before the revolution they were seldom wanted. They granted the king, at the commencement of his reign, an estimated revenue, which was supposed to be adequate to the estimated expenditure in time of peace. As our wealth was rapidly increasing, it was often more than sufficient. In time of war the House of Commons must be applied to; new money was needful for new expenses; but the ordinary expenditure went on every year without their being consulted or required. The expense of William's wars and Queen Anne's wars made a great change: taxation became larger than it had ever been, though very small as it seems to us now. Since that time the estimated revenue which the crown yearly enjoyed, without additional parliamentary aid, has scarcely ever been adequate to the estimated expenditure. There has yearly been a budget, and yearly a recourse to the House of Commons. The position of a minister in the House of Commons has therefore greatly risen. Nine years out of ten the nation could at present dispense with a House of Lords—though a useful it is an auxiliary power; but every year we want a House of Commons, for it has to grant funds of primary necessity. The minister who can manage the Commons, and extract from them the necessary moneys, has, then, become our most necessary minister.

The change was just beginning; for Walpole, Bolingbroke's

schoolfellow and parliamentary rival, ruled their generation by his parliamentary and financial abilities. But Bolingbroke was too eager and impetuous to foresee the action of this powerful but obscure cause. The tradition had been, that the Peers were superior to the Commons, and he adhered to this tradition. He was angry till he obtained his peerage.

Nor was he satisfied when he did obtain it. He was made a Viscount only, and Harley had been made an Earl. He could not bear to be inferior to him in any thing, especially as there was an extinct earldom in his own family. He was vexed, angry, and dissatisfied. Once he went out of town, and would attend to no business for days. He was angry too with the press. The peace of Utrecht was attacked and assailed, and it was his peace. It is true that Bolingbroke should have been able to bear literary comments, even when rather bitter. He was himself through life an unscrupulous writer, using the press without reluctance and without cessation. He was then employing Swift, the most bitter writer of libels, both political and personal, that can be conceived. He lived with Swift in intimacy, and pointed his libels. He gave him political information and ideas, and praised him when he used them so as most to hurt his adversaries. He ought to have been able to bear any thing, yet he could bear nothing. He prosecuted many more persons than it was usual to prosecute then, and far more than any who have been prosecuted since. He thought, with a continental wit, that "a press is free when government newspapers are licentious." He thought that every thing should be said for him, and that nothing should be said against him. The copyists of Alcibiades are commonly irritable, for neither their nature nor their habits teach them forbearance.

But neither Bolingbroke's disunion with his principal colleague nor the attacks of the press were his greatest danger. He was in the worst political position which can be imagined. As we have explained, the principal question of the age was a question of dynasty: after the peace with France it was the sole great question; it is in the nature of a topic so absorbing to swallow up every subject of minor interest. There were only two solutions of the problem possible. The law prescribed one, and a sort of superstition prescribed another. The Act of Settlement said that the House of Hanover was to succeed Queen Anne; the doctrine of non-resistance said that the Pretender was to succeed her. The Jacobites adhered to the doctrine of non-resistance. The Whigs adhered to the Act of Parliament. Both these parties had a definite solution of the principal topic of the hour. But between these fluctuated the great mass of the Tory party, who did not like the House of Hanover because it had no hereditary right, who did not like the Pretender because

he was a Roman Catholic. This party objected to both possible solutions: they lived in the vague hope that the Pretender might turn Protestant—that some unforeseen circumstance would intervene—that Queen Anne would last their time. For persons in a private station such a state of mind was very possible and very natural. But it was of this very party that Bolingbroke was the spokesman and the leader, and he was a minister. He could not well remain without a distinct policy. Queen Anne, though not old, was often ill. She was suspected to be, and we now know she was, very near her death. He must make a choice.

Yet which king was Bolingbroke to choose? If he chose the House of Hanover, he himself ought not to be minister. This was the Whig candidate; this was the candidate whom his party disliked—at whom they murmured—whom they declined to support. A Tory ministry which should bring in the House of Hanover was like a Derbyite ministry that should propose free-trade or reform of Parliament. It was a ministry which tried to maintain its existence by denying its party tenets. Probably in those times a Tory ministry could not have done what we have seen them do in our own time. Party spirit ran much stronger in Queen Anne's time than in ours. The political contentions of London were like the contests at a borough election now. At three o'clock on the polling day it is very difficult to change your politics and keep your character. So it was in London then. A fierce strife raged. Whig society and Tory society were separated like two hostile camps, and a deserter from one to the other was sure of contemptuous hatred from those he left, and a contemptuous patronage from those to whom he came. Bolingbroke could not do even once that which Mr. Disraeli has done twice.

Bolingbroke's enemies have been very anxious to fix on him a formed design to bring in the Pretender. He would doubtless have been very glad to do so, if he could have formed a coherent scheme. But he could not. Oxford was far too moderate and timid a man to break the law, or to plan to break it. He had himself supported the Act of Settlement. He knew that the Hanoverian succession, though not popular to the imagination of any class, was acceptable to the reason of the most thinking class. He knew that the aristocracy, the large towns, and all the cultivated part of the community, were in favour of it. He knew that, as the aristocratic classes had the command of the House of Lords, of the small boroughs, and of very many counties, as the great towns were of themselves favourable, the House of Hanover was sure of a majority in Parliament. He knew that the general vulgar, and especially the rural vulgar, who were favourable to the House of Stuart, though numerically

strong, were but weak in parliamentary representation. He was probably a party to some covert intrigues, for intrigue was intrinsically agreeable to him; but in reality he was too timid to abandon the plain and legal course for a tortuous and illegal one. Bolingbroke had, on the other hand, a constitutional predilection for violent courses, and no particular objection to an illegal course. If he could have turned out Oxford,—if he could have carried his party with him, he would certainly have contrived some scheme for proclaiming the Pretender at Queen Anne's death. But even he was not mad enough to commit himself to a definite plan before he knew that he should have the power to execute it. In the mean time "Tom Harley," the prime minister's brother, exactly expressed the position of the ministry. "We ought," he said, "to be better or worse with Hanover than we are." The case, as men saw it then, was simple. The Queen was approaching daily to the grave. The ministry in power were uncertain what to do in the event of her death. They had "no settled intention" of breaking the law, Bolingbroke tells us; but he does not venture to contend that they had a settled intention of obeying it. They were drifting to a crisis without a plan.

Nor was Bolingbroke comfortable while the Queen lived. She herself did not like him. A smaller person has never been placed by the caprice of fate amid great affairs than the "good Queen Anne." She had not, Swift says, "a sufficient stock of amity" for more than one person at a time; she was always choosing a favourite upon whom to concentrate her affections exclusively. Her comprehension was as limited as her affections. She seriously objected, it is said, to one minister for appearing before her in a tie-wig instead of a full-bottom; and even if this anecdote has been exaggerated by continual narration, it expresses the sort of objections which ruled her mind and determined her conduct. She had a strong objection to all license; decorum was a sort of morality to her, as to most great ladies; she would have been much puzzled to fix where manners ended and where morals began. Bolingbroke was license personified; and therefore she distrusted and disliked him. She did not altogether approve, either, of the peace of Utrecht. She probably did not understand the details, but she evidently understood that it was a "perplexing matter," and "not the sort of thing to which she had been accustomed under Lord Marlborough." The original strength of the Tory ministry had been in the Queen's predilection for Miss Hill, afterwards Lady Masham; Harley ruled Miss Hill, and Miss Hill ruled the Queen. But the Queen was not quite sure about Miss Hill. One of her tastes was a taste for aristocracy; and she was half ashamed of having taken a great liking to a waiting-

maid who had been placed about her. She had an old predilection also for the Duchess of Somerset, by birth the last of the Percies, whose husband was a Whig. Swift was never easy as to the effect of this friendship. He said, the "Duchess of Somerset is a proud woman, but I will pull her down;" so he libelled her, which did not make her more propitious to him or his masters. There was always a danger that the ex-waiting-maid, on whom all depended, should be discarded, as the Duchess of Marlborough had been discarded; that the Duchess of Somerset might become prime favourite in her stead; that the policy of the government, and all the persons of our rulers, should be again changed by the inexplicable caprice of a quiet old lady.

And Bolingbroke had another difficulty. The distrust of him was not confined to Queen Anne. It extended through his party, and was an inevitable result of his peculiar position. He was an eloquent man without prejudices, speaking the prejudices of men who could not speak. But the speechless client and the eloquent advocate differ in nature so much that they can never much like or well understand the other. The Tory party knew that when Bolingbroke expressed their favourable conviction, he did not himself believe a word of what he was saying. And they could not tell what he did believe. And, being for the most part regular men of middle life from the agricultural counties, they did not much like to trust as their leader a young man of loose life about town. After the peace of Utrecht, especially, he could not tell what they would think, and they could not tell what he would do. They could never have anticipated his doing any thing so mean as that, and he could never understand what disgrace there was in so obvious a diplomatic stratagem as breach of faith. In our own time, it is easy to vex Tories. You have only to ask, "What is Dizzy's next move?" Such short words would not have suited our formal ancestors. But many a courteous Whig, doubtless, asked many a Tory, "What is to be my Lord Bolingbroke's next fine stroke of policy?" and the Tory could not have known what to say. So long as Oxford was at the head of affairs, common men felt that there was still something ordinary about the government. But if Bolingbroke were to become sole minister, or chief minister, we should be subjected to the bold schemes of undiluted genius.

In this difficult position Bolingbroke showed great ability. He could not, indeed, remove its irremovable defects. He could not declare for the House of Hanover; and he could not declare for the House of Stuart. He could not remove the dislike which a dull queen, and a dull party, felt for a brilliant man.

But what could be done he did. He showed great parliamentary ability, and was ever ready with wonderful eloquence. He pleased his party by a schism bill, agreeable to High Churchmen, and disagreeable to Dissenters. He obtained the favour of the waiting-maid, if he could not obtain that of the Queen, her mistress. Miss Hill (or Lady Masham, as she now was) was a sort of relation of Oxford's; and this had first brought them together. For a long time the union was firm; he gave her much counsel and some money, and she gave him much power. But Oxford had a conscience, or vestiges of a conscience, in the use of public money. He was not ready to give Miss Hill, or Miss Hill's brother, all that they wanted. Swift puts it that he was too careful of the public interest for the corruption of the time; as we should put it, he would not bribe without limit against the public interest out of the public treasury. But Bolingbroke had no scruples: he bid higher; he gave Miss Hill and "Jack Hill" all he could, and promised that they should have more if they would make him first minister and maintain him as such. He himself may tell the result: "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how our fortune banters us!" Such was the close of three years of intrigue. He had bribed the waiting-maid just when the mistress was no more.

Nor at the moment was this the worst. The Queen's distrust of Bolingbroke had lasted till her death. The white staff—the "magic wand," as Bolingbroke calls it, long disused in English politics, but then the symbol of the lord high treasurer and of the prime minister—had been taken from Oxford, but it had not been given to any one. Bolingbroke could not gain it for himself. It was arranged that the treasury should be put into commission, as it had been in King William's time, and as it always now is. Bolingbroke was to continue secretary of state, and be in fact principal minister; yet he was not to have the indefinite power of the lord-treasurer,—the mystic power of the white staff. But on her death-bed Queen Anne felt that Bolingbroke could not be trusted even so far. She was dying, and knew that she was dying. She doubtless felt it was her duty to place the administration in the hands of some one who would obey the law on her death. She did not like the family of Hanover; she had the most keen repugnance to the presence of any of them in England during her life. She could not endure to see her successor close at hand, and it probably never struck her as a matter of duty to save the country from a possible convulsion of civil war. She was a very little-minded woman, but at the same time she was a decorous woman,

and a well-meaning woman. She would not have planned or dared or wished to break the law which she had passed. As death was coming upon her, she knew that the practical premiership of Bolingbroke would endanger the security of the Act of Settlement. Of all statesmen he was least likely to obey it, and therefore most unfit to be prime minister when it was of critical importance to obey it. Obscurely, perhaps, but effectually, Queen Anne felt this. She gave the white staff to Shrewsbury, and Bolingbroke's three days of premiership were at an end.

Probably Bolingbroke felt the disaster the more that he was obliged to seem to assent to it. Shrewsbury had been acting as confidential adviser to the Queen for some time, to Bolingbroke's dismay. He knew, he said, how he stood with Oxford—that was open war; but how he stood with Shrewsbury he did not know. As soon as the Queen was despaired of, the privy council was summoned, and by ordinary rule only those summoned should attend; a ministry thus secures a privy council of chosen friends. But at this meeting two Whig dukes, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Argyle, attended, though not summoned, and by their influence the council was induced to ask the Queen to make Shrewsbury high treasurer; and Bolingbroke was obliged to assent. Neither in the nation nor at the court had he substantial influence or effectual power.

He had in truth no alternative. A frantic bishop, Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, wanted him to proclaim the Pretender. But Bolingbroke, though a hot-headed statesman, had a notion of law and a perception of obvious consequences. He was not a hot-headed divine: he knew that by law George I. must be proclaimed at once; he knew that Shrewsbury, who wielded the white staff, which every one would obey, would at once proclaim George I. He knew that he could not himself command the obedience of a watchman. All the force of government had at once passed from him, and he acquiesced in the new order of things. He assisted at the proclamation of George I.

The law had indicated the steps which should be taken in case of the Queen's death, and before her successor could be brought over from Germany. A document was produced by the Hanoverian minister, naming Lords Justices, who were to administer the government until the arrival of George I. Of these Lords Justices, Bolingbroke, of course, was not one. They were all sound Whigs, and steady friends to the House of Hanover. As Bolingbroke had for four years been wielding the force of government so as to give pain to them, they immediately began to exercise it so as to give pain to him. They

appointed Addison as their secretary ; desired all documents to be addressed to him ; and, though Bolingbroke was still in high office, and had at the last moment been real prime minister, they kept him waiting at their door with studied circumstances of indignity, which were much remarked on then, and which much tried his philosophy.

It would, however, have been well for Bolingbroke if mere indignities like these had been all which was in store for him, or all which he deserved. When Parliament met, zealous Whigs naturally began to murmur a good deal as to the past. Bolingbroke had ruled them hardly during his reign. His ministry had removed Marlborough from his appointments ; his ministry had expelled Walpole from the House of Commons. Walpole would most likely have said that the Whig "innings" had arrived, and that the actions of their predecessors must be scrutinised. Bolingbroke for a time affected to fear nothing. Oxford went to and fro in London, and Bolingbroke followed his example. All at once he changed his policy. He appeared at the theatre in state, and took pains while there to attract attention ; went home, changed his dress, and fled to France.

In truth, he was thoroughly frightened. He declared that "his blood was," he understood, "to have been the cement of a new alliance" between the moderate Tories and the Whigs. Some have traced this notion to the hints of Marlborough, but it was most likely due as much to Bolingbroke's own conscience. He knew well that the secret negotiations prior to the peace of Utrecht would not bear even fair scrutiny. He knew that they were now to be subjected to hostile scrutiny. Even from impartial judges he could only expect condemnation, and his case would now be tried by his enemies. His life, indeed, was in no danger. Neither the nation nor the party opposed to him were inclined to bloodshed ; but he felt he was in danger of something. His guilty conscience magnified the possibilities of punishment ; to escape them, he did exactly what was worst for his reputation ; though it was as much as pleading guilty, he fled.

He was attainted as a traitor in his absence, and there may be legal doubt as to whether the attainder was deserved. That a minister who advises his sovereign to violate a treaty, and who violates it accordingly, is worthy of severe punishment, will be admitted by every one ; and that Bolingbroke had done this is beyond question or dispute. But this offence does not amount to high treason, and the details of an incidental transaction as to the town of Tournay had to be pressed into the service ; and it required much stretching to make these amount even to a constructive treason. But whatever might be the legal correctness or the incorrectness of the precise punish-

ment inflicted on Bolingbroke is scarcely material now. He well deserved a bill of "Pains and Penalties;" and whether he was or was not visited with the very penalty that was most suitable, does not matter much.

On Bolingbroke's arrival in France, he looked about him for awhile. He was at once solicited by the emissaries of the Pretender, but he deliberated for some time, and it would have been wiser for him to have deliberated longer. He well knew that though there was much latent Jacobite sentiment in England, there was no good material for a Jacobite rebellion. Many squires and rectors and peasants would have been glad to see the legitimate king restored; but their zeal was not very active; it belonged to the region of traditional sentiment and vague prejudice rather than to that of practical and vigorous life. The House of Hanover had the force of government and the *sense* of the country in its favour. It was in possession, and Bolingbroke was aware that the Jacobites, without trusted leaders, without organisation or arms, could not expel it from possession. He knew all this well, but his passions were too strong for his judgment; from excitability, restlessness, and rage, he joined the Pretender. He must be busy, and hoped, or half-hoped to be revenged on his enemies.

He could not, however, long agree with his new associates. The descent from actual office to imaginary office was too sudden; to many men it was pleasing to be secretary of state to a mock king, but it was very painful to one who had just been secretary to a real queen. His contempt, too, for the Irish associates of the Pretender was unbounded. He saw that they were hot-headed and ignorant men,—who knew nothing of the country which they hoped to rule,—whom that country would not endure for a day. He knew that the Roman Catholics in England were a small and unpopular body, and their aid more dangerous than their enmity. The genuine Jacobites distrusted him also. He said that they were untrustworthy because they were fools, and they said that he was untrustworthy because he was a traitor. This could not last; after a brief interval, he left the Pretender and his court: they began to slander him, and he began to speak much evil of them.

With his secession from the Jacobites Bolingbroke's active career ends. He was afterwards only an aspirant for a career. He was, after several years, permitted to return to England, and to enjoy his estate though he was an attainted traitor; but the attainder was not reversed, and while it was in force he could not take his seat in the House of Lords, or hold any office whatever. He wrote much against Walpole, but he did not turn out Walpole. On one occasion he was much mortified because Pul-

teney and the practical opponents of Walpole said that the support of his name rather weakened than strengthened them. He gave in a long memorial of suggestions to George I.; but the King said they were "bagatelles." He then fancied that he should become minister because of the support of Lady Suffolk, George II.'s mistress; but Lady Suffolk had no influence, and Queen Caroline, who had predominant influence, supported Walpole. He then hoped to be minister under the Prince of Wales, George II.'s son, and wrote a treatise on a "Patriot King" for that prince's use. But George II. outlived his son; and he was saved the mortification of seeing how little that small prince would have carried out his great ideas. Though he survived Queen Anne more than thirty years, he never after her death attained in England to a day's power. Three years of eager unwise power, and thirty-five of sickly longing and impotent regret,—such, or something like it, will ever be in this cold modern world the fate of an Alcibiades.

ART. VII.—ROBA DI ROMA.

Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. London: Chapman and Hall.

It was Chateaubriand, we think, who called Rome the second country of all the world. The phrase was one of that happy class which tell a whole story in half a dozen words; and the secret charm of Rome can hardly be expressed better than by saying, that no stranger has ever lived there without feeling a sense of home. In the first place, it is, so at least it has always seemed to us, a city without a people. We are not speaking of the vast extent of the ancient walls, which might embrace a population numbered by millions, not by thousands, but of the sort of moral separation between the city and its populace. The modern Romans have the air of being as much strangers amidst those mighty ruins as we are ourselves. The Capitol, the Colosseum, and the Forum, are as much our property as they are theirs. The story of old Rome, the legends of consuls and emperors, the doings of the world's conquerors, are better known to us than they are to them. The glories of mediæval Rome, St. Peter's, and the Lateran, and Santa Maria Maggiore, they are the property of the Catholic world, of the "orbis terrarum," not of the Romans themselves. Even we, who belong to another faith, seem to have an unacknowledged share in that grand inheritance. As to modern Rome, the Pincio and the Borghese Gardens are open to us as readily as to the native, and know the harsh tones of our guttural languages better

than the soft sweet accents of the Italian tongues. The pale listless Roman nobles glide about quietly in their carriages, like shadows which shun the light; the shopkeepers and "mezzo ceto" are there to minister to our comforts; and the common people form the picturesque background of the scenes that we love to gaze upon. So in Rome we foreigners, especially we of the Anglo-Saxon race, are the real masters. We attend the ceremonies, we visit the antiquities, we keep alive the Carnival, we patronise the arts, we scour the Campagna, we supply bread to the "*populus Romanus*;" and so every thing is arranged for our especial delectation. In any other foreign capital, an Englishman can hardly help having the sentiment that, however superior he may be to the natives in every mental and physical quality, still he does not belong to the ruling race, he is not of the upper ten thousand, to whom every thing is made to yield. But in Rome this feeling vanishes. The "*forestiere Inglese*" is a greater personage than the cardinal in his purple stockings, or the Principe in his palace. This state of things is not unpleasant. Occasionally some of our countrymen may manifest their satisfaction at it by vulgar pretension; but, as a rule, we take this acknowledgment of our superiority quietly and unconsciously.

Each nation, and each individual of a nation, feels the charm of this position more or less according to circumstances. But in our own experience, we should say that Americans possibly feel it most of all. They are more at home in Rome, we fancy, than in any part of the Continent. Here, in the presence of bygone antiquity, other European nations are no more venerable by age than their own. The old Romans knew of no difference between one race of barbarians and another; and men of Northern blood are all alike barbarians at Rome. There, the American, in as far as the natives recognise him as a distinct entity, is only an Englishman who dislikes other Englishmen, and spends his money somewhat more freely than the run of his compatriots. Like us, he is an honoured guest, and avails himself calmly of the advantages of the situation. Moreover, paradoxical as it may perhaps seem, the American appreciates the antiquity of Rome even more than we do ourselves. Coming as he does from a land where there is nothing older than himself, and where even the primeval forest is a poetic fiction, not an actual reality, he feels the full charm of seeing old things about him to an extent we cannot realise. Few persons, we should think, could have wandered much about Rome alone without having at times a doubt pass across their minds as to the truth of our received faith of progress. What can we do that has not been done here before? We may go on

building up our Tower of Babel, and then, when we have raised it to its height, to the grandeur of that Roman structure among whose ruins we walk, the edifice will crumble down, and another generation will begin again that Sisyphean labour, taking no warning by our example. Why, so the thought runs, should not we be wise in time? Let the world move on as best it may, we will fold our arms, and study nature which makes no progress, and beauty which never changes, and the past which lies beyond reform. Under the influence of thoughts like these, Englishmen and Americans by the score come to the Eternal City; and, weary of life's struggle in the West, loiter their years away there uselessly if not hurtfully.

To this class we are glad to say that the author of the *Roba di Roma* does not belong. To the English public he is best known as a sculptor of high fame and higher promise. The Cleopatra in her wicked beauty, and the Libyan Sibyl in her sullen grandeur, will be long remembered by every visitor at the International Exhibition. It was not so much, we think, to their innate beauty that these statues owed their success. Their popularity was rather due to the fact, that amidst a crowd of inane prettinesses and soulless graces, they bore an unwonted stamp of mind and thought. The mark of the creative power rested on them, and the public recognised it at once, as it never fails to recognise genius. To English residents at Rome, Mr. Story's name is familiar as that of the pleasantest of hosts, and the brightest of talkers. To those whose acquaintance with him is more intimate, it will be no news to say, that the sculptor is also a keen politician and ardent patriot. Even the most enthusiastic of Southern sympathisers will not respect or like Mr. Story the less for the knowledge that his long absence from home has not blunted his affection for the land of his birth, and that he is as uncompromising an advocate of the union as if he had never left his native state of Massachusetts.

We have made these remarks to show our readers that they need not fear to find the *Roba di Roma* the *dilettante* work of an Italianised American who has become so enamoured of the past as to have grown careless of the present. It is the work of a thoughtful observer who has lived long in Rome, and who, while he has learnt, as he could not fail, to love it dearly, has not grown blind to its faults and errors. Turning over the pleasant pages, we seem again to be within the walls of that wondrous city, to see again the dome of St. Peter's rising above the sea of brown tiled roofs, to watch the shadows of the clouds rolling over that vast Campagna desert, to stroll through those narrow empty streets, to drive through the oak-groves of the Borghese gardens, and to wander up and down amidst the tombs upon

the Appian Way. And the charm of the *Roba di Roma* is, that it throws so many new illustrations on the scenes we recollect so well. It tells us so much about people we know something of, and whose faces Anglo-Romans must remember so vividly in this dull colourless English life of ours. Who, for instance, does not know Beppo? At the time when these lines are written, or when they are read, supposing that event to take place from sunrise to sunset, he is at his place on the summit of the Piazza di Spagna, wriggling about the pavement on his legless stumps, and asking for alms with his commanding air. He is not a pleasant old man to our minds; and when we felt nervous, we had always an impression that his real legs were doubled under him, and that if we gave him nothing, he would spring up and garotte us. Moreover, we had a painful consciousness that he looked upon us as *parvenus*, who gave him charity only to be able to say, that we too were Romans, and knew the lions of the place. Finally, he had an unamiable way of consigning our souls to very uncomfortable localities if we did not happen to accede to his demands. Still, we look back kindly now on the memory of that graceless old reprobate, and are right glad to hear what Mr. Story has to tell us of him. We have seen him often riding into business on his jackass, which, by the way, he belabours cruelly when he is out of humour; but we did not know that he is a sort of Roman Gobseck, or Gignonnet, and unites the office of money-lender and banker to that of beggar. He has been known to lend some sixty scudi at a moment's notice; he pays rent to the Government for the platform on which he crouches and carries on his trade; he has got a wife and children; is a gentleman in his own *paese* in the *contorni* of Rome; and generally is a respectable and well-to-do citizen of the Papal city. It is some comfort to us when we reflect on all the pauls and baiocchi of ours which have gone into those capacious pockets, to learn that Beppo is not devoid of genial feelings, and that Mr. Story saw him once in his glory at a beggars' supper, where he discharged the duties of host and entertainer with due dignity and liberality.

But Beppo is only the first of the Roman beggars of whom our author has so much to tell us. The loss of a limb, an eye, or a sense, is a godsend to the *povero stroppiato*. A deformity is a stock in trade. Of all the manifold wretchedness in the eternal city, we doubt if that of the professed beggar is the greatest. He has nothing to do, he has few wants, and he can reckon confidently on receiving his small pittance. It is a mistake to suppose that the tradesmen of Rome live upon the strangers exclusively. No doubt the aristocracy of the class

frequent the *Babuino* and the *Condotti*, and the quarters where English most do congregate; but the mass are to be found in squalid by-streets and side-alleys, where scarcely one foreigner a day is to be seen. To do the Romans justice, they are a charitable people. In the poorer shops of Rome we have constantly seen beggars enter, and have rarely, if ever, seen them sent away empty-handed. Where every body is shiftless and miserable in a greater or less degree, charity is sure to be pretty universal. Then, to give the priests their due, they deal kindly with the poor. If you only go to mass, and, whatever else your sins may be, avoid the unpardonable one of liberalism, you are certain to get your sup of bread and meat at the doors of any convent you affect more especially. Except amongst the poorer mechanics, absolute want of food is, we should think, unknown. So, at least, persons who ought to know declare; and the author of the *Roba di Roma* confirms the story. The Italians, however, themselves dispute the assertion, and say that downright lack of food is not uncommon amidst the poor of Rome. Still, as far as we could learn ourselves, the former statement is substantially correct. If the people would only be quiet and satisfied, the priesthood would much prefer their being reasonably comfortable. The religious rulers of Rome do not feel unkindly towards the poor. Their wish is to do good to them, but in their own way, and their own way only. Begging is the result of the priestly government of Rome, but the indirect result, not the intentional one. As Mr. Story says:

"The restrictive policy of the Church makes itself felt every where, high and low; and by long habit the people have become indolent and supine. The splendid robes of ecclesiastical Rome have a draggled fringe of beggary and vice. . . . The government makes what use it can of the classes it *exploits* by its system; but things go on in a vicious circle. The people, kept at a standstill, become idle and poor; idleness and poverty engender vice and crime; crime fills the prisons; and the prisons afford a body of cheap slaves to the government."

But from Beppo and the beggars let us pass on to a brighter subject. The lottery is the first papal institution which attracts the notice of the newly-arrived traveller. The gaudily-painted booths with their flaunting numbers, where the tickets are dispensed, catch your eye at every street-corner. The lottery office is as universal in Rome as the gin-shop in London. It requires some courage to enter in and take a number. There is such an air of ill repute about the *Prenditorie di Lotto*, that not even the papal mitre over the doorway can give them an air of decent respectability. But even when you have overcome your British awkwardness, and have invested your scudo on a *terno della fortuna*, you always feel a doubt whether all is right, and whether

you may not have been cheated by the ticket-taker. We see that Mr. Story tells us that no ticket is valid unless it has the stamp of the central office on it. We suspect there is some error in this assertion, and that the stamp is only required before you present your ticket for payment; at any rate, we flatter ourselves it is so. It is true our numbers never happened to turn up; but still it is vexatious to think that, even if they had come out, we should not have been a baioccho richer, as our tickets certainly bore no stamp upon them. Whoever wishes to learn how he should invest his money in the papal lotteries, should consult the *Roba di Roma*, from which he will learn one sound lesson, and that is, never to despise his wife's advice, even after her death. An Englishman, it seems, whose luck in the matrimonial lottery had not been brilliant, lost his wife, to his great peace and comfort. One night his rest was disturbed by the appearance of his deceased spouse, who told him to back a certain *terno*, or series of three numbers, at the next drawing. The obstinate widower treated the supernatural counsel with foolish contempt, and was justly punished by learning that all the numbers were drawn. The following week his wife appeared again, upbraided him for his self-willed folly, and gave him a new "card" for the succeeding *estrazione*. This time the unbelieving Thomas yielded to reason; but, alas, not one of the promised numbers appeared. This mishap, however, far from shaking his faith in the miraculous character of the visit paid him from the unseen world, only confirmed him in its truth. "Taken in," he cried; "confound her, she knew me better than I knew myself. She gave me a prize the first time, because she knew I would not play it; and, having thus whet my passions, she then gave me a blank the second time, because she knew I would play it. I might have known better." If the spiritualists wish for a decisive testimony as to their theory that the character of spirits is much the same as that which they enjoyed in the flesh, we recommend them to apply to Mr. Story for the authority on which he quotes this remarkable story.

There is, we suspect, little doubt that the drawing of the lottery is substantially fair. In the first place, the monopoly is so valuable a source of revenue that no consideration of temporary gain on any one individual drawing would tempt its owners to ruin its permanent popularity by creating a suspicion that the play was not loyal. In the second place, by the law of averages, one number in the longrun is as much sought after as another, and therefore it makes very little difference to the bank what numbers turn up. The gambling tables in Germany are unquestionably fair for the same reasons; and, short-sighted as the Papal Government is, it is keen

enough to know its own interest with respect to gambling. The only suspicious feature about the system is, that no tickets can be taken after midnight on Thursday, while the drawing does not take place till noon on Saturday. The result is, that the government has thirty-six hours clear during which it can, if it likes, examine the state of the books, and discover what combination of numbers would be least unfavourable to its exchequer. However, in spite of the story about a cardinal who provided for a troublesome dependant by giving him a ticket in the lottery which *happened* to turn out a prize, Mr. Story inclines to the faith, that within the laws of a most iniquitous contract, the Papal Government plays on the square; and we are disposed to agree with him. We think, however, that he perhaps deals somewhat hard measure in his comments on the Vatican with reference to this institution. Those who believe the government of Rome to be a divine theocracy, a model illustration of the practical working of Christian principles, may doubtless feel extreme vexation at the fact that it encourages a most pernicious mode of public gambling. We, who look upon it as the lowest and most ignorant of European governments, can hardly blame it for not being wiser or better than its neighbours. The truth is, the lottery is a passion in Italy. Even Cavour was afraid, deeply as he felt its evils, to deal summarily with it. When Garibaldi entered Naples in the height of his wondrous popularity, he passed a decree abolishing the lottery within a few months' time. He found he had trusted too much in his power. The Neapolitans, passive in all else, who had seen the king depart and the dictator enter with equal indifference, could not stand the abolition of their beloved pastime. Garibaldi had to yield; and the execution of the decree was first adjourned, and then allowed to lapse unnoticed. To the very poor the lottery gives the charm of hope. After all, it is always within the bounds of possibility that a lucky ticket may make them rich for life, and they share completely the gambler's sentiments that the next best thing to playing and winning is to play and lose. We doubt whether the Papal Government has the power, even if it had the will, to remove the lotteries. The more reasonable complaint is, not that the Pope keeps up the lottery system, but that the priests, instead of urging the people to economy and industry, actually encourage them to invest their hard-earned savings in that most unpromising of speculations. The passion for this form of gambling is not confined to Italy. Lotteries are sanctioned by the government all over Austria and the South of Germany; and—a fact Mr. Story does not mention—they have been adopted of late years by the State legislatures of several of the Union

Slave States. The towns of Louisville and St. Louis and Delaware are as full of lottery offices as Rome itself; and the New York papers report their drawings regularly. The only difference between the American and the Papal lotteries is, that the drawings take place daily, or even twice a day, instead of once a week, and that the terms are even more unfavourable to the public than they are at Rome. The Saints, it is true, are not invoked to aid the choice of the gambler; but, then, in all the great American towns there are astrologers or wise women who advertise, amongst their other gifts, the power of selecting lucky numbers.

If Mr. Story be right, the Romans must be fonder of athletic games than we have given them credit for. The description of the Pallone and the Boccette reads like the narrative of an English game of football or cricket. For our own part, we should have said that the only active sport the Romans are addicted to is the Ruzzola, with which all persons who have strolled out to the gardens of the Doria Pamphili on a sunny afternoon, must have been made acquainted by ocular, if not by personal, demonstration.

"Round a circular disk of wood the player winds tightly a cord, which by a sudden cast and backward jerk of the hand he uncoils so as to send the disk whirling along the road. Outside the walls, and along all the principal avenues leading to the city, parties are constantly to be met playing this game; and oftentimes before the players are visible the disk is seen bounding round some curve to the great danger of one's legs. He whose disk whirls the furthest wins a point."

We have seen some of these *ruzzole* roll an incredible distance. To a person at all nervous about their shins it is not pleasant to run the gauntlet of a discharge of *ruzzole*. No doubt you can see them coming. People tell you that you can always dodge a cannon-ball when you see it bounding towards you. Having had the satisfaction of making the experiment ourselves, we much doubt the truth of this statement; and our scepticism is confirmed by the extraordinary difficulty we have found in getting out of the way of these stone missiles as they come leaping on. However, a cannon-ball follows a straight path, whereas these disks spring up and cushion off the walls, and pocket themselves in ruts, and then dart out with renewed vigour and in new directions, in a manner more easy to recollect than to describe to those who have not seen it. Still this pastime is confined almost exclusively to young men and boys. The "*civis Romanus*" proper diverts himself almost exclusively with games of cards, or with the "*morra*," where the fingers supply the absence of the devil's books. The pas-

sionate excitement with which the Romans indulge in these games creates an impression among strangers that they are a quarrelsome and savage people. Mr. Story tells us, that during his long experience in Rome he never knew but one instance of a quarrel arising out of play terminating fatally. Indeed, on this subject his reflections appear to us eminently just :

"The readiness," he says, "of the Italians to use the knife for the settlement of every dispute is generally attributed by foreigners to the passionateness of their nature ; but I am inclined to believe that it also results from their entire distrust of the possibility of legal redress in the courts. Where courts are organised as they were in Naples, who but a fool would trust to them ? Open tribunals where justice is impartially administered would soon check private assassinations ; and were there more honest and efficient police-courts, there would be far fewer knives drawn. . . . In the half-organised society of the less civilised parts of the United States the pistol and bowie-knife are as frequent arbiters of disputes as the stiletto is among the Italians. But it would be a gross error to argue from this that the Americans are violent and passionate from nature ; for among the same people in the older states, where justice is strictly and cheaply administered, the pistol and bowie-knife are almost unknown. Despotism and slavery nurse the passions of men ; and wherever law is loose, or courts are venal, public justice assumes the form of private vengeance."

Before we leave this subject we cannot refrain from telling a story which happened to some friends of ours. Their party consisted of two English gentlemen with their wives, all fresh to Rome, and impressed with the true British conviction that every Italian has a stiletto always ready for use on every occasion. They had driven out to the Pamphili gardens, and wishing to walk home, dismissed their carrozzetta. A dispute arose as to the fare, and the driver began to gesticulate and shout as only Southern Italians can. At last, in a paroxysm of indignation, he plunged his hand underneath his cloak. The ladies screamed, the gentlemen sprung upon him ; in a moment he was pinioned and laid upon his back. Cautiously his antagonists dragged his hand out of his bosom, and found tightly grasped in his fist the tariff-card of the Roman carriages. Of course our compatriots made all sorts of apologies, which the man could not understand, and paid him double what he had asked, an excuse which he did appreciate ; and afterwards they were not so prone to fancy that every body they met was about to plunge a dagger between their shoulder-blades.

The *Roba di Roma* opens a new view of Rome. We English know it mostly in the winter months, when we are the monarchs of all we survey. But those who would see Rome

aright should see it in the summer-time, when the shops are shut during the heat of the day, and the city wakes up at sunset from its death-like stillness, and the streets are crowded with groups of people sitting before their houses, and open-air theatres are in their glory. We wish that we had space to quote the account of the games of "gatta cieca," which are played in the Piazza del Popolo, and of the people's theatre, where was performed "La grandiosa opera, intitolata il Belisario, ossia le avventure di Oreste, Ersilia, Falsierone, Selinguerro ed il terribil Gobbo." There is a rhythm about the title which our English Victorian play-bills—of "Vice and its Victim," the "Mystery of the Castle," and so on—can never attain to. Why Pasquino should be coupled in Mr. Story's book with the mimes and masks of Rome, we do not quite understand; but our author has some excellent sayings of his to quote of late origin, which are new to us, so that we willingly pardon the intrusion. During the journey which the Pope made through the Romagna, shortly before the outbreak of the Italian war, with a view of recovering his lost popularity, the following dialogue was found affixed to the mutilated statue who fathers the wit of Rome:

"Dunque il pastore se n' é andato.

Si Signore.

E chi lascia a custodire la grege?

I cani.

E chi custodisce i cani?

Il mastino."

"Therefore the shepherd is gone." "Yes, sir." "And whom does he leave to guard the flock?" "The dogs." "And who looks after the dogs?" "The mastiff."

Again, on the invasion of Naples by the Garibaldians, and of the Romagna by the Sardinians, this epigram found itself affixed one morning:

"Tutti stanno in viaggio—soldati vanno per terra—marinari vanno per mare—e preti vanno in aria."

"All are going on a journey—the soldiers are going by land—the sailors are going by sea—and priests are going into the air."

We remember two ourselves, which appeared in the spring of 1861, when the annexation of Naples had created unusual excitement in Rome. As a demonstration against the papal sway, the Romans had resolved not to enter the Corso during the Carnival, but to go out to the "Porta Pia" road to keep a merry-making of their own. The government prohibited the demonstration; and the prohibition was commented on by the following question and answer appended to Pasquino: *Quest.* "Why will not the Pope allow the Romans to go out of the city walls?" *Ans.* "Because he is afraid they will set the Cam-

pagna on fire." Shortly afterwards, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Pope's return to Rome from Gaëta, every householder received orders to illuminate in honour of the great event. Pasquin himself confirmed the injunction in these words:

"Accendete lumi e fanali
Che servon' al Papà Re ai funerali."

But, indeed, you must have lived in Italy to appreciate fully the graceful wit which underlies all Italian humour. There is a sort of grace about Italian chaff which no translation can convey. Amongst hundreds of instances, we remember one which may perhaps bear recalling. We were landing once at Cività Vecchia, and, as usual, were pestered with the boys, who act as guides to the newly-arrived stranger. Knowing by long experience the exact routine which had to be pursued at this most troublesome of ports, we rejected all offers of assistance, and made our way unguided to the different offices where permits and "lascia passare's" have to be obtained. A youth, who had singled us out as his victim, followed us with that peculiar pertinacity which only an Italian *gamin* can show. At last, when our wanderings were nearly over, and we were sitting on the bench of the custom-house waiting for the inspector, to whom we were to give the usual "buono mano," another lad came up and proffered his services. Our first friend rebuked him at once, saying: "Can't you see that the Signorino is a native, and that we are strangers? He knows Cività Vecchia much better than we do, and will show *us* how to get a living." The appeal was irresistible; and the lad received the reward of perseverance.

Of the more serious portions of the *Roba di Roma*, we should be disposed to give the preference to the chapter on the Ghetto. Indeed, the whole subject of the Jews in Rome is treated in an exhaustive manner. To any one who has threaded the dark alleys of this Hebrew colony *in partibus infidelium*, the following description will recall the scene like a clear marked photograph:

"Its very name is derived from the Talmud 'Ghet,' and, signifying segregation and disjunction, is opprobrious, and fitly describes the home of a people cut off from the Christian world and stamped as infamous. Stepping out from the Piazza di Pianto, we plunge at once down a narrow street into the midst of the common class of Jews. The air reeks with the peculiar frowsy smell of old woollen clothes, modified with occasional streaks or strata of garlic, while above all triumphs the foul human odour of a crowded and unclean population. The street is a succession of miserable houses, and every door opens into a dark shop. Each of these is wide open, and, within and without, sprawling on the pavement, sitting on benches and stools, stand-

ing in the street, blocking up the passages, and leaning out of the upper windows, are swarms of Jews,—fat and lean, handsome and hideous, old and young,—as thick as ants around an ant-hill. The shop-doors are dressed with old clothes and secondhand *roba* of every description. Old military suits of furbished shabbiness; forlorn silken court-dresses of a past century, with worn embroidery; napless and forlorn dress-coats, with shiny seams and flabby skirts; waist-coats of dirty damask; legs of velvet breeches;—in a word, all the cast-off riff-raff of centuries that have ‘fallen from their high estate,’ are dangling every where over head. Most of the men are lounging about and leaning against the lintels of the doors, or perched upon benches ranged in front of the shops. The children are rolling round in the dirt and playing with cabbage ends and stalks, and engaged in numerous and not over-clean occupations. The greater part of the women, however, are plying the weapon of their tribe, with which they have won a world-wide reputation,—the needle; and, bent closely over their work, are busy in renewing old garments and hiding rents and holes with its skilful net-work. Every body is on the look-out for customers, and as you pass down the street you are subjected to a constant fusilade of ‘Pst! Pst!’ from all sides.”

There is something strangely appropriate in the fact that the Ghetto should be entered by the “place of wailing.” The motto which Dante affixed over the entrance of Hell might, we have often thought, have been placed appropriately on the confines of the Ghetto. How human beings can dwell in such abodes of misery; and how, when the whole world is open to them, generation after generation can still linger on in a prison-house like the Ghetto, have always been mysteries we could not fathom. There must indeed be a strange charm about the Eternal City if even its Jewish pariahs cannot bear to leave it. The record of the oppressions with which the vicegerents of Christ have loaded His chosen people, from the days of the Aurelian Council to those of Pio Nono, is repeated in these pages with a damning fidelity. We have not room to relate that dismal narrative. We must confine ourselves to the enumeration of the humiliations which they undergo up to the present hour. Napoleon I. was the first to throw open the Ghetto, and to allow the Jews to engage in trade. But when the great European coalition restored the popes to power, Pius VII. rescinded forthwith the irreligious permission. Leo XII. modified the existing restrictions to some extent, and allowed the Jews to own landed property within the Ghetto, whose limits he somewhat enlarged. Pius IX., in the fervour of his spurious liberalism, exempted the Jews from the obligation of attending every Sunday a course of sermons directed against the faith of their race, and allowed the walls of their prison to be levelled. But as soon as the farce of priestly liberality was played out, the Jews were punished for the sins of the

Romans. The time had gone by for direct persecution, and so the privileges conceded to the Roman children of Israel were rendered nugatory by underhand obstructions. Within eleven years,—from 1842 to 1853,—the number of Jews in the Papal States fell from 12,700 to 9,237, a striking testimony to the beneficent rule of the pontiff-king. At the present day the Jews in Rome are prohibited from holding any civil, political, or military office; they can carry on no trade of public credit; they are not admitted to any employment on the public works provided for the relief of the poor; they can embrace no liberal profession except that of medicine, and only then on taking an oath that they will practise solely among their own people; they cannot claim relief from any of the numerous public charities which exist in the Eternal City; they cannot hold a foot of soil within the Papal dominions; they may not even rent a farm from Christians; except within the Ghetto, they cannot purchase a house, nor can they invest their money on mortgages of real estate within the walls of Rome. In civil cases their testimony is not admitted in court; and all legal acts to which they are witnesses are null and void in the eye of the law. Finally, in all domestic matters they are still subject to the jurisdiction of a branch of the holy Inquisition. On the other hand, they are subject, according to our author's statement, to various oppressive taxes.

"They are forced to pay to the surrounding parishes, as a compensation for the Christian population which might otherwise occupy the area of the Ghetto, the sum of 113 scudi annually. Being under the supervision of Catholic officials, they must also pay 205 scudi for presents to them at Christmas; and in August, 109 scudi are also exacted for apparatus and boxes for the use of the public deputations in the Carnival. A regular tax on industry and capital, now paid by 113 individuals, and varying in amount from 4 scudi to 150, is also required. 360 scudi are levied on them as salaries for the attorney, accountant, and tax-collector of the Hebrew university, who are required to be Christians and Catholics. They are taxed one *baicocco* on every pound of meat they buy. And, what is more preposterous than all, the secretary of the vicariat, who has special jurisdiction over the Jews, receives from them an obligatory stipend of 73 scudi, paid even now as compensation for the duty which formerly belonged to him of accompanying with carabinieri the Jews who were forced to listen to the preaching against their religion in St. Angelo di Pescheria."

The long list of cruelty which stands registered against the Papacy with respect to the Hebrew race, has found its fitting climax in the robbing of a child in arms from its mother. It is not in Rome alone that within our own days this oppression has been carried on. One of the latest acts of the Papal govern-

ment at Bologna, shortly before its overthrow, was to force the Jews in that city to return to their allotted quarters, and to prohibit under heavy penalties the employment of Christian servants in Hebrew households.

Let us turn to a gayer subject. The feature in which the *Roba di Roma* appears to excel the hundred other works, grave and gay, which have been written on this inexhaustible subject, is the knowledge displayed in it of the common Roman character. Possibly Mr. Story, born and bred as he was amidst an anxious, hard-working, serious race, like that of the New-England States, somewhat overvalues the keen physical enjoyment of life and the childlike good-humour which characterise the southern Italians. Life in that sunny climate comes easily, and the inhabitants take it as it comes. In the *Marble Faun*, Mr. Hawthorne gave, we think, the most perfect representation ever given of the ideal Italian. We do not mean that there ever was a human being like the soulless lover of Miriam, but we regard him as the incarnation of qualities which Italians possess above all other people. They are pleased with very little; and, what is more, they do not mind showing that they are pleased. The morbid speculation on an unseen future, and on abstract questions of right and wrong, which perplex our Anglo-Saxon minds, have hardly any hold on that Southern people. "Chi lo sa?" seems to them a satisfactory answer to all the metaphysical difficulties with which we trouble our hearts and brains. They are free, too, from that self-consciousness which is the curse of the English race on either side of the Atlantic. "Jests which would provoke a blow from an Anglo-Saxon, or wound and rankle in the memory for life, are taken by an Italian in good part."

But on this point we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Story's own summing-up of the Italian character, it seems to us so just and true:

"But I feel quite sure that these people are more easily pleased, contented with less, less morose and less envious of the ranks above them, than we are. They give little thought to the differences of caste, have little ambition to make fortunes, or rise out of their conditions, and are satisfied with the commonest fare, if they can get enough of it. The demon of dissatisfaction never harries them. When you speak to them, they answer with a smile, which is nowhere else to be found. . . . They live upon nature—sympathise with it and love it; are susceptible to the least touch of beauty; are ardent if not enduring in their affections; and, unless provoked and irritated, are very peaceful and amiable. . . . We, who are of the more active and busy nations, despise them for not having that irritated discontent which urges us forward to change our condition, and we think

our ambition better than our supineness. But there is good in both. We do more, they enjoy more."

Making allowance for the inevitable inaccuracy which attends all attempts at generalisation about men or races, we believe this character of the southern Italian to be a very true one, though applying rather to the Neapolitan than to the Roman. In the Roman proper there is a vein of our Northern seriousness. Whether it be due to some infusion of Norman blood, or to that dim recollection of Rome's ancient greatness which still tinges the dreams of every true-born member of the "populus Romanus," we cannot tell, but the fact is so. This view of the Italian character is often cited by the advocates of the Papal and Neapolitan governments, to prove that on the whole the people were happy under them; happier, at any rate, than the inhabitants of better-governed countries. Now, our answer to this plea is, that in the first place, even admitting its truth, we do not allow its force. Material sensuous enjoyment is not the highest stage of human existence. Even at the risk of some loss of pleasure, it is better that men should work and struggle than that they should pass their lives in careless ease and laziness. No doubt, as civilisation and political life and moral culture spread through the Peninsula, the Italians will lose—nay, are already losing—something of their animal joyousness of nature. The loss, to our minds, is more than compensated by the gain in moral elevation and dignity. But, even if this theory be disputed, it is impossible to assert truly, that either the Bourbons or the Vatican made their subjects happy. Neither of these régimes at all resembled that of the "Roi d'Yvetot." On the contrary, they persecuted their people with oppressions, which the intensity of their enjoyment of ease and comfort made them feel all the more bitterly. The inhabitants of Rome are subject to every kind of petty annoyance and vexation on the part of their rulers. Their daily life is interfered with; their privacy is invaded; their amusements are curtailed; their property is taxed; and their persons are molested at the pleasure of a priestly aristocracy. If the Romans have preserved any thing of their gaiety of heart, it is in spite of, not by virtue of, their government. "The moment," Mr. Story remarks, "the Italians are contented, they sing; and there is no clearer proof of their discontent under the oppressions of Rome than the comparative silence of the streets in these latter days of despotism and Antonelli, Goyon, and Company."

No small credit is due, we think, to the author of the *Roba di Roma* for the boldness with which he speaks out his mind. A resident in Rome, and with all his interests and pursuits connected with that pleasant city, he has run, we should think,

some risk of finding that his company is no longer acceptable to the government of the Vatican. English and American residents abroad under the government of a small power, have an immense temptation to keep on good terms with the authorities. It is pleasant to be on friendly relations with the great people in the country where you live, and to be able to apply to them for the small favours a foreigner requires, with the certainty of not being refused, as long as you ask any thing in reason; and, above all, it is gratifying to distinguish yourself from the ruck of your fellow-countrymen, and to be able to assume the tone and language of "one who knows the country," to which assumption great effect is given by any appearance of intimacy with the ruling powers. To these seductions Anglo-Saxon residents in Rome are peculiarly exposed. Those who speak well of the powers that be, are certain of receiving civilities, if they desire them, from the dignitaries of the Church. It is true that no coquetting with Cardinals or Monsignori will procure entrance for a stranger into high Roman society, as the Roman nobles entertain an especial aversion to the whole convert class, political as well as theological. But then, on the other hand, except under very rare circumstances, a foreigner never does make his way into such Roman society as there is; and therefore he must perforce content himself with the company of the clerical aristocracy, if he wishes to see any thing of the social world in Rome. The abbés, and padres, and cavalieri who swarm about the *salons* of the fashionable Anglo-Roman set, will, we doubt not, look coldly on Mr. Story after the publication of this book of his. Happily, not being a subject of the paternal government, he need fear no heavier penalty than ostracism from the good graces of the Papalini. It may perhaps seem inconsistent with the received impression as to the intolerance of the Papal Government, that a gentleman should be allowed to reside quietly in Rome who writes of its rulers as Mr. Story does. This inconsistency, however, is intelligible enough to any one who understands the real way in which foreign governments regard English criticism. If the author of *Roba di Roma* had been a Roman, he would be in exile or in prison for uttering one-hundredth part of the sentiments contained in this book; if he were a Frenchman, he would be banished from the Eternal City, and the whole energies of the censorship would be directed to prohibiting the entrance of his writings into Rome. But being an American writing in English, the Vatican will probably leave him alone, with no other penalty than the refusal to sell his book at Piale's or Monaldini's. The reasons of this tolerance are threefold. In the first place, all foreign governments have a well-founded apprehension of interfering with either an Englishman or an

American. Our Anglo-Saxon race resents injuries to an individual with a corporate energy, which no other race displays under like provocation; in the second place, the custom of the English and their American cousins is too valuable to Rome for the government rashly to take any step which might drive the "forestieri" to other winter residences; lastly, it matters very little to any body except ourselves what we say or write. We are very fond of boasting of the omnipotence of English opinion on the Continent. Now the truth is, that the moral example of England has immense weight throughout Europe; but our literature and language has very small influence on any Latin race. English is little known in Rome, or indeed in any part of Italy; and the tone of the English mind is in many respects unintelligible to the Italian. A *brochure* of About's has more influence throughout southern Europe than a work like Mr. Kinglake's. English newspapers and reviews might fulminate for and against the despôtisms of Rome and Naples without producing any tangible result, if other causes did not conspire to aid them. The liberty with which our writers are allowed to utter their opinions in Rome arises, not from any feeling of tolerance, but from a conviction that we shall do no great harm, after all.

Mr. Story describes his book as filled with *roba*, and containing, as he hopes, very little *robaccia*, which Mr. Millhouse defines to be "trash, trumpery, and stuff." That this hope is justified we need hardly say. We have to thank the *Roba di Roma* for recalling to us many pleasant days in that grand old city, which we know so well. Those to whom Rome is familiar will, we think, feel something of shame, that during their stay there they should have learnt so much less than the author of this book. The old story of "Eyes and No-eyes" will be recalled to them, we fear, somewhat forcibly. Those to whom Rome is a name only can read Mr. Story's work with the pleasing conviction, that when they have read it they will know more about the Papal city than nine Anglo-Romans out of ten. They will understand, too, something of the mysterious attraction which Rome possesses for the Northern stranger; they will sympathise with Goethe's lines:

"O wie fühl' ich in Rom mich so froh! gedenk ich der Zeiten
Da mich ein graulicher Tag hinten im Norden umfing,
Trübe der Himmel und schwer auf meine Scheitel sich senkte,
Farb- und gestaltlos die Welt um den Ermatteten lag,
Und ich über mein Ich, des unbefriedigten Geistes,
Düstre Wege zu spähn, still in Betrachtung versank,
Nun unleuchtet der Glanz des hellen Aether's die Sterne,
Phöbus rufet, der Gott, Formen und Farben hervor,
Sternhell glänzet die Nacht, sie klingt von weichen Gesängen,
Und mir leuchtet der Mond heller als nordischer Tag."

ART. VIII.—LADY MORGAN.

Lady Morgan's Memoirs; Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence. Allen and Co. 1862.

AN anxiety as frivolous as that which troubled the last moments of the expiring Narcissa was the natural characteristic of one who, like Lady Morgan, had long been accustomed to the excitements of publicity, and had been fondled and flattered into an inordinate love of praise. "One would not, sure, look ugly when one's dead," is the sentiment in which, probably, all the favourites of Fortune more or less participate; and Lady Morgan, longing for posthumous celebrity, but provident rather for her intellectual than her physical attractions, attested her sensitiveness on the subject by a skilful arrangement of her "Remains," and by intrusting herself to the care of a "literary executor," upon whom she could depend for being "laid out" to the best possible advantage. If the repose of the departed depends upon the fidelity with which their wishes are fulfilled, Lady Morgan's ghost may be considered as set to rest for ever. Mr. Hepworth Dixon and the lady who shared his labours have succeeded in producing a biography, sufficiently piquant and picturesque to bring its subject once more vividly before the public eye, and to arouse critical animosities strangely disproportionate to the importance of the questions involved, or of the person against whom they were directed. Half a century ago the *Quarterly Review*, in no chivalrous temper, sounded the shrill blast of onslaught, and headed the attack upon the authoress of *France*, as the very type of all that was worthless in a writer and infamous in a woman. There is something half-ludicrous, half-melancholy in the perusal, at this distance of time, of the elaborate invective which Mr. Gifford, or some other iracund gentleman, thought it worth his while to direct against a moderately successful novelist. Authors who are disposed to murmur at the critical severity of our age, and to imagine that their lot has been cast in especially unsparing times, would do well to consult the magazines which our fathers wrote and read, and to compare "the deep damnation" of the "Revilers" of those days with the languid politeness or good-natured reticence of our own less intrepid generation. An indignant aspirant to literary fame, who appears to have suffered in the *Athenæum's* honest embrace, has lately been at the pains of collecting all the most vigorous expressions of contempt and dislike which could be culled from the pages of that periodical. The list is confessedly an imposing one; but there is nothing in the whole, we will

undertake to say, so virulent as the abuse which the *Quarterly Review* poured out successively upon each of Lady Morgan's works. Nothing is too great or too absolutely insignificant for the writer's spitefulness to criticise: all is grist that comes to his mill, and the mill grinds every thing alike into the strongest gunpowder. That Lady Morgan is an atheist, that her French is inaccurate, that her history is careless, that she drives bargains with her publisher, that she loves fine ladies and grand entertainments; that her father was an actor, and that she herself has been behind the scenes; that she quotes wicked French books, which she can, fortunately for herself, only half understand; that, in fact, she is vulgar, wicked, pretentious, ignorant, tuft-hunting, obscene, and, worst of all, Jacobinical,—such are the agreeable accusations which her assailant, in a paroxysm of hatred, pours, in ornamental confusion, upon her; and in the face of which her stories had to make their way to the really satisfactory success which they ultimately achieved. In our day a gentle echo of this obsolete abuse had sounded from more than one illustrious quarter; and a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, provoked apparently by the self-satisfied and complacent tone of the *Memoirs*, has devoted a great deal of superfluous diligence to the task of proving that a poor little old woman, whose vanity, pettiness, and ignorance could not have escaped the most careless observer, was neither so wise, so young, nor so attractive, as she wished mankind to believe. All this appears to us merely "Hate's labour lost," and there is a certain want of humour in imagining that such transparent and self-evident propositions either run any risk of refutation, or need to be confirmed by additional testimony. Lady Morgan was undoubtedly a great deal of what her enemies assert: her French, Latin, and Italian are curiously incorrect and needlessly obtrusive. Her passion for great people, her greediness for popularity, her relish of the very coarsest flattery, her triumphant satisfaction in "getting on,"—all are beyond the possibility of contradiction, because she artlessly depicts them for us herself, and never for a moment asks us to take her for any thing but what she is, a shrewd, eager, rather clever woman, upon whom fortune imposed the vulgar necessity of making her bread, and whose high spirits, resolute ambition, and imperviousness to petty slights, enabled her to succeed astonishingly well in a society whose pale she over-stepped, whose prejudices she shocked, and whose jealousy she ran every risk of exciting.

The fact is, that all but the most complete characters must, unless they are to annoy and disappoint us, be taken from the proper point of view, and estimated at the worth which, by

their own professions, they implicitly set upon themselves. Lady Morgan, tried by the highest standard, is full of grievous shortcomings: her mind wanted seriousness, dignity, pathos; she was the slave of a second-rate order of success, and toiled ardently for triumphs, which persons of a better moral calibre might scarcely reckon worth their acceptance. Her taste was bad; she played at being "a wild Irish girl" long after the character had become unsuited to her years or appearance, and no doubt provoked the more sensitive of her acquaintance by ill-disguised affectation of feelings, habits, and tastes which never to the end sat naturally upon her. But all this seems scarcely worth the thunder which has been expended upon it; virtuous indignation is too valuable a commodity to be wasted upon the venial offences of a rather feeble woman, who worked very hard for rather small objects, and who never regarded herself in any other light than that of a fortunate campaigner. She was vulgar, no doubt, because the society of jovial actors, unemployed artists, crazy poetasters, broken-down managers, and miscellaneous social oddities, among whom her childhood and youth were passed, was not the best school of thoughtfulness and refinement; she used doubtful French and execrable Latin, because she had an idea, at that time much less false than at present, that fine ladies and gentlemen were in the habit of neglecting their own for foreign languages, and that in bringing them upon her stage, she was bound to do her best for them in the way of fashionable conversation. She counted her rejected admirers with a somewhat indelicate ostentation, just as she chronicles the compliments of dukes and the tea-parties of princesses, because they formed part of the grand total of success, the achievement of which was not only a pleasure but a necessity. Finally, she stickled for a good price for her works because the financial aspect of literature was the one which concerned her most nearly; and if her avidity is sometimes a little unfeminine and ungenerous, it is to be remembered that she had to deal with a publisher conspicuous for his acquaintance with all the vulgarest tricks of the trade, and capable, as the event proved, of descending in a moment of irritation to the very lowest and meanest form of revenge. Such as she was, Lady Morgan may well be left in possession of her hardly-earned niche among the inferior deities of English literature; nor will the tedious malignity of those who have carried the warfare beyond the limits of the grave induce us to forget that she won and retained the affection of a sensible and virtuous man, and that on most of the great political questions touched upon in her writings, she was as clearly in the right, as time has proved the *Quarterly* and her other antago-

nists to have been in the wrong. Many faults of taste may surely be forgiven to the writer who, in an age of fashionable intolerance, maintained, against an imposing array of Tory authorities, that the Bourbon dynasty was not the darling of the French nation, and that Irish Catholics had good reason for complaint against the tender mercies of Protestant ascendancy.

Lady Morgan has been accused, among other delinquencies, of introducing into actual narration the imaginary element, with which, as a novelist, she was of course most accustomed to deal; and it is probable that the charge is less groundless than some of those which have been brought against her. The first part of her biography, at any rate, which she herself prepared, is characterised by a marked straining after effect, and by a preference of picturesque considerations to the claims of literal accuracy. Few writers of fiction have, when translated to the domain of history, been able to resist the temptation to effective rather than accurate writing; and in our days there has been at least one notorious example of a writer, of whose good faith no suspicion was entertained, being betrayed by the mere habit of professional inventiveness into a gross and culpable inaccuracy, deeply affecting the character of living persons. Such cases may warn us to take an indulgent view of the "scenic" character of a novelist's autobiography, and to accept Lady Morgan's declared hostility to dates as a warning that the picture which she is drawing of herself is valuable rather for its artistic interest than for the minute exactness of its delineations.

The curtain rises upon a scene of Christmas joviality, in the midst of which the entertainer, Robert Owenson, is suddenly called away, and returns presently with the news of "the birth of a dear little Irish girl,—the very thing I have always wished for;" an announcement which was hailed with half-suppressed cheers, festive toasts, and a resolution on the part of the guests to reassemble that day month for the young lady's christening feast. On the day appointed a motley crew of tragedians, Dominican friars, Huntingdonian missionaries, dramatic critics, wits, barristers, improvisatori, good fellows all, assembled for the ceremony. Sydney Owenson, the heroine of the occasion, was brought in for the admiration of the guests, and her health drunk and her success foretold in the classical toast of "*Foghau foh!*" *i. e.* "Wait awhile."

In the next scene we have a queer, decrepit, "leathern convenience," the Portarlington post-coach, tottering crazily up Fishamble Street, through the oldest quarter of "the ancient ould city of Dublin." This imposing vehicle carries the destinies of the Owenson family; for Sydney, her mother, and her

sister, together with a couple of maids, are stowed away in the interior. Presently they come to a halt before a ponderous gate, and a gaunt figure, armed with a lantern, appears to do the honours of the occasion. "Och, you're welcome, marram, to the great music-hall! and ten thousand welcomes to the childre. I am Pat Brennan, plaise yer honour, the man about the place from the beginning of time and before. Shure here's the masther; long life to him!" "The masther" forthwith endeavours to liberate his family, and nearly shakes the carriage to pieces in his vain endeavours to open the door: the maids scream, and the proprietor comes to the rescue with the consolatory explanation, "Don't be affeard, Mrs. Owenson; it's only this divil of a door that takes the staggers sometimes." Then Mr. Owenson leads the way to the scene, as he fondly hoped, of his future theatrical success. Over quivering planks, through mountains of sawdust and chips, over yawning pits, amid the dimly-described forms of busy workmen, the party pick their way "through the cavernous entrance before them into a vast space, with an atmosphere of dust and smoke; while every species of noise and clatter and sounds uncouth, the fall of hammers, the grinding of saws, the screwing of wheels, 'the crash of matter and the fall of worlds,' reverberate on every side." Gradually they make out the shadowy outline of the destined theatre, and find a welcome fire blazing in what is hereafter to be the green-room of the establishment. "My dear Jenny," says the proud master of the house, "in this room Handel gave his first concert, when the stupid English had not the taste to encourage him in London." "Papa," asks Sydney, her mind fairly engrossed by the hammering and sawing around her, "was Handel a carpenter?" "Sydney," replies her mother, "don't talk, but mind where you tread. There! you have nearly fallen into a paint-pot, and spoilt your beautiful new cardinal." Out of this room opens a mysterious door, from which Owenson turns away: "That's the 'Death Chamber,' marram," suggests the garrulous Pat Brennan, eager to show the place off to the fullest advantage, "where the flure gave way while Napper Tandy was making his grand speech; and hundreds and thousands, aye more, of the citizens of Dublin were murdered and killed." The lady's shudder at the tragedy is scarcely over, when her nerves are again tried by an enormous cat, which springs across her path. "That," says the officious Pat, "is one of the wild cats the place is full of, *with stings in their tails!* Aye, but indeed, marram, and it's throe: but only for them we could not live with the *rots.*" Pat's inconvenient communicativeness is speedily checked by his employer; and the tired travellers in course of time are

duly fed and got to bed. The truth of part of his description, however, is attested by one of the maids waking up the other in the night with screams of, "Are ye awake, Mrs. Molly? the *rots* are dragging the bed from under me!"

It was in this strange half-dismantled tenement that Mr. Owenson attempted the most important of a series of theatrical adventures. For a while all promised well, and a course of patriotic dramas attracted a numerous and enthusiastic audience. Money, however, came but slowly in, and a patent granted by the Government to another manager induced Mr. Owenson to accept a compromise for the loss sustained, and to embark in a commercial speculation as a wine-merchant. The theatre was accordingly cleared of its "properties," and the Muse of tragedy beat an indignant retreat before gas-lights, stoves, clerks' desks, and a great many hogsheads of excellent claret; a change which Mrs. Owenson, a gentle Puritan, and so averse to dramatic entertainments, seems heartily to have approved. "Her greatest anxiety," says Lady Morgan, "was for the education of her little girls, and her next for the salvation of mankind, through the influence of the Countess of Huntingdon." The two little maidens speedily showed symptoms of precocious ability, and of a resolute disinclination to conform to the fashionable curriculum of decorous childhood. Mrs. Owenson tried in vain to fan the flame of Sydney's diligence by the tradition of a model child who had read the Bible twice through before she was five years old, and knitted all the stockings worn by the coachman. Both Sydney and Olivia took but slowly to their books, and found a far more congenial employment in mimicking every person who came near them, from the hairdresser who attended their father to the tribe of little chimney-sweeps who lived on the other side of the street. Before long Sydney became capable of appreciating the picturesque irregularity of the life which her parents led. Her father, himself the child of a runaway couple, had been brought to London by a rich connoisseur, on account of his rare musical promise, had run through a series of adventures, had acted and sung on the stage with considerable *éclat*, and had succeeded in persuading the daughter of a very serious family to elope with him. He was not, however, cured by matrimony of his theatrical aspirations and other worldly tendencies, upon which his bride fondly hoped that he had turned his back for ever; and the guests who found their way to his table, and the rude merriment which frequently prevailed at it, were alike surprising and distasteful to the orderly, grave, and well-educated young Englishwoman. The transient sunshine of Mr. Owenson's prosperity warmed a brood

of Irish cousins into inconvenient activity. "Poor kinsmen from Connaught" came to petition for bed and board while they urged their imaginary claims upon some under-secretary's under-secretary within the sacred precincts of the Castle. Now it was a half-starved Jesuit priest, to whom Mr. Owenson had not the heart to refuse a refuge; now a Huntingdonian emissary, whose orthodoxy earned him many a good repast; now a clever reckless boy-poet, who had ever and anon to be started afresh upon some new scheme of fortune-hunting. Upon one occasion a parson drives up, with a green bag under his arm, and plunges forthwith into a violent altercation with his post-boy, who runs after him holding a sixpence contemptuously between his finger and thumb:

"Is it with a tester you put me off? And I come from Stoney Batter wid ye, and that is worth the bould thirteen any day of the year; and you a parson, reverend sir!" The new arrival, however, is obdurate, produces his pipes from the green bag, and, Orpheus-like, proceeds to charm his attendant into admiring acquiescence. Presently a crowd collects, Mrs. Owenson in horror summons him inside the house, and there learns that he has been dismissed from his cure for piping his congregation ("just my own clerk and Mrs. Mulligan and her daughter, relapsed Protestants") out of church on Sunday morning; and that his present destination is to teach Mr. Owenson to perform on the pipes for a mythological drama, one of the chief features of which is a musical contest between Midas and Pan.

Out of so many clergymen, it was but natural that controversy should arise. Religious polemics frequently raged high, and Mrs. Owenson presided, as a sort of feminine Pope, over the discussions of her guests. Before long, however, Lady Huntingdon's representative earned a summary dismissal. He was one of that comfortable tribe whose consciences lie near their stomachs, and who prefer,

"no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without."

"One day, to my father's infinite disgust, the reverend gourmand drew from his pocket a bottle of some very fine sauce, which, after pouring a little over his turbot, he recorked and consigned again to his side-pocket. My father took no notice at the time, but when he was gone, he said to my mother, 'Jenny, my dear, I'll be d—d if that canting cousin of yours ever puts his feet under my mahogany again.' And he never did."

The clerical element, however, was often relieved by guests of a very different, and, to Mrs. Owenson's taste, of a far less

congenial description. Giordani, the composer of cavatinas, arrived in Ireland to superintend an opera, and was constantly at a house where he could rely upon a hearty welcome and a good pianoforte. Dr. Fisher, the great violinist, on his return from the court of Frederick the Great, took Dublin in the course of a musical tour, and hailed Mr. Owenson with the familiarity of an old friend.

"A foreign valet in showy livery, bearing a magnificent violin-case in crimson and gold, which he deposited in the middle of the room, was followed by the entrance of the great professor, who stepped in on tip-toe, dressed in a brown silk camlet coat lined with scarlet silk, illustrated with brilliant buttons, and a powdered and perfumed *toupée*, so elevated as to divide his little person almost in two. His nether dress was fastened at the knees with diamond buttons, and the atmosphere of the room was filled with perfume from his person. He kissed my father on either cheek, and my mother's hand with such fervour, that she was left in doubt whether the gallantry were profane or indecent."

While Sydney and her sister were still children this amusing circle was broken up by Mrs. Owenson's death. The house was let, and the two little girls were sent to a famous Huguenot school, kept by Madame Terson, at Clontarf, near Dublin, at this time the resort of many of the best Irish families. Here every thing was conducted with a severe and classical good breeding; French was the habitual language; and Madame Terson, "tall, dark, and more conciliatory in her speech than her looks," endeavoured, so far as the difference of religion allowed, to assimilate her rules to the discipline of St. Cyr. Here the Owensons remained, very happy and moderately industrious, till Madame Terson's failing health broke up the school, and they were transferred to Dublin to complete their education. Meanwhile their father was gradually sinking into embarrassment. Fortune did not smile upon his theatrical undertakings, and before long the condition of his affairs made it expedient for him to leave the scene of his misfortunes, and retire to the south. Hereupon Sydney became his correspondent, and her letters are excellently graphic, tender, and humorous, and, to our taste, among the most agreeable of her writings. Here is a description of the annoyances and humiliations to which their straitened circumstances reduced them. The landlady, it appears, had given a polite warning; the music-seller had come to claim his pianoforte; Molly, the loyal maid-servant, had flown to arms on behalf of her young mistresses.

"Well, when all was quiet, we all sat down and had a good cry, and in the midst of all this, Monsieur Fontaine drove up in his new

carriage, going to the Castle, where he has been appointed master of the ceremonies; well, poor darling old gentleman, I thought he was going to cry with us (for we told him every thing), instead of which, however, he threw up the window and cried out, '*Montez donc, Martin mon fils, avec votre petit violon !*' and up comes Martin, more ugly and absurd than ever, with his little 'kit;' and what does dear old Fontaine do, but put us in a circle that we might dance a *chassez à la ronde*, saying, '*Egayez-vous, mes enfans, il n'y a que ça ;*' and only think, there we were; the next moment we were all of us—Molly, Martin, and Monsieur included—dancing away to the tune, 'What a beau your granny is' (the only one that Martin can play), and we were all laughing ready to die, until Livy gave Molly, who was in the way, a kick behind: she fell upon Martin, who fell upon his father, who fell upon me—and there we were, all sprawling like a pack of cards, and laughing; and then, dear papa, Fontaine sent off Martin in the carriage to the confectioner's in Grafton Street, for some ices and biscuits, so that we had quite a feast, and no time to think or be sorrowful. Well, *pour comble*, M. Fontaine, before he went away, showed us a card of invitation from the Countess O'Haggerty for that evening, '*pour M. Fontaine et ses amis*,' music and recitation by M. Tessier; and he had really come to say he would take Bessie and ourselves there, but that our crying had put it out of his head, and that they would come for us at eight o'clock, and that we must put on our best *toilette*. So Molly shook out our school dancing dresses, which, as you know we did not take them with us to Kilkenny, looked quite fresh when they were ironed; and then, dear papa, away we went at eight o'clock, sure enough, to Stephen's Green."

Sydney, however, was spirited, industrious, and instinctively conscious of power. She soon saw that money was to be had for working, succeeded in overcoming her father's pride, and, after one or two vain essays, in providing herself with a situation as a governess in the family of the Featherstones, of Brackin Castle. Upon this new stage she made her first appearance in altogether unprecedented guise. Her friends in Dublin resolved that she should have a cheerful departure, and the benevolent M. Fontaine got up a "*petit bal d'adieu*" in her honour. Sydney arrayed herself in a muslin frock and pink silk stockings and shoes; and as the mail started from the end of the street, the faithful Molly was intrusted with a change of raiment, so as to avoid the loss of precious moments. Time flew unheeded by, and suddenly, while Sydney was "dancing down 'Money in both pockets' with a very nice young man," is heard the twang of the guard's horn outside; the festivities are abruptly closed, and Sydney, wrapped up in Molly's long cloak, is scuffled, pink shoes and all, into the interior of the coach. On the road she contrives to lose her luggage, and so has to greet her employers in the costume

of the night before. The castle was a fine one: a party of ladies, muffled up in carriage-dresses, stood round the fire, the children tittered, and the master of the house glared in angry surprise at so unwonted an apparition. Presently all was explained, and Sydney's Irish songs and jig-dancing speedily established her in the affections of her future pupils. Here every thing went well, and every body except Mr. Owenson was well content; he, however, could ill brook his daughter's dependent position, and she herself had other schemes of greatness in view. Her first story, *St. Clair*, was already complete, and she resolved to put her fortune to the test, and lose or gain all by an attempt at publication. Slipping by stealth out of her employer's house in Dublin, she carried her precious Ms. in fear and trembling to one of the dispensers of literary fame, and heard nothing more of it till, months afterward, she happened to take up a novel lying on a friend's table, and was agreeably astonished to find it her own. An enterprising translator afterwards republished it in German, with the piquant addition that the authoress "had strangled herself with an embroidered cambric handkerchief in a fit of despair and disappointed love."

No young lady was ever in less danger of so tragical an end; Sydney was not unversed in the arts of fascination, and records, with a somewhat unpleasing serenity, the sufferings which several of her admirers underwent on her behalf; but no feeling beyond a feminine vanity had as yet been touched, and a bundle of sentimental effusions, touching "the very privatest of men's affairs," were stowed away by their business-like proprietress, and labelled with the prosaic endorsement, "Youth, Love, and Folly, from the meridian of sweet fifteen to the freezing-point of matrimony." One of her adorers was turned to practical account in copying out the illegible manuscript of a new novel, *The Novice of St. Dominic*, and with this Miss Owenson set off for London, put it into the hands of Sir R. Phillips, who undertook the publication of the book on condition of its being cut down from six volumes to four. Sydney returned in triumph to her father, now residing in Londonderry, busied herself with the composition of another tale, *The Wild Irish Girl*, and appears to have frightened the more decorous of her acquaintance by a too ready acceptance of the homage which a number of male enthusiasts were already eager to pay her. Phillips was full of compliments and anxious for the forthcoming story; and Sydney, with creditable shrewdness, resolved to make the most of his admiration. "Dear, bewitching, and deluding siren," he writes, "not able to part with you, I have promised your noble and magnanimous friend the three hundred pounds: his appeal was irresistible,

and the Wild Irish Girl is mine to do with her as I please." Grounded partly on the wrongs of her country, partly on a flirtation of her own, in the course of which a son and father were rivals in her affections—this story achieved considerable popularity; and "Glorvina," the name of the heroine, became the sobriquet by which Miss Owenson was known among her friends. She was now in a position which made her a welcome guest at her relatives' houses: her mother's family were delighted to fête her in England; while Sir Maltby Crofton, with whom, on the paternal side, she was connected, invited her to his residence, and gave her an insight into that rude, jovial, half-civilised hospitality, which had not at this time completely died out from the more old-fashioned of Irish country houses. The incongruities of style and behaviour, the contrasts of splendour and meanness, the footmen with gaudy liveries and bare feet, the mincing pronunciation with which provincial beauties tried to conceal the brogue, the rigid maintenance of rural etiquette and family precedence,—all seemed delightfully humorous to Sydney's observant eye, and were worked up at a later period of her life, in *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties*, into one of the most amusing sketches which ever proceeded from her pen. The dead uniformity of modern civilisation is the common complaint of all who wish to make it the subject of artistic treatment; and a spirited novelist would naturally pounce with alacrity upon such a mine of wealth as the comical eccentricities of the "ladies of Bog Moy," and the honours of the "Jug Day." Genuine provincialism is always worth preservation in an age whose centralising tendencies are rapidly sweeping away all the local characteristics which give society its picturesque effect; and the Miss MacTaafs and their guests have far too much racy individuality to be allowed to perish with the herd of monotonous commonplaces. The arrival of a cask of claret from a "cousin in Bordeaux" is the signal for the county magnates to assemble, and for the representatives of the chiefships of Connemara and Tar Connaught to leave their mountain-nooks, and descend in full family dignity upon the scene of action. The Miss MacTaafs, conscious of the duties and the rights of hospitality, sail about with their hands in the depths of their capacious pockets, and levy the traditional contributions upon their neighbours and tenants—tributary poultry and fish; "trout from Lough Corrib, butcher's meat from St. Grellan, whisky from every still in the barony, fine linen from the recesses of many an ancient chest, and mould-candles prepared expressly for the occasion by Grannie-my-Joyce." As the time draws on, pipers and harpers and nondescript itinerants swarm up the paths and crowd upon the lawn; guests arrive

as tide and road permit, some sailing across the creek of Bog Moy, some on saddle or pillion, some in low-backed cars, upon which, for state and comfort, a feather-bed and counterpane have been arranged. The fallen roof of "the 'ould with-drawing-room" has not been restored; the floor of the new one, not yet laid down, is occupied by the green-crowned cask, in honour of which the feast is given, and the arriving company is received in "the best bedrome" of the establishment. "Weary on the smoke!" exclaims Miss MacTaaf, as each new puff from the rarely-used chimney involves herself and her visitors in a murkier cloud, and clans of distant cousins as they flock in are almost lost to view. Good spirits, however, prevail; conversation waxes loud and cheerful; the ladies divest themselves of their rough capotes and petticoats, and blaze forth in French silks and Brussels lace; the raciest brogue is issuing from a hundred rosy lips, when the *maitre d'hôtel* announces that "dinner is dished," and desires the first gentleman to "lade out Lady O'Flaherty of Limon Field, who, I believe, now the Moycullens are not to the fore, is the greatest lady in the county." Then the feast begins. Miss MacTaaf salutes her friends with, "Much good may it do ye all!" jorums of punch steam on the capacious hearth; through an open door the cask of claret is artistically disclosed; and the hostess keeps the festivity in due course with such expostulations as, "Jeames, is it on the Persia carpet ye lave them dishes? what are the cheers for, man?" or such requests as, "Might we take the liberty of throubling you, Meejor, for a song; maybe you'd favour us with 'Molly Astore'?" At last the cloth is removed, "Jeames" announces that "the tay is wet, and the griddle-cake and sally-lunn buttered and sarved:" Miss MacTaaf gives "the King," and retires with the guests; and the gentlemen, after despatching the punch, find their way at midnight to the ball upstairs. Then follow jigs and country dances, for those whose brains and legs permit it; Miss MacTaaf warms into a minuet. A supper, plentiful and boisterous as the dinner, succeeds; and at last the morning sun rises on the ruins of the claret-cask, and the departing guests celebrating its last honours in "a raking pot of tay."

Neither festivity, however, nor compliments sufficed to turn Miss Owenson from the serious business of her life, and her father's embarrassments afforded her increasing anxiety. His home was broken up; and her sister Olivia was fortunate enough to find first a comfortable place as governess, and next an excellent husband in Dr. Clarke, a rising physician, and at this time a Dublin celebrity. Sydney, of less equable temperament and loftier aspirations, busied herself with the manufac-

ture of a new story, with the splendid festivities of Kilkenny Castle, with cementing the friendship of several noble personages, and by conducting to a disastrous close a somewhat hazardous flirtation with a gentleman, whom herself afterwards docketed as "Sir Charles Montague Ormsby, Bart., one of the most brilliant wits, determined *roués*, agreeable persons, and ugliest men of his day." Her new book, *Ida of Athens*, bore signs of the hurry, excitement, and dissipation amid which it had been composed; and Lady Charleville, now one of the authoress's fast friends, upbraided alike the questionable delicacy of some passages, and the verbal incorrectness which deformed the whole. Sydney, however, had a more magnificent prize in view than any which had hitherto fallen within the scope of her ambition. Lord Abercorn, the finest gentleman of his own and perhaps any other day, had been pleased with her stories, approved of her appearance, and proposed that she should come to Baron's Court, and make herself generally useful to the marchioness and himself. The offer had its temptations, for the establishment was one of more than princely splendour. His lordship carried all the caprices of wealth and the pride of birth to a point at which magnificence was almost merged in absurdity. He regarded the mass of mankind with contemptuous indifference; and the arrangements of his household implied the conviction that marquises are something very different from the clay out of which ordinary mortals are moulded. "The groom of the chambers had orders to fumigate the rooms he occupied after liveried-servants had been in them; and the chamber-maids were not allowed to touch his bed except with white kid-gloves. He himself always dressed *en grande tenue*, and never sat down at table except in his blue ribbon with the Star and Garter." He had been a bold and somewhat unfortunate lover, and was at this time living, upon terms of somewhat unconjugal politeness, with his third wife. Lady Abercorn was as fanciful, capricious, and self-centred as the partner of such a man had a right to be; and Sydney might well hesitate before she exchanged the enjoyable independence of her Dublin life for the splendid slavery, probable neglect, and certain humiliations, which such a position seemed necessarily to involve. Her employers, however, seem to have done their utmost to lighten the self-imposed yoke; and though the splendour of all around her dwarfed her own career into painful insignificance, and though there were vexations to be put up with, and dulness to be endured with a smiling face, Miss Owen son appears upon the whole to have enjoyed the novelty of her position and the prodigal splendour of her patrons. Here, among other notable persons, she met the future Lady Melbourne,

and seems to have received from that unhappy sentimentalist a great many curious confidences as to her character, her temptations, and her wrongs. A more important friendship was that of Dr. Morgan, family physician to the Abercorns, a man of very versatile powers, considerable professional reputation, and the courageous champion of liberal opinions too advanced to be at all fashionable. On the first occasion of their meeting, Miss Owenson was suddenly announced, and the doctor, in a fit of modesty, jumped out of a window to escape her; a very few interviews, however, sufficed to let bashfulness give way to admiration, and Sydney was soon called upon to decide whether the solid merits of her new admirer, and the advantages which would attend such an alliance, were to be set against the somewhat uncongenial sobriety of his character, and the necessary abandonment of other more brilliant flirtations. She found it easier to admire than to love. "Even in this circle," she writes, "where all is acquirement and accomplishment, it is confessed that his versatility of talent is unrivalled. There is scarcely any art or science which he has not cultivated with success, and the resources of his mind and memory are exhaustless. His manners are too English to be popular with the Irish; and though he is reckoned a handsome man, it is not the style of thing I should select, it is too indicative of goodness; a little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him." Such qualified admiration promised a stormy courtship, and a chapter in the Biography, entitled "the Cup and the Lip," gives a graphic account, by no means very creditable to Miss Owenson's good sense or right feeling, of the troubled waters through which the ill-sorted lovers arrived at last in the safe haven of matrimony. Sydney, anxious to remain as long as possible in possession of her liberty, postponed the moment of Dr. Morgan's bliss by a visit to her father in Dublin; and as Lady Abercorn refused to part with her physician, we have an amusing cross-fire of amatory epistles, the gentleman complaining of levity, heartlessness, and indiscretion, the lady apologising for her delay on the ground of filial devotedness. "Do not," he writes, "think me cruel in reminding you that you have lost one husband by flirting, and that that makes me feel it is just possible you may drive another mad. I cannot, I will not, give you to the amusements of Dublin. . . . Cultivate the latent feelings of the heart; learn to distrust the imagination, and to despise and quit the world before the world leaves you. How, dearest, will you otherwise bear the hour when, no longer young, lovely, and *agaçante*, you will see the great ones lay aside their plaything and forget their companion, who can no longer give them pleasure? Fly, then, to me betimes."

Glorvina, meanwhile, in the midst of a round of Dublin gaieties, was quite unmoved, and had no thoughts of a speedy return. "I don't send you a kiss to-day," she writes; "I am tired of the diurnal act. . . . Indeed, you have behaved *very ill* of late, and talked like a fool very often; but I forgive; lay by your nervousness, and get some common sense." The doctor, however, gets more and more frightened lest his prize should escape him. He dates his letters, "Du Chemin de Cerbère à la Porte d'Enfer," and runs over the whole gamut of conjugal expostulations, in hopes of winning back the stray bird from her flight. "I shall write but a short letter to-day," he says, "and that is the better for you, dear, as I am thoroughly displeased at your cold, calculating, most truly unamiable epistle." Here he is in a more cheerful mood: "You are a pretty pair of Paddies, you and your sister. Only see how you enclosed your letter for me to Lord Abercorn, without seal or direction. Judge of my consternation when Lord A. gave it me at breakfast, premising that he had read three sides of it under the supposition it was for him, till he came quite at the end to 'my dear Morgan,' which rather surprised him. In good truth, the letter is so much like the General Epistle of St. Jude, that it would do for any church. Well, the gods take care of Cato." Sydney defends herself with spirit, urges her father's illness, her "urgent private affairs," and a great many equally good and equally unsatisfactory excuses for her prolonged absenteeism. "I am not half such a little rascal as you suppose; the best feelings only have detained me from you; and feelings better than the best will bring me back. . . . Now, *coûte qui coûte*, no more dolorous letters; *à quoi bon?*—if I were not to marry you, it would be because I loved you too well to involve you in difficulties and distress. If I do marry you (and, like Solus, 'I'm pretty sure I shall be married'), I will make you the dearest, best, and funniest little wife in the world." Weeks passed away; the amœbæan strain rose and fell, now querulously intense, now gently expostulative, now forgivingly tender; and at last, Sydney had stretched her wings long enough, and began to think of a descent to earth. Early in 1812 she made her way back to the Priory, and found her present employers and her future lord equally iracund at her behaviour; she found an empty carriage awaiting her, the marquis stately, the marchioness stiff, and Dr. Morgan alone open to conviction as to the reasonableness of her delay. Fear was rapidly extinguishing the feeble spark of love, and the destined bride was meditating a second flight, when Lady Abercorn very sensibly brought the matter to a close. "Glorvina," she said, coming suddenly into the room where Miss

Owenson was sitting in a morning wrapper by the fire, "come up stairs directly, and be married; there must be no more trifling!" Upstairs the chaplain and the bridegroom were in readiness, and Dr. (now Sir Charles) Morgan was enabled in a few minutes to believe himself a completely happy man.

It was not likely that a marriage thus preluded should be without its occasional difficulties, or that the process of mutual assimilation, always more or less necessary, should be either easy, speedy, or tranquil. A quiet, thoughtful, and feeling man who stakes his happiness upon the caprices of a giddy authoress deserves success for his courage; and the Morgans' sky, though sometimes overcast, was upon the whole a bright one. Lady Abercorn busied herself in arrangements for the bride and bridegroom's comfort: a suite of rooms was fitted up, and well-stored with books, music, &c., for their residence, and a large amount of independence accorded to them. "Here, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' we live all day, and do not join the family till dinner-time; and as *chacun à son goût* is the order here, when we are weary of argand lamps and a gallery a hundred feet long, in the evening, we retire to our own snuggerly, where, very often, some of the others come to drink coffee with us. As to me, I am *every inch a wife*, and so ends that brilliant thing that was Glorvina."

Not all the kindness of their patrons, however, could relieve the growing irksomeness of their position: "We are dying to be in our own shabby little house, and are tired of solitary splendour and the eternal representation of high life." After some hesitation, Sir Charles resolved upon practising in Dublin, and a little abode was accordingly provided in Kildare Street. Here Sir Charles devoted himself to a treatise on physiology, and his wife to a new Irish novel, *The O'Donnel*, a useful repository of local peculiarities, but scarcely well-enough written or dramatically conceived to commend it to the attention of readers not specially interested in the curious phases of society which it professes to delineate. In 1816 the Morgans joined in the general rush of English to the Continent; and Sydney had an opportunity of indulging her propensities as lion-hunter to the full. In particular, she made acquaintance with Lafayette and Madame de Genlis, now living in semi-religious retirement, and the object, of course, of unbounded curiosity to the adventurous "Glorvina."

The two ladies, however, do not appear to have passed the barriers of ceremonious politeness; but with Madame Patterson Bonaparte, the discarded wife of Napoleon's youngest brother, Lady Morgan became thoroughly intimate, and received from her a number of amusing letters, of gossip, complaint, Paris

fashions, English scandal, and genuinely American adulation "The most agreeable thing you could do for your friends," says this eulogistic lady, "would be to return as quickly as possible. The French admire you more than any one who has appeared since the battle of Waterloo in the form of an English woman.

. . . Every one talks of the work you are to publish, and great expectations are formed from it." Amid such agreeable encouragements Lady Morgan completed her preparation for another public appearance; and in the summer of 1817 Mr. Colburn announced to her that her *France* was launched into the book-market with all due splendour of advertising puff. Paris had been so long a closed world, and Lady Morgan had invaded such remote and contrasting sections of Parisian society, that all classes alike were interested in hearing her descriptions, and in finding therein topics either for assent, deprecation, or inventive. It was now that the *Quarterly* launched its fiercest thunders at a writer whose sympathies were hostile to its own; who could profanely question the popularity of the restored régime, and who was vulgar enough to form literary engagements by the month! Lady Morgan bore up courageously against an attack almost too violent to be really injurious, and enjoyed the legitimate revenge of gibbeting an ideally malicious and unprincipled critic, taken by the public for her *Quarterly* assailant, in one of her most successful stories, *Florence Macarthy*, which she shortly afterwards intrusted to Mr. Colburn for publication. It is easy to trace throughout its pages the experience of life with which Lady Morgan's residence with the Abercorns and her travels in Ireland had enriched her imagination. The painting is somewhat coarse and extravagant, but the characters are full of vigour and animation. There are fine ladies and gentlemen, such as Sydney must often have studied, in silent derision, amid the tedious magnificence of the Priory. The silly sentimental affectation of Lady Dumore, the blasé circle which surround her, the jocose hanging judge, the local antiquarian full of enthusiasm for the traditional masters of the soil, the Tipperary car-driver coming up to the window, after a more than ordinarily rude jolt, with the suggestion: "Yez would not have such a thing as a crooked nail about ye, plaze yer honours?" or apostrophising the road, "Why then the curse of the devil on ye, Longford Pass, I pray Jasus—for you've jolted the very life out of me, so you have"—the whole tribe of the "creatures of Castle,"—the vulgar upstart high sheriff, the bragging major, the villanous barrister, "prompt, pert, and shameless, and ever on the look-out for an electioneering job,"—all have a touch of nature about them; and if the portraiture sinks sometimes to the level of caricature, it is be-

cause the authoress is too much in earnest to be perfectly artistic. Nothing can be funnier than Mr. Commissioner Crawley haranguing his family on the secret of success, and checking his youngest son's poetical aspirations by the inculcation of shrewd practical worldliness.

"What is it you're writing there in them short lines, Conway Townshend? Is it rhymes? Why, then, I wish you'd lave off with your poethry and your gianius: mind my words, Con dear; your gianius will play you a dirty trick yet, for sorrow good gianius ever did for man or baste. What was it brought the country into jeopardy, and bull-veased the Government in the year '82? Why, gianius. What was it that set the world wild with the Irish volunteers, the free trade, and the Catholic Bill, and Counsellor Curran; ould Lord Charlemont, with his statutes, and his pictures, and his popularity; and Mr. Grattan, with his people and his Irish eloquence? Why, wasn't it gianius? Och, sir, times is changed since then, since a man should talk eloquence and pathretism, and all that gally-my-jaw, as the French call it, to get on in the world."

"Galimathias," lisped Miss Crawley.

"Well, gally-matchaw, then; and not all as one as now, Con, when a man has only to follow his nose, and walk into place or pension, just by sticking to the main chance. Och, sir, the Irish bar is another thing since them days. Tell me, Con dear, is it independence will get you a silk gown? Will gianius make you first counsel to the commissioners, with your eight thousand a-year for doing nothing at all at all? Will it make you a deputy remembrancer, with your nate four thousand, which is the true remembrancer? Or would gianius, poethry, and pathretism, with the aristocracy at their head (that is, barring the Union lords), get you at this moment to be one of the thirty-one county-sessions chairmen, all made since the year eighty-nine, for the encouragement of the rising young barristers, or even a magistrate of police, or a seneschal of the Dublin liberties, or a missionary to explore disturbed districts? Troth and faith, they wouldn't! And could do more this day myself for you than the whole boiling of them, in respect to pushing you up the stick, Con, at the bar; that's if you'll lave off bothering us with your poethry."

The success of *France*, in despite of its critics, tempted Colburn to make another venture in the same direction. He suggested that Sir Charles and his lady should make a tour in Italy, and that the one should contribute political and scientific observations, while the other depicted nature, art, and society. Armed with a smattering of Italian and a number of good introductions, the travellers set forth, and at Florence fell in with Tom Moore, who sent at once for Sir Charles to consult him about a lame leg. After the consultation ensued a philosophical discussion, and Moore, hardly pressed, began to cry for mercy. "Oh, Morgan," he said; "talk no more: consider

my immortal soul." "D—n your soul," replied Sir Charles impatiently; "attend to my argument."

From Florence the Morgans proceeded to Turin and Milan; and Sydney had the satisfaction of recounting a number of illustrious hosts who lent her their villas, put their carriages at her disposal, and gave dinners in her honour. The description of scenery with which all the world is now familiar, and of social celebrities about whom nobody is any longer interested, is only redeemed from tediousness by a vivacious style and the good-natured complacency with which the whole is told. Italy, so Lady Morgan resolved to think, and that her friends should think, smiled upon her: the most exclusive cliques welcomed her to their courtly festivities; ex-princesses kept a place of honour for her in their courts; cardinals offered her a seat in their scarlet coaches; learned colleges turned out to receive her husband and herself. For some weeks they resided on the shores of Lake Como, busy with the forthcoming volume, and enjoying a sort of idyllic existence, for which previous dissipation had no doubt thoroughly prepared them.

"Morgan is making great progress on the guitar. I think it would amuse you to witness the life we lead here. We rise early, and as our house is a perfect smother, we open the blinds (the sashes are never shut), and paradise bursts on us with a sun and sky that you never dreamt of in your philosophy. We breakfast under our arcade of vines, and the table covered with peaches and nectarines, while the fish literally pop their heads out of the lake to be fed, though Morgan, like a traitor, takes them by hundreds. Except you saw him in a yellow muslin gown and straw hat, on the lake of Como, you have no idea of human felicity."

Even now, however, the charms of retirement were soon exhausted, and the proximity of several agreeable young ladies made Lady Morgan determine upon a rural entertainment.

"By way of amusing the sweet girls, who are shut up in the loveliest but most solitary site, I announced a party in my vineyard; and there were the Kings, and my Austrian commandant, and some of his officers and Spanish guitars, and a little band of music and fireworks, provided by the young signori of my host's family; there was tea, and cakes, and all sorts of things laid on the terrace by the lake; and Mrs. Lock's boat approached in view, and the heavens looked transcendently bright, when, lo! up rose one of the lake hurricanes, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled; tea, cakes, and fireworks were carried into the air; and poor Mrs. Lock, after tossing for five hours in a boat, which at every moment threatened to be upset, was too happy to land at midnight, two miles off, at a wretched little village, and pass the night at a cabaret, or miserable public-house. So much for my Como news."

In the autumn of 1820 the Morgans returned to Dublin, and in June of the next year the volume on Italy appeared simultaneously in Paris and London. Sydney, while collecting materials for a biography of Salvator Rosa, about whom her Italian tour had rendered her enthusiastic, found time for a vigorous correspondence with a great many proscribed Italians, with whom her known liberal sympathies had brought her into contact, and who always found her ready with advice and assistance. She had, too, a certain Mr. Maturin, a broken-down clerical tragedian, upon her hands, for whom Sir Charles succeeded in raising a public subscription. The first use to which the gift was put was to give a fine reception. Furniture was scarce indeed, but at one end of the room a theatrical canopy of velvet was erected, and here Mrs. Maturin received her guests. Once, after this lady's confinement, Lady Morgan called to inquire. "Plaze, my lady," the maid replied, "my masther says, 'My angel is better, but my cherub has flown.'" "A piece of luck," it is sagaciously added, "for the cherub."

Much of Lady Morgan's time was now devoted to collecting materials illustrative of the times of Salvator Rosa; and Colburn, it was settled, was to have the publication of the work. But her inventive vein was by no means exhausted, and the most effective of all her romances was still to come. *The O'Briens and the O'Flaherties* presented a tableau of Irish society more picturesque than decorous; and Lady Morgan herself felt some alarm lest she had trifled too much with the susceptibilities of a fastidious age. Upon this she consulted Lady Cloncurry, an authority in such matters, and had her doubts soon laid to rest. Lady Cloncurry assured her that her picture erred upon the side of tameness, and fell far short of the times which it professed to depict.

"Under the lieutenancy of Lord Hardwicke and the commencement of the Duke of Richmond's, there were in the Castle circle a *posse* of titled women of bold reputation, who had the uncontrolled sway in every thing. These ladies introduced a kind of savage dance, or rather romp, called 'Cutchakutchoo;' this was performed by the parties squatting themselves on the floor, both their arms underneath their legs, and changing places with their partners as well as they could in such a posture. In short, the Dublin court of that period was like the manners described in Grammont's Memoirs."

In 1825 Lady Morgan began to keep a diary; and it is upon entries in this that her biographers have relied for the latter portion of their task. It is characterised by the same shrewdness, piquancy, enjoyment of fun, and craving after success that breathe throughout the rest of her writings. A day seems to have been lost in which there is not some lord to be seen,

some good dinner to be devoured, or some fulsome flattery to chronicle. Political injustice alone seems to rouse her into real seriousness of mind; and her comments upon the agitation against Catholic emancipation, and the stormy meetings to which, in 1828, this question gave rise, contrast agreeably with the laborious frivolities which for the most part made up the round of her existence. Nor did the latter portion of her literary career run with entire smoothness. In 1830 she produced a second work on France, free from many of the vulgarities and imperfections of its predecessor, and bearing all the marks of mature thought and enlarged experience. Colburn, however, showed but little of his accustomed alacrity with regard to the publication, and protested that several of Lady Morgan's recent works had been financial failures. The quarrel waxed hot; author and publisher alike were resolved: another publisher was rash enough to undertake the risk. *France*, unaided by friendly notices and glowing puffs, fell flat in the market; and Mr. Colburn ensured its ruin by announcing that he had refused the publication, and that all Lady Morgan's former works were to be sold at half-price. Lady Morgan was undaunted at the symptoms of decreasing popularity, and had the satisfaction at a later period of knowing that Colburn repented of his manœuvre, as beyond the limits of civilised literary warfare. Meanwhile her journal shows no symptoms of flagging spirits, or doubt as to the real permanence of her literary success. It is as amusing probably as any mere chronicle of festivities can be made; but the splendour of the *dramatis personæ* does not reconcile us to the poverty of the play, or to the strange absence of every thing serious, solemn, or pathetic. Some of her theatrical acquaintance were the most entertaining.

"Talking with Pasta the other day, I cross-questioned her about her diet. I said, 'I remember, one night, being with you in your dressing-room when you had just come off the stage in your highest-wrought scene (the quartetta *Come o Nimé*), your woman had a bit of cold roast beef ready to put into your mouth, and some porter.'

'Ah si,' was her reply, 'mais je ne prends plus la viande—et pour le porter, I take it half-and-half.' This bit of London slang, from the lips of Medea, and in her sweet broken English, had the oddest effect imaginable."

In 1837 the Morgans removed to London, and Sydney enjoyed the full benefit of a more complete diversity, and a more enlarged field of action than a city like Dublin could bring within her reach; and till 1843, when Sir Charles's death occurred, her career, as depicted by herself, seems to have been as fidgety, active, and pretentious as the most insatiable ambition

could desire. Her pen still flowed with its accustomed ease; but it became impossible even for her egregious vanity not to perceive that her fame was already far past its meridian, the fashionable taste for her writings on the wane, and the magnificent sums which Mr. Colburn's courageous prodigality had once brought within her reach no longer obtainable. Two years before she became a widow, she paid a visit to Germany, and received in that country the due amount of aristocratic lionising; but no eager publishers petitioned for the copyright of her journal; and no chronicle of the tour, except in private letters, is presented to us. On the other hand, several of the Irish grievances, which gave interest and importance to her earlier novels, had been swept away, and the public enthusiasm on the subject had died down to a point at which it became almost hopeless to turn her peculiar vein of humour and familiarity with national and local customs to any good account.

As the shadows close in upon her, the real deficiencies of Lady Morgan's character begin to stand out with very disagreeable distinctness. Conclusions are proverbially difficult; and to bring a career of studied juvenility to a graceful ending is no doubt beyond the reach of all but the favoured few, whose tact and delicacy enable them to pass triumphantly through the most perplexing embarrassments. Lady Morgan, at any rate, was unequal to a task which required higher powers than her own, and a different attitude of mind from that which she had so long piqued herself upon maintaining. She had not the stability, the calmness, or the sober self-possession, necessary for meeting the grave realities which necessarily mark the close of the most sunshiny existence. The latter portion of her journal contains little but the half-querulous record of relations and friends cut off, of lessening powers, of darkening prospects, and of her own inability to bear up against the deprivations and to meet the exigencies of advanced old age. With one foot in the grave, she still sticks to her rouge, her parties, and her pen, and with almost dying lips chronicles the compliments which good-natured companions or condescending aristocrats thought it worth their while to pay her. Her chief feeling about life seems to have been regret that a world in which such pretty speeches were made, and such excellent prices given, should not be ours for ever; and even the passionate vehemence with which she laments her husband and her sister had little about it of the "divine mystery of sorrow," through which the noblest of our species have had to make their pilgrimage towards ultimate perfection. Into such an atmosphere of elevated thoughtfulness she had neither the ability nor the wish to rise. "She never,"

says her biographer, "needed either privacy or repose;" and having lived in a whirl, and drunk deep of the sickening cup of flattery, she found herself unable alike to keep up the dismal farce of eternal youth, or to retire with dignity from the stage where she could shine no longer. Those natural, moderate, and lawful "regrets of life," described with so much feeling delicacy in the pages of a contemporary a week or two ago, are something very different from the desperate clutching after the pleasures of existence, as one by one years steal them from us, or the half-frantic endeavour to ignore those solemn aspects of our position, as a dying race, of which Nature, as the end approaches, forbids Levity itself to be any longer forgetful. There is something absolutely ghastly in the merriment that would fain prolong itself when the true materials for mirth have passed away.

"So I reel on," Lady Morgan writes, some years before her death; "the world is my gin or opium; I take it for a few hours per diem,—excitement, intoxication, absence. I return to my desolate home, and 'awaken to all the horrors of sobriety.' My impressionableness of spirits, my debility of body, my sight dim from nervousness, my heart palpitating at the least movement; and yet I am accounted the 'agreeable rattle of the great ladies' coterie,' and I talk *pas mal* to many clever men all day."

It would be difficult, we think, to draw a less agreeable picture, or to see the gray hairs, which are properly a crown of honour, less honourably circumstanced. Old age has its beauties, no less than youth and manhood; but they are beauties of a grave, chastened, and melancholy order; and the attempt to transfer to one period of life the habits, language, and sentiments of another is as misjudged as the anile fatuity which is occasionally to be seen forcing the ravages of time upon our notice by the contrast of school-girl graces and juvenile attire. Life has a mysterious awe, tragic mysteries, unspoken suffering, a "thousand natural pangs" which it is foolish to attempt to throw into the background of any portion of a human career, and to which, as death approaches, it seems almost profanity to refuse the first place in our thoughts. Compliments, coquetry, good stories, and comic songs, are excellent material for an idle hour, and take their lawful place amid the lesser solaces of fatigue or gloom. But they shock us when carried, as in the present instance, up to the very edge of the grave; and Lady Morgan's admirers will prefer to turn aside from her veteran foibles, and to think of her as a courageous and independent worker who had the good sense to perceive and the honesty to attack political grievances, which

the mass of her contemporaries were bent upon maintaining; and who allowed neither the excitement of social success nor the virulence of hostile criticism, to tempt her into deserting the patriotic cause in its difficult advance against the firmly compacted barrier of political pride and religious intolerance.

ART. IX.—EARLY HISTORY OF MESSIANIC IDEAS.

Des Doctrines religieuses des Juifs pendant les deux siècles antérieurs à l'ère chrétienne. Par Michel Nicolas. Paris, 1860.

Essais de Philosophie et d'Histoire religieuse. Par Michel Nicolas. Paris, 1863.

Die jüdische Apokalyptik in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung. Von Dr. A. Hilgenfeld. Jena, 1857.

Handbuch der Einleitung der Apokryphen. Von Dr. Gustav Volkmar. Tübingen, 1860.

Abhandlung über Entstehung und Werth der Sibyllischen Bücher. Von Heinrich Ewald. Göttingen, 1858.

THE distance at which Christianity stands from Judaism at the present hour might well surprise us, if we measured their affinity by what they hold in common. With two-thirds of their sacred history accepted by both, with the whole of the canonical literature of the one maintained in authority by the other, with the same consecrated list of patriarchs, poets, and prophets, and the very glow and pathos of their piety resorting to the same words, they yet exhibit an apparently ineffaceable contrast of inward genius. This fact becomes the more striking the nearer we place ourselves to the incunabula of Christendom, and the more closely we scrutinise its external filiation. These two religions furnish the strongest antitheses of human thought and feeling,—law and love,—letter and spirit,—the claims of an old birth and need of a new birth,—the promise of this world to a nation and that of another to every human soul; and the precision with which every thing is formulated in the casuistry of the synagogue reverses the free life of faith and conscience which forms the saintly ideal of the Church. The vitality of Judaism displays itself in an unchangeable persistency, gazing out of the same eyes on an ever-varying world: that of Christianity in an inexhaustible susceptibility to fresh lights of truth and goodness, enabling it to appropriate what is best in the civilisation of every age. And yet these two faiths no Roman of the first century could distinguish from each

other: the same law protected, or the same edict proscribed, both: the tumult that expelled the Rabbi did not spare the Apostle: and had some philosophic civilian listened to their polemic in the proseucha of Philippi or Thessalonica, he would have heard them start from the same assumptions, appeal to the same traditions, quote the same Scriptures, and vie with each other in reverence for the same names. The whole difference arose from two causes scarcely appreciable in their earliest action: the personal characteristics of Christ's divine humanity, and the Pauline doctrine of a heavenly and universal Redeemer. In these is contained the living essence of the new religion: and their intense power cannot be adequately estimated till we fully picture to ourselves the original identity, which they have so absolutely destroyed, between the Hebrew and the Christian ideas.

It is no wonder that the religion of Christ, now that its genius has distinctly opened itself out, should appear to us to make quite a new beginning in the world; should stand detached, as a sudden apparition, from the common history even of the nation in which it arose, and seem scarcely to touch the earth except as the theatre of its manifestation. This illusion, due to our distance, could not be shared by the first witnesses who lived across the dividing time of the old world and the new, and occupied the very scene of the transition. They, accordingly, linked their fresh allegiance closely with their national birthright: if they accepted the gospel, it was in obedience to the law: they followed Jesus of Nazareth, because the prophecies must be fulfilled; nor were they surprised at his call, for they were looking for some such "consolation to Israel." In its earliest aspect Christianity was no new or universal religion: Judaism had found the person of its Messiah, but else remained the same. Had the first two gospels and the book of Revelation been the only monuments of the primitive age, no other view than this, which makes the New Testament simply the last chapter of the Old, would have been represented in our Scriptures: and it is by no means clear that, within the first generation, "the Twelve" and their disciples ever withdrew from the synagogue, or regarded the church as more than its supplement and ally. It was impossible, however, permanently to shut up and paralyse the spiritual power of Christ's personality within the narrow formulas of Jewish tradition and expectation. His words contained the germs, his life the image, his entrance into a higher world the consummation of the purest and widest human faith; and could not fail to speak home to many a spirit already sighing for such deliverance and repose. Hence arose a reaction against the Hebrew Chris-

tianity; beginning with Stephen, systematised by Paul, and urged to its extreme in Marcion's final breach with the Old Testament. In his attempt to unfold the independent religious elements of the gospel, and to vindicate their sufficiency, he committed the error of speculative minds, and disowned the Past: he was not content with cutting the thread which united new and old, but set up in absolute opposition the spiritual stages which were really continuous. The Church had enough of historical feeling to condemn this Gnostic extreme, and of catholicity to rise above the other Jewish one; and settled into the compromise which has continued ever since, and may be stated thus: Christ fulfils the Law and the Prophets, inasmuch as they look towards him, and he bounds their view. Christ destroys the Law and the Prophets, inasmuch as he supersedes by transcending them; and they, having no significance but as preludes to him, retire on his appearing. It is not true, as the Marcionites say, that they came from a bad god, he from the Good: there is one divineness in them all. Neither is it true, as the Ebionites say, that he was sent only to usher in the triumph of the Law, and publish the Old Testament religion among mankind: on the contrary, he is the end, they the instrument; and when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part is done away.

The good sense of this verdict, regarded as a practical solution, cannot be denied. It saves the main truth of both the extremes: reserving supreme authority for the specialties of the new dispensation, without displacing the sanctity of the old. The connexion between the two, however, is represented as exclusively supernatural: it is sought for, not on earth, but in heaven;—in the scheme and economy of God, not as ruling, but as overruling, the course of human affairs. The sequence of the new upon the old is in no degree that of natural growth, but purely that of artificially created correspondency,—antitype to type,—realisation to prediction. Through the national drama of Hebrew history, the Divine purpose always had regard to the final scene: but that scene was not wrought out by the inner movement of the piece: it was subjoined by detached volition; and its time, its mode, its character, were any thing rather than results of the antecedent conditions, and were determined in unexpected ways by special creative power turning the tides of tendency. So long as God was quite set apart from the world, and supposed to act *upon* it rather than *in and through* the courses of its life, the divine connexion of the two religions could be represented in no other way. The theory was also favoured by the chasm that lay between Malachi and Matthew,—the blank leaves that rendered it impossible to read on from

the Old Testament to the New, and compelled them to stand aloof as the memorials of two economies. The more, however, we see of the divine method in the physical and moral universe, the less disposed are we to rest in the idea of sudden leaps of change, with no transition except in the mind of God; and the stronger do we find the presumption that the seeming breaks in the line of facts are but lacunæ in our knowledge. There could not in reality be that abyss of religious pause which makes a darkness to our eye between the last of the prophets and the Baptist's "voice in the wilderness:" the period which was illustrated by the Maccabean heroism, which gave rise to the Jewish sects, which planted the Jewish colonies and taught them Greek, which made the free synagogues of Alexandria as powerful as the priests and temple at Jerusalem, could not be unfruitful of spiritual change: and were it possible to find the intermediate links, the method as well as the fact of a divine connexion might become apparent between the Old and New. How rich a mine of elucidation for the Christian Scriptures is contained in the Rabbinical literature, the labours of Lightfoot and Schoettgen already proved. But the illustrative value of the Hebrew annotators depends greatly upon the time when they lived; and, in the uncertainty prevailing on this point, the relation between analogous Jewish and Christian ideas could not disclose its full significance. Of late years research has been directed upon other memorials, more ample and distinct, of religious belief in Palestine during the two pre-Christian centuries. The genius of the nation did not slumber during that period; and among the writings it produced, a sufficient number have been preserved to mark certain lines of continuous change of thought from the prophetic to the apostolic age. Some of these writings, though by no means the most important, are found in the Apocrypha; others are accessible only to the learned, and are still the subject among them of many a keen discussion; but, without pre-judgment of questions fairly open, enough is determinately known to throw great light on the early forms of Christian conception.

Whoever can read the New Testament with a fresh eye must be struck with the prominence every where of the Messianic idea. It seems to be the ideal framework of the whole—of history, parable, dialogue; of Pauline reasoning; of Apocalyptic visions. "Art thou he that should come?" this question gives the ideal standard by which, on all hands,—on the part of disciples, relations, enemies, of Saul the persecutor and Paul the apostle,—the person and pretensions of Christ are tried. His birth, his acts, his sufferings, are so disposed as to "fulfil what was spoken" by the prophets: so that the whole program

of his life would seem to have preëxisted in the national imagination. Yet when we turn back to the Old Testament for the sources of this preconception, no image with any clear outline is any where to be found : at most, only broken lights and the uncertain semblance of a feature here and there present themselves, like a landscape or a battle-scene construed out of evening clouds : nor is the disappointment ever more complete than when we look up in their context the very passages said to be "fulfilled," and feel the difference between their natural and their "non-natural" sense. This first impression, which even the attentive English reader can hardly fail to receive, is deepened with increasing insight into the true genius of the Hebrew poets and prophets : so that, except under constraint of fancied theological obligation, no eminent biblical scholar can find in the Old Testament the personal Agent who appears in the New. The contrast between the ancient text in its original breadth and ease, and the strained evangelical interpretation, implies a long intermediate history ; it attests the gradual formation of the Messianic idea by stages which brought it into more and more determinate shape, till at last scarce a trace remained of its original germ. This process of growth is no longer matter of conjecture ; we have fortunately the means of tracing it through the last century and a half before our era.

It is vain to look for any defined Messianic expectation till after the return from the Captivity. The earlier prophets uttered such warnings and promises as an intense faith in the moral government of God dictated and justified ; foreboding national calamities from national sins ; announcing copious blessings on due faithfulness ; and interpreting the vicissitudes of their world by the light of the Divine Righteousness. In the prophets of the exile, speaking to a people captive and broken, this faith, subdued to plaintiveness and penitence for the present, could only throw itself for relief into the future ; the momentary humiliation, treated as a purifying discipline, gave a brighter glow to the dream of restoration ; and as the sufferings of the commonwealth went back to the fatal division of the kingdom, to reverse them would be to reinstate the glories of an earlier time,—to send David or his like again. When the state had been reconstituted, first under Zerubbabel, then under Nehemiah and Ezra, and still presented but the shadow of its ancient greatness, the vision reluctantly moved a little forward ; and though Zachariah looked for its realisation in his own contemporary chief, we find the latest prophet, Malachi, still looking for a better future. In all this, there is simply the forecast of faith in a living Providence, operating under the limitations of national experience. The isolated monotheism

of the Jews, planted in the midst of hostile religions, led them to feel themselves under exceptional "covenant" with God, and narrowed their conception of a Divine rule over men to that of a family theocracy. But here, nevertheless, had begun that belief in a "kingdom of God," which, infinitely deep and true in itself, can expand as the horizon of thought enlarges, and consecrate, not a people only, but a world.

It is not till two centuries and a half later that we next meet with this Messianic doctrine; and in the book of Daniel find it developed into a form distinct and new. Its substance, its scenery, its language, though working up some of the materials from the elder prophets, are essentially unlike any thing we have encountered before. For the dithyrambic fervour of the old "men of God," we have the cold artifices of the interpreting scribe: for the conditional denunciations and encouragements of a moral faith, the absolute predictions of a clairvoyant: for patriotic passion, bounded by the view of home relations, a critical reckoning of the series of great empires in the world: parallel with the terrestrial scene we have a counterpart play of nameable angels in the sphere above: and we are introduced to symbolic monsters, and chronological riddles, and questionable visions, which imply a conception of revelation materially changed. The change is the more important, because in all these particulars the book has become the archetype of several later productions; and its characteristic phraseology,—especially the term "Son of Man,"—has passed into the New Testament with a permanent doctrinal significance.

The evidence that this book was produced as late as about the years 167-164 B.C. is of the simplest kind. Five separate visions, which pass under review, wholly or in part, the succession of heathen empires in the world, all converge upon the same terminus, viz. the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, and then immediately introduce the Messianic reign. Every thing within the historical series is of definite outline; every personage can be identified with tolerable certainty; every leading event recognised under its mystic disguise; every calculation approximately made out. Thus far, the author, it is plain, saw what he describes laid out clearly beneath his eye. But after this, he passes instantly into an indeterminate cloud, and can tell us nothing, except that an everlasting kingdom shall be given to the saints of the Most High. Where this phenomenon appears, of perfect historical precision up to a certain date, with absolute indistinctness beyond, we must infer, till some positive counter-evidence is produced, that the author lived at the point of junction between his knowledge and his ignorance, and deli-

vers to us his *vaticinia post eventum*. Is there, then, any counter-evidence to check this conclusion in the present case? Of a critical kind, absolutely none. Daniel himself is a mythical personage, unknown to history. The name is absent from the list of worthies and prophets of Israel given (B.C. 200-180) by Jesus, son of Sirach (c. xlix.); and though it occurs in two passages in Ezekiel (xiv. 14-20, xxviii. 3), it there belongs, as Hitzig remarks,* to some other hero of earlier tradition. That we should have been left thus to learn from himself the existence of a prophet who uttered predictions for seventy years, and won honours from the Babylonian and Persian monarchs, is intrinsically incredible; and at all events deprives us of answer to the internal indications of date and authorship. The only possible reply is theological,—that the New Testament appeals to the book as Daniel's, and as prophetic. True: but in the same breath the New Testament identifies the siege of Jerusalem and the Messianic end of the world, and so limits its own authority as interpreter, whether of the future or of the past.

The method and meaning of the writer are relieved of all serious ambiguity by his repetition of the same matter in different forms. Twice (in chapters ii. and vii.) he brings before us the four dominions which fill up his picture of foreign history,—the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, the Macedonian; under the symbol, first, of the composite image with (1) golden head, (2) silver breast and arms, (3) body of brass, (4) feet of iron and clay; and then, of four creatures that come up out of the sea, (1) the winged lion, (2) the bear, (3) the leopard, with four wings and heads (the four Persian kings, mentioned in Ezra iv. 5-7, and supposed by the writer to be the only ones), and (4) a nameless monster, with iron teeth and trampling strength, and ten horns (declared, vii. 24, to be ten kings, *i. e.* the line of the Seleucidæ, down to Antiochus Epiphanes). It is this last mad persecutor of the Jewish people who is the real object of the visions; he is the "lesser horn" that appeared at the expense of three of the rest (Heliodorus, Seleucus IV., and Demetrius): his boastful impieties, his cruelty to the "holy people," his profaning of their sanctuary and extinction of the daily sacrifice, are to be the consummation of heathen wickedness, and to bring in the reaction into a triumphant theocracy. His figure it is that, placed thus in immediate antecedence and antithesis to Messiah's, furnished the conception of an Antichrist, and, as the predicted crisis moved forward, was carried with it and spread its portentous shadow over the expected close of historic time. In two other visions (chapters viii. and xi.) the writer detached for special

* Das Buch Daniel, erklärt von Dr. F. Hitzig: Vorbemerkungen, 2, 3.

notice the lower half of the same sweep of history. The first describes how the Macedonian "goat" destroyed the Persian "ram," and, having lost its single horn (Alexander), gave origin to four (Macedonia, Asia, Syria, Egypt); from one of which (Syria) arises again the "lesser horn" already known to us, which waxes great and insolent and provokes the end. The other, reciting also the fourfold division of Alexander's dominions, enters more fully into Syrian affairs,—the humiliation inflicted by the Roman general (L. Scipio Asiaticus),—the usurpation of the tax-collector, Heliodorus, destroyed "neither in anger nor in battle,"—and especially the final iniquities of Antiochus Epiphanes. Nowhere are his characteristics more unmistakably given than in this vision,—his wars against Egypt, his compulsory return on the appearance of a Roman fleet under C. Popilius Lænas,—the murder by his viceroy of Onias III. (the "chief of the covenant," xi. 22, and the "Messiah that should be cut off," ix. 26),—the dedication of the temple to heathen worship, in December 168 B.C.,—the tyrant's disregard for the gods of his fathers and new zeal for the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus and Mars Gradivus,—his favour to apostates and barbarities against the faithful Hebrews. But through all disasters an heroic band (under Mattathias) will hold together; and in heaven Michael, the guardian angel of the race, will interpose and deliver all whose names are written in the book of life: and to crown the triumph appointed for the righteous people, prior generations shall return and share the everlasting life or everlasting contempt.

Four times over therefore is the Messianic golden age definitely fixed for the years following the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, in B.C. 164. But, as if to preclude all excuse for doubt, the date itself, apart from the thing dated, is made the subject of a special prophecy; in which (ix.) the angel Gabriel is introduced in the character of commentator on Jeremiah, and gives an explanation, much in the exegetical style of Dr. Cumming, of that prophet's seventy years (xxv. 12-14*). This period in the original plainly denotes the duration of Jewish humiliation between the year B.C. 606, when Nebuchadnezzar assumed the command of the Babylonish forces, and the year B.C. 536, the date assigned to the decree of Cyrus for the exiles' return. The pseudo-Daniel sees all this three or four centuries behind him: and to fit the oracle to his own time and purpose,

* The fact that, nearly ten years later, Jeremiah still promises the return after seventy years, without apparently pushing back his *terminus a quo* from his present moment to that of any earlier oracle, warns us against laying too much stress upon this number, which is encumbered with various difficulties. The three verses are very probably a later interpolation. See Hitzig in loc. Their meaning, however, is perfectly plain.

its terms must be stretched and a new construction found for it. The angel accordingly invents a fresh numerical notation, which gives to each unit of the 70 the value of *seven*, and calls it a *week* of years. Besides this, he breaks up the resulting 490 into two parcels, of 49 (7 weeks) and 441 (63 weeks); and, instead of taking these consecutively, measures them both from the same *terminus a quo*, viz. the date of Jeremiah's prophecy, B.C. 606. From this point the shorter term brings us, for our first pause, to B.C. 558, when Cyrus, the "anointed prince," triumphed over Astyages of Media; whilst the longer one places us, if we pause one "week" before its close, at the date (B.C. 172) when Onias the high-priest (an *Anointed* or *Messiah*) was cut off; and, when we proceed to its expiration, precisely in the year B.C. 165, when the deliverance was effected, and Judas purified and re-dedicated the temple. And then immediately enters the "everlasting righteousness, when vision and seer are sealed, and a Holiest of all is anointed."

Every where then we find ourselves moving in the same circle of ideas, and brought to a stand at the same point. The courses of the world were disappointing to the Hebrew faith in a Holy Providence. The old prophets must have meant something more and better than had yet been realised. It could not be that history was to be made up of successive brute forms of power, incapable of owning the true God, and empowered to keep his servants under the heel of scorn. There must be in reserve some type of rule more in the semblance of Humanity,—like, not the lion or the bear, the ram or the goat, but a Son of Man,—to assert at last God's thought in creating his own image. Such an ideal future might be ushered in by a last wild effort of the passions doomed to perish: but when it came, it would compensate the long delay. It would make Jerusalem the metropolis, and the chosen people the favoured subjects of a glorious theocracy; the preparation and approach of which is an object of interest to celestial beings, and engages the Jewish archangel Michael in contest with the guardian-spirit of Persia. The pious dead would be sent from Hades to join the living generation, and people the City of God. And the time was close at hand: the sanctuary purified, and the tyrant gone, the last act of the human drama was come.

It is singular that, of all the features in this picture, the least distinct is the most important,—the Personal Agent of the great revolution, the Messiah himself. The subsequent appropriation to him of the descriptive language of this book, and especially of its characteristic phrase "Son of Man," renders it difficult for us not to see his figure too plainly as we read. But, in fact, it is very doubtful whether it ever

appears at all. The visions bring before us, it must be remembered, not only the individual agents of history or prediction, but (1) certain symbolical forms, to represent the characteristic powers governing the world; and (2) angelic personages,—Gabriel, Michael, and their opponents,—who, in the upper world, conduct some counterpart of the struggles below. When among these scenic figures we search for the real Head of the announced theocracy, it is astonishing how again and again he evades us. Here, we think, he is, in this mysterious being, like the Son of Man (vii. 13), who is brought upon the clouds of heaven before the Ancient of Days, to receive dominion and glory and a kingdom that shall not pass. But, as Hitzig points out, what the connexion here demands is not an individual personality, but a typical embodiment of the Hebrew people and their righteous sway. As the antecedent empires had been presented in the guise of four brute animals, each representing its particular nation, so the final figure to which their power is transferred stands, in the higher image of Humanity, to denote the nobler rule reserved for the collective "Saints of the Most High" (vii. 18, 22, 27). Again, on the banks of the river of Ulai (viii.) we seem to stand in Messiah's presence. There rises before Daniel "as the appearance of a man:" at the same time he hears between the banks a man's voice, saying, "Gabriel, make this man understand the vision." Who can this be that commands an archangel? The question is resolved by simply forming an accurate picture of the scene: the "appearance," standing on the bank, belongs to one person,—the angel Gabriel; the voice, being on the water, proceeds from another; and, like that which Elijah heard at the mouth of his cave, expresses, out of viewless space and silence, the mandate of God himself. No third supernatural being enters the field. Still more remarkable is the mysterious figure in priestly dress and with princely insignia, "his body like the beryl, his face as lightning, his eyes as lamps of fire," who appears in the vision by the Tigris (x. xi.). Sent as a messenger, he is some secondary being: he comes from the contests of the upper world, and he returns to them again: he describes himself as chief combatant, seconded by Michael, with the angels of the Heathen realms: and to whom can these characters attach but to Messiah? Yet, if it be he, it is strange that he should announce the Messianic crisis without the faintest mixture of his own personality with it; should describe his own function as confined to the contests of the angels, and as inseparable from Michael's, and claim no part or lot in the events which he predicts; and refer to no person in whom they should be fulfilled. This unearthly distance from

the human world is less suitable to the Agent himself whose province it is to be, than to the same Gabriel, chief of the arch-angels, who had before been the chosen instrument of Daniel's revelations.

The part of personal Messiah then remains still empty. The conception of the theocratic reign is vastly more distinct than that of its representative head. *Some* sacred chief was doubtless imagined for that ideal time: but whether he was to be human or superhuman, whether an historic hero come back in his identity, or some one new to this world, the pseudo-Daniel leaves undetermined. The one great idea possessing him is, that the world's history is on the eve of being consummated by the overthrow of Heathen powers, and the inauguration of a kingdom of everlasting righteousness under dominance of the Hebrew religion and race. Every conception of more definite portraiture than this has been coercively drawn from the text by subsequent commentators, who have dealt with it precisely as the book itself deals with the oracles of Jeremiah.

In tracing the development of the Messianic idea, we find that while the book of Daniel is nowhere without influence, it is only in Palestine that its influence is paramount, and that in Egypt the doctrine presents itself under a somewhat different phase. In the curious collection of Greek hexameters so often cited by the Fathers, especially Lactantius, under the name of the Sibylline Oracles, we have the thoughts of an Alexandrine Jew belonging to the same generation as the pseudo-Daniel. The older critics, it is true, Fabricius, Cave, and Lardner, condemn this production as a Christian forgery of the second century: and so long as it was mainly ascribed to a single hand or even a single century, no other verdict was possible: for the patristic quotations consist chiefly of pretended prophecies of incidents in the evangelical history; and the verses plainly speak of Hadrian and refer to the Antonines.* The fact, however, that a passage still in the text, respecting the Tower of Babel, was cited not only by Josephus,† but by Alexander Polyhistor,‡ proves that some portion of the collection existed in the age of Sylla, and was in the hands of Pagan as well as Jewish readers. Prophecies, moreover, appear of the end of the world, after the reign of Ptolemy Physcon; and of the offering of hecatombs to the Jewish Jehovah at the temple of Jerusalem: neither of which can proceed from a Christian hand. Moved by these and similar phenomena, the late Professor Bleek§ submitted the work afresh to

* Lardner's *Credibility*, part II. xxix. 2.

† *Antiq. Jud.* i. iv. 3.

‡ This is attested by Eusebius; *Chron.* i. iv.; *Præpar. Ev.* ix. 15.

§ De Wette's, Schleiermacher's and Lücke's *Theologische Zeitschrift*, 1819, 1820.

critical analysis, and established the general results,—that the book is an aggregation of separate pieces by many hands at work through three or four centuries; that the Christian elements have been woven into a previous texture, which it is not impossible to disengage; that in the third book we have the groundwork of the whole; and that its marks of time, place, and character, distinctly refer it to an Alexandrine Jew, about B.C. 160. These positions have been little disturbed by subsequent criticism; even German ingenuity contenting itself with shifting the date some twenty years or so. The latest editor, Professor Friedlieb, besides giving additional solidity to the conclusions of Bleek, has done not a little for the emendation of the text;* though even the dozen manuscripts which exhaust the critic's materials may probably, on closer scrutiny, remove many vestiges of confusion that still remain.

We cannot wonder that theological scholars were slow to discover the real origin of this production. That a *Christian* believer,—disciple of a universal religion,—should seek for a common medium of thought between himself and his Greek or Roman neighbour, and for that purpose should admit and use the prophetic spirit which Paganism also claimed, is nothing strange. Around the church of the second century, largely composed of Gentile elements, the heathen civilisation closely flowed, and penetrated it with forms of thought and language other than its own: so that it was not against probability, however questionable in taste, that some ecclesiastical writer should think it a pious work to turn passages of the New Testament into Homeric verse. But it was hardly to be expected that a *Jew* should so far sink his nationality as to borrow an inspiration from Apollo; or so compromise his monotheistic feeling as to take the feminine dress of a poetic Pantheism, and set the strains of Isaiah to the hexameters of a sibyl. The writer to whom such a disguise recommended itself must have receded far from the old Hebrew rigour, and intended to approach as near as possible to the ideas of Heathendom; and purposely devised a patois in which two religions might converse across the border. Accordingly, in the introductory lines preserved to us by Theophilus of Antioch,† his universalism at once appears; he recognises all men as by nature standing on the same religious level: and characterises God, not in his unapproachable sovereignty, but as the Indwelling Guide of humanity, and rule of light (*πᾶσι βροτοῖσιν ἐνὼν τὸ κριτήριον ἐν*

* Die Sibyllinischen Weissagungen, vollständig gesammelt: herausgeg. von Dr. J. H. Friedlieb. Leipzig, 1852. The Greek text is accompanied by a German metrical version, printed on the opposite page, and skilfully executed.

† Ad Autolyceum, ii. 36.

φαὶ κοινῶ): "He assigned the earth to all, and in the breast of all implanted the best thoughts." With this catholic conception the whole theory of the world is in harmony. The iniquities and idolatries of mankind are a wilful falling away from manifest truth and right; their sufferings are a discipline of recall, to end with a crisis of restoration in which the Divine idea of human nature shall be realised at last. To that golden age timely repentance will admit even aliens from God: but at the head of it will stand those who have never deserted him or lost his true worship. Thus the distinction between Israelite and Pagan is simply this, that the pure natural religion which the latter has abandoned, the former has kept: and when the aberration is discovered and confessed, the distinction will cease.

In conformity with this general idea, the pretended Sibyl sketches the process of human declension, and announces the crisis of restoration. Strangely incorporating the theogony of Hesiod with the legends of Genesis, she follows up the story of Babel and the flood,—the first revolt and punishment of men,—by an account of the partition of the earth, at the tenth generation from the Deluge, among the three sons of Ouranos and Gæa,—Saturn, Titan, and Iapetos; of the birth of Jupiter, Poseidon and Pluto from the first, and their conflict with their Titanic cousins, bringing the first war upon the world. Whether the Sibyl had visited Panchæa or not, she treats these personages very much as Euêmerus did; turning them from mythical into historical; accommodating them with suitable geographical settlements; putting them pretty low down in quite the prosaic parts of human chronology; and speaking of them rather with the dry voice of the rationalist than with the afflatus of the prophetess. As if to prevent their escape into any ideal space, they are carefully shut in between the commonplace post-diluvian people and the kingdom of the Pharaohs: and their divine honours are due only to the folly and servility of mortals, deifying the men and women they admire. Again and again, the poetess, possessed with this idea of polytheism, dwells on the absurdity of investing with the eternal attributes of godhead beings that have been born and died. The argument, however little it penetrated to the real sources of false religion, was quite congenial with the intellectual temper of the age: it might have proceeded from a Cyrenaic as well as from a Jew; and is in no way at variance with the conciliatory desire to find a common ground of faith between monotheism and the Gentile world.

Descending into the times of authentic history, the Sibyl announces the succession of empires, not always in the same or

in the right order; with a kind of prominence given to Egypt, which betrays the local point of view; and with a sympathetic leaning towards the Hellenic race strongly contrasting with the tone of the pseudo-Daniel. It is essential to the Messianic theory that the final term of human affairs should deserve that bad preëminence by its own inherent evil: in the eye of a Palestinian Jew, it was the Greek tyranny of Antioch that occupied this place: in that of an Alexandrine, it was the Roman sway. This further step, accordingly, the Sibyl makes, and then takes her stand as on the outermost verge of historic time. After investing with exaggerated glories the Jewish kingdom under Solomon, and devoting a few lines to the composite Macedonian empire, she passes to Rome; describing it, in terms of allusion to its Senate, as the "white and many-headed power from the western sea;" assigning to its period of pride and oppression the full measure of human corruption; so that when the seventh Greek king (Ptolemy Physcon, B.C. 170, with interruptions, to B.C. 117) shall reign in Egypt,* the hour of doom will strike, and the people of God will rise in their strength and become the guides of life to all mortals. The time will be known by the march of a king from Asia (Antiochus Epiphanes) to afflict the land of the Nile.† More than once is this date repeated in different connexions: and how nearly it agrees with that of Daniel is evident from a description, marked by contemporary particularity, of the overthrow of Perseus at Pydna (B.C. 168), and conquest of Greek territory by the Romans (α πολυβάρβαρον ἔθνος):‡ calamities which are to bring the Greeks to better insight, turn them to the true God, and induce them to offer sacrifices at his temple of oxen and fruits of the earth.§ This launches the Sibyl at once on the full Messianic times: the features of which it remains for us to mark.

The portents|| which announce the "end" have a strong family likeness to those which, in Josephus and to some extent in the Gospels, are connected with the last days of Jerusalem. Towards evening and morning swords will flash in the sky. A dust will fall from above upon the earth. The sun will be darkened, so that the light of the moon will reappear. Blood will be found trickling from the rocks. In the clouds will be seen battles of phantom troops of horse and foot, as of hunters pursuing in the chase.¶

But the new feature which comes out most prominently,

* iii. 194.

† iii. 611; comp. 314 seqq.

‡ iii. 520 seqq.

§ iii. 562-572.

|| iii. 795-805.

¶ Comp. Tacit. Hist. iv. 13. Visæ per cælum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere templum.

and which never afterwards quits the Messianic theory, is the grand league of Pagan kings and tribes against the "holy people," and the siege of Jerusalem by their united forces.* Closely investing the city, the unbelieving battalions will offer their wicked sacrifices within sight of the temple: and so vast will be their host that, did not God fight for his people, resistance were vain. But the patience of the Most High is at an end. A tempest of supernatural destruction bursts upon the invaders; flinging down among them fire and brimstone, hail and floods, torches and fiery swords; filling the ravines with dead and the streams with blood; causing the hills to yawn and Erebus to appear. Lamentation and a cry will go forth over the earth; and for seven years the shields and weapons of the annihilated foe will supply fuel, so that no wood will be cut from the forest.†

In proportion to the horrors of the struggle will be the peace and glory which succeed. The spectacle of the faithful nation, fenced round with Divine protection, and served by the favouring elements themselves, will turn the hearts of the remaining gentile peoples: and they will burn their idols and bend the knee to the universal Lord; who thenceforth will erect one empire amongst men to last for ever, and have one temple to which all shall bring their offerings and incense. Physical nature will sympathise with the restored moral harmony of the world: the flock, the beehive, the orchard, the vineyard, and the field will yield a thousand-fold, and blight and earthquake will be unknown. Every store shall be full; every gain shall be righteous; every realm accessible; and every fruit of peace secure.‡

So far we seem to meet with no Personal Head to this Messianic age. And it is singular that the obscurity on this point which we have noticed in the book of Daniel repeats itself, and in much the same form, in the announcements of the Sibyl. When she says, "Then will God from heaven send a King, who shall judge each man in blood and a flash of fire,"§ it seems at first sight certain that here we are in presence of a superhuman Messiah. But when we scrutinise the context, and find ourselves in the heart of the Jewish history, at the turning-point between the Babylonish Captivity and the Restoration; when we read on, that "a certain royal race, whose descent shall not fail (David's continued in Zerubbabel), will begin to raise a new temple of God, favoured by contributions of gold and brass and iron from Persian kings,"—it is plain that the heaven-sent King is not in the author's future, but in his past, and is no other,—

* iii. 657 seqq.

† Comp. iii. 620, 702-727, 743-753.

‡ iii. 727 seqq.

§ iii. 286.

as Friedlieb has pointed out, and Hilgenfeld has not disproved,—than Cyrus “the Shepherd,” “the Anointed” of God,* who was the instrument for executing the Divine judgments, “saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built, and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid.”† Still more positive appears the prediction of a superhuman Messiah in the words, “Then will God send *from the Sun* a King, who shall put an end to frightful war upon the earth, destroying one set, and fulfilling covenants with another.” But here again, though the personage described is undoubtedly the Head of the future age, the epithet “*from the Sun*” means simply, according to Friedlieb, “*from the East*,” and only applies to the expected deliverer the terms used of Cyrus; of whom it is said that God “raised up the righteous man from the East, and called him to his foot, and gave the nations before him, and made him rule over kings.”‡ Thus interpreted, the lines do but express the belief, attested by Tacitus as prevalent in Palestine, that the East was at last to turn the tide of conquest which had so long set in from Europe.§ It perhaps deserves remark that, according to Ktesias and Plutarch, and apparently the general opinion of the ancient world, the name Cyrus (in the old Persian Qur’us) meant “*The Sun* :” and though Lassen has thrown doubt on this interpretation, its common acceptance might well lead to some play upon the word, and associate with the sun that Messianic Prince of whom Cyrus was regarded as the prototype. It is not unlikely that, in dealing with the language of such vague ideal beliefs, our criticism attempts to define too much; and that it is the indeterminate state of the writer’s own thought which has left his terms ambiguous. Certain it is that, whilst an indistinct cloud of glory invests the Person of Messiah, rendering its human or superhuman nature undiscoverable, the conception of his kingdom and age is far less indefinite. Its time, its place, its providential function, its preliminary signs, its method of introduction, and the conditions of entrance to it, are all laid down with the precision of a stereotyped expectation. But its Agent, its duration (not adequately settled by such large epithets as “everlasting”), and its relation to realms beyond the historic world, are left as open questions.

We have thus exhibited, side by side, the two pictures,—by the pseudo-Daniel, and by the Sibyl;—the one drawn in Palestine, the other in Egypt. Both of them take the same general view of the Providence of history: the divine end,—the constitution of a perfect Humanity,—is never lost sight of: and its

* Is. xlv. 28, xlv. 1.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. xli. 2.

§ Pluribus persuasio inerat, antiquis sacerdotum literis contineri, eo ipso tempore fore, ut valesceret Oriens, profectique Judæa rerum potirentur. Hist. iv. 13. Comp. Sueton. Vesp. 4, and Orac. Sib. iii. 350.

postponement, by the long succession of Pagan empires and humiliation of the true worshipers, is a disciplinary proceeding to bring both the evil and the good to a final head, and render a crisis of clearance inevitable. Both writers,—at a date not far from B.C. 160,—regard the crisis as at hand, and feel themselves in presence of the last desperate struggle of evil for supremacy. Both, in spite of their different geographical position, see in Jerusalem the metropolis of the approaching theocracy, and look upon the age to come as the simple continuation of terrestrial history, true at last to its pure idea. And though both refer to some Vicegerent of God who is to establish the kingdom, they alike leave his personality in the dark.

This general agreement does not preclude great and striking differences between the two writers. The celestial beings who appear as *dramatis personæ* in Daniel, the Gabriel, Michael, and angels of Persia and Græcia, whose contests on a higher stage cast their shadows down and make human history, never cross the Sibyl's vision. Equally beyond her view are the depths of Hades and the secrets of departed souls: nor is there any resurrection of pious Hebrews from earlier generations to share the glorious age. This is one of the marks distinguishing the third and really ancient book from the later accretions by which it is surrounded: in the second book, for instance, and in the eighth, the Messianic realm includes and reunites the living and the dead. It is due to the different positions of the writers that the Hellenic race, the object of ultimate antipathy, occupying the place of Antichrist in Daniel, is regarded with unmistakeable sympathy by the Sibyl; while the Romans receive all the vials of her wrath. Their downfall, as of a mere barbaric power, is unconditionally and pitilessly announced: but the Greeks are encouraged to repent of their idolatries; are exhorted to aid in restoring the Hebrews to their rights in Palestine; and invited to join in the offerings at the temple and enter the blessings of the theocracy. Thus, while the sacerdotal cultus is regarded as perpetual, the limitations of nationality are overpassed: and the idea is reached, if not of a spiritual, at least of a universal worship.

But by far the most surprising novelty in the Sibyl's vision is found in that siege of Jerusalem by Pagan armies, on the eve of the Messianic advent. It is vain to speculate on the precise origin of so definite a feature in a picture purely ideal: perhaps it is enough to say that the heroic and pathetic passages of Jewish history had linked themselves so often with attacks on Zion, as to render any supreme crisis of the nation inconceivable without them. The interest, however, of this element in the oracle attaches not to its source, but to its effect. The gospels of Matthew and Luke (chapters xxiv. and xxi. respectively) pre-

sent the same events,—a siege of Jerusalem and the Messianic parusia,—in the very same conjunction, which here we find established two hundred years before. They express, it is plain, a settled national expectation, with such modifications as the conditions of the time required. Had the Sibylline lines been written towards the close of the first century, when the times of Vespasian and Titus lay in the past, they, like the gospels, would have given the city a disastrous fate. That it emerges in triumph bears conclusive witness to the earlier date of the prediction; and nothing is more conceivable than that, in the very agony of the siege, these same verses or prophecies of similar import may have circulated among the people, and sustained the desperate hope of supernatural victory. Here was the siege itself already come true: Jerusalem was surrounded, as had been declared, by idolatrous armies: and did not the calamities of the hour, befalling as it was written, guarantee the conquering sequel? To the Christian evangelist this illusion was over. But to him also the siege of Jerusalem, though with reversed catastrophe, was still “the beginning of the end;” and it kept him on the watch for the Advent. What that “coming of the Son of Man” meant; how it was understood by the first Christians; why the gospels make Palestine the scene of it, and before its judgment-seat gather “all nations,” but no dead,—are questions perplexing enough to those who apply these images to the human life beyond the grave; but receiving great light from the corresponding delineations of an earlier literature. Christendom has incurred severe penalties by its narrow scripturalism, incorporating in its creed many an element due not to the divine individuality of Christ, but to the conditions of his nation and the accidents of his time; and carrying up into the highest and most solemn themes conceptions borrowed from apocalyptic romances of Asmonæan Judaism. If the pure revelation is to be freed from these extraneous adhesions, and to stand clear in its own essence, it can only be by comparative study, along with its memorials, of the vestiges of antecedent and contemporary belief, with a view to relieve the gospel from responsibility for what is clearly referable to prior historic causes. It is in the interests of this analysis, in the desire of disengaging the imperishable truth from the transitory form, that we have traced the first lines of the Messianic faith, and that we hope, in a future paper, to follow down its development to the verge of Christian times. Though the documents are scanty, and the evidence precarious, they require a fuller treatment than our present space permits, and will reward a further patience by the curious picture they present of an obsolete type of literature and faith.

ART. X.—THE ATTITUDE OF PARTIES—THIS SESSION.

THE causes of the weakness of the Liberal cabinet—the feature of the session—have been two,—the content of Englishmen with the internal administration of England, which is called by some the Conservative reaction, and the chaotic condition to which new and varying forms of sympathy with the politics of the Continent have reduced all party organisation.

The root of Conservatism is content; and the middle classes of Great Britain, who, since the Reform Bill, have been the depositaries of power, are, as respects internal affairs, contented. They have found in that measure an instrument exactly suited to their feelings, as well bad as good, to their love of practical improvement and their distrust of broad ideas, their antipathy to visible misgovernment, and their selfish dread of any policy based on principle rather than expediency. Aided by accidental circumstances, a long cycle of peace, the accession of a female sovereign, her marriage to an able and temperate statesman sincerely devoted to the constitutional experiment, tolerable prosperity among the people, and the spread of a series of sound economic ideas,—the new governing power has in one generation changed the aspect of English political life. The old motive powers have lost their potency. The mingled dread and dislike of the throne which, from the accession of George III. to the death of William IV., permeated all classes, and lingers still, it is said, among the greater nobles, has been replaced in the popular mind by a sentiment curiously compounded of loyalty and of thankfulness that the subject of loyalty is outwardly so quiescent. The jealousy of a privileged class, which, in 1831, threatened the peers with extinction, has given way to a secret conviction that the old aristocracy of birth and wealth now serves as an outwork for the new aristocracy of political power. With the exception of those which impede the easy transfer of land, all the laws obnoxious to the middle class have been steadily cleared away. The draconic laws against crime, which they hated, partly from benevolence, partly from an exaggerated idea of the importance of death as an incident in the soul's career, but chiefly from an instinctive belief that they were part of the old oligarchical scheme, have been swept away with a completeness which has begun to produce a reaction towards a severer discipline. Every restriction on commerce, from the elaborate code devised to keep up the price of corn, to those laws which, by forbidding partnerships *en commandité*, kept capital out of trade, have been one by one removed. The ancient claims of the poor, which threatened small proprietors

with extinction, and tenant-farmers with pauperism, have, by a great and courageous measure, been reduced to a right to bare subsistence, under conditions needlessly unpalatable, but which have corrected finally the tendency to dependence. The ultimate though not the direct* control of the administration has been carefully preserved; the army has been subordinated in practice though not in theory to a parliamentary department; all the more visible administrative abuses—the great sinecures, the avowed practice of jobbing, official intimidation at elections, and the last vestiges of personal corruption—have been cleared away, and the House of Commons has been raised to an undisputed ascendancy over every department of the State. And finally, the middle classes, partly enlightened by the rise of a school of sound economists, whose ideas found acceptance among the class usually chosen as members of Parliament, and partly dismayed by the spectacle of too much suffering below them, have readjusted taxation, and, while releasing trade, have accepted almost their just share of the imperial burden. No man occupying a house of less than 20*l.* a-year rent—double the electoral qualification—now pays any direct tax whatever, and, income for income, the property-holders and wage-receivers contribute about equally to the State. The result of all these changes has been to convince the middle classes, not only of the reality of their own power, but of its wisdom and righteousness, to make them in fact, on internal affairs, a contented and therefore timidly conservative aristocracy.

The new spirit was very conclusively displayed in the debates of 1860 upon Lord John Russell's Reform Bill. It is easy to argue that the ministry, in bringing forward that bill, never intended it to succeed; that they were false to their own convictions; that they relied on the Lords to throw out a measure introduced to satisfy hustings-claims. The facts remain, that the mover was strongly in earnest; that the ministry were, if not earnest, not reluctant; that the aristocracy had given way; that the House of Lords would not have ventured to resist for more than a single session; and that the measure was not so much rejected as stifled by the secret or avowed taste of the voting class. They did not want to be swamped, and saw no reason in the aspect of English affairs why they should run the feeblest or most nominal risk. The House, however elected, could represent *them* no better, and, as usual with Englishmen under those circumstances, they stolidly refused to move. The appeal of Lord John Russell to the constituencies fell upon

* The direct control, *i.e.* the business of administration, is slipping again to peers and peers' relatives. English politicians must be rich, and rich middle-class men are busy.

cold ears, and did not influence a single election; and at the next parliamentary raising of the subject the Premier was applauded for laughing reformers down.

This tone of contented quiescence has been greatly developed by two other circumstances, the full scope of which has scarcely yet been perceived. The impulse to advance in Great Britain has almost always come from below, but for some years past the masses have been singularly unwilling to move. The artisans of the towns were for a few years ardent in seeking a wider extension of the Reform Bill, and in 1848 they were ready, or seemed to be ready, for revolution. The events of that year proved, however, even to themselves that they had lost the power to menace. Frightening eight or nine hundred landowners was one thing, and terrifying a million of voters another and very different thing. The new aristocracy was quite determined not to be bullied out of its place, its alliances reached to the very base of society, it commanded all organised bodies, and in the capital it possessed, as the 10th of April showed, a preponderance of physical strength. The country labourers had, except in Wales, no sympathy with the Chartists; and preparations which were to have ended in an armed march on the Legislature terminated in a gathering dispersed by a shower of rain. Sir Robert Peel had taken the bones out of the Chartist organisation. The people had one grievance intelligible without argument, the artificial dearthness of bread. This was remedied by the repeal of the Corn Laws; and with its disappearance disappeared also the wish to coerce the Legislature into justice. Since then the masses have been strangely apathetic to all political ideas. They have given up the Charter, given up voting to a most annoying extent, and turned with fresh interest and avidity to schemes for social improvement. There the middle classes could and did follow them. Owing to causes which we have not space to discuss, but some of which are by no means so creditable as they appear, the middle class sympathise with the lower in their crave for physical comfort. They will not concede them power—are, indeed, on that point recklessly selfish and blind,—but they will go almost any length to improve their material condition. Every kind of benevolent project finds, and for thirty years has always found, the heartiest sympathy and support. Law after law has been passed to make the popular insurance system, the great but half-tried idea of benefit societies, more and more efficient. The vote for the education of the poor has become a visible item in the estimates. A tax which presses upon the poor is, when once that fact is recognised, a tax doomed. The State has broken its ordinary rules to establish a vast system of banks for the poor; a system

so elastic and so extensive that in a generation it may even modify the national character, and make the only spendthrift race in Europe as close-fisted as the French. Schemes which in other countries would be denounced as socialist are in England regarded with favour; and a proposal, for instance, to lend state funds for the construction of cottages, as they were lent for the construction of drains, would be debated wholly upon its merits. The masses, if not contented, have at least arrived at the conviction that they are not wilfully injured; and, with that source of irritation removed, seem disposed rather to watch than to shove. Even the terrible distress caused by the suspension of the cotton-trade has not stirred them to political agitation; and the old motive power, the fear of requests from below to be supported by menaces of physical force, has for the present lost its efficacy. The new aristocracy, if inclined for sleep, sleeps in peace.

The last and least-noticed cause of the quiescence of internal politics is the altered tone of the Press. For nearly ten years Parliament has assented to all proposals tending to abolish restrictions upon newspapers, and therefore to cheapen the periodical press. The advertisement-duty went first, then the heavy stamp, then the compulsory penny stamp, and lastly the paper-duty. All these measures were intended undoubtedly to "popularise" the Press; but they had another result. The great bulk of the newspapers throughout the country dropped their price to a penny, and it may safely be assumed that no new daily will ever be started except at that price. The penny papers proved, however, strangely conservative. It was found that, owing partly to the spread of education, partly to the immense influence possessed by the upper classes, and partly to the fondness which even savages display for eloquence, the people sought for good writing. The proprietors, freed from excessive taxation, were able to invest in the coveted article; and the control of the penny press passed at once into the hands of educated *littérateurs*, the class, that is, of all others trained at once by education and by the habit of criticism to a horror of subversive ideas. The journal, therefore, which has the largest circulation is as conservative as the *Times*; has, for example, like the *Times*, stood steadily by the slave-owners, while the Radical organ, the *Star*, would have been considered by the men who hurrahed for Sir Francis Burdett a feebly liberal paper. The unstamped Press has gone out, and workmen and landlords are now addressed in the same tone of moderation, and often by the same men. The agitators are powerless; for if uneducated, they cannot stand up against the pitiless knowledge of their rivals; and if educated, they acquire, in spite of

themselves, that critical faculty which is so fatal to all unreal, and therefore all violent plans.

This content, or rather quiescence, spreading through all classes, has, of course, immensely benefited the avowedly conservative party. Englishmen, though not logical, like instinctively to see fact and theory in some degree of relation; detest a clergyman who, preaching contempt for riches, buys advowsons; and distrust a politician who, calling himself progressive, advances no whither. They turn with new readiness to the party which avows that the content which all feel is its own rule of action, which resists all change not clearly shown to be inevitable, and is disposed to tolerate all abuses rather than alter the basis of power. The upper section of the voters, wanting nothing, is as willing to vote for them as for their rivals. The lower section, wanting much, will nevertheless not leave its immediate business in order to protect a party which does not advance. Every election, therefore, shows a slightly diminished vote, and an increase of Tory voters. Then it is in quiet times that the influence of property tells; and property, on the whole, though with some large exceptions, rests with the Conservative side. Intimidation, useless in times of excitement, becomes, when the voters are anxious only for their personal interests, the strongest lever of power. These facts alone are, we believe, sufficient to account for what is termed the Conservative reaction, that tendency of those who feel content to side with the party which admits that it is so.

In Parliament the prevailing tone of content operates even more strongly. Parliament is composed almost exclusively of men who, like eldest sons, feel that no change whatever can benefit them; of squires, to whom change, beneficial or otherwise, is always an object of suspicion; and of middle-aged gentlemen, far more conscious of obstacles than of the necessity for facing them. The partial extinction of the proprietary boroughs, with all its excellent results, has had the effect of keeping young men out of the Lower House; and, except in the case of a family of vast territorial influence, or of men of very unusual wealth, the election of a man just of age is an event. The substantial citizens, who control the smaller and middle-sized boroughs, look on any such candidate as a boy, and reject him without a hearing. The Liberal leaders, moreover, feeling no impulse from without, hearing no sound of menace, unstirred by any current of enthusiasm, obey their natural inclination to trust the men of their own generation, caste, and, in too many cases, family, and cease by degrees to seek for new blood or call for aid from the young. Not one young commoner has been brought forward by the Whigs for years. There is not a

Liberal member in the House under forty whose introduction to the Cabinet would not be received with a shock of surprise; and the great majority of men accustomed to lead have arrived at the age when men either settle on their lees, or, letting the lees settle, grow clear and serene, but indisposed for adventure and exertion. They watch Lord Palmerston's programmes, drawn up with the distinct intention of presenting few points of attack, with a feeling that life was more vigorous in their younger days, but with no sense of neglect, no wish to disturb an arrangement which, if it endangers their power, secures at the same time their tranquillity.

On the other hand, the Tories, naturally representatives of inertia, act for many reasons under an impulse which gives them on all points the appearance, and on some the reality, of energy. They are, in the first place, the attacking party. Excluded from power, with infrequent intervals, for the better part of a generation, their nerves have been braced by the healthy air of opposition, and their energies recruited by the constant draft of new men. Always less exclusive than their opponents,—who seem to feel that liberalism needs to be tempered by high blood, family connexion, or very great wealth, that the horse should be hobbled lest it should leap over all bounds,—they have drawn to themselves a whole list of new men; and, but for the presence of Mr. Gladstone, would show in debate a decided superiority. Cairns, Whiteside, Fitzgerald, Walpole,—these are all recruits who would have done credit to the days when a successful speech raised the speaker at once into the list of parliamentary personages. The party has, moreover, the assistance of all the ablest Irishmen; and an able Irishman has a dash, a recklessness of consequence, a habit of acting on his theories, which, if it be not true energy, very often supplies its place. The Liberals have not an Irishman in their ranks, unless we reckon Lord Palmerston, who in debate is worth his salt; and their chance of obtaining one seems to diminish every day. Above all, the party—though it shares the general content of the nation, and though its growing influence is the expression of that content—still has a want, which gives it something of motive power. It wants office, and office for a time which shall compensate its members for their inevitably long reaches of opposition. Accordingly, the party discipline is, out of doors, well organised; the registration is watched with microscopic minuteness; doubtful votes erased; and every agency set at work to embarrass the Liberals in their own boroughs. Is a great town discontented or sulky with its candidates, down goes an eldest son; is a borough almost equally divided, down goes a Jew or an Irishman, or other man of extreme views and small scruples to

draw off the liberal tail,—that little contemptible section which would not enter heaven without a fair ballot, or elect an angel unless he “went in” for household suffrage. They cultivate every alliance which tells upon the hustings, often with small reverence either for their principles or their pledges. In a Northern town they aver that they—the men of standing armies and mighty fleets, who dread France and detest America—are the only men who desire large reductions in national outlay. In the north of Ireland they point to their history, justly, as proof that they are the natural allies of the Orangemen; in the south and west, they expatiate on the one leader’s dislike for a united Italy; and another’s eloquent denunciation of a dependent Pope. They tell tenant-farmers that they only are inclined to diminish the malt-duty; and squires, that it is to them the gentry must look for the maintenance of the game-laws. Every where they are the aggressive, active, hard-working side; and every where, therefore, they record a nearer approach to victory.

Why, then, do they not come in? They have, if not a majority, at least the power of turning the Cabinet out, and forcing a dissolution which might, and probably would, seat them in power for years. Yet they accomplished nothing last session, and after all their vaunts commenced this one with a dreary expression of hopeless criticism. On lesser points they act as if they were supreme in Parliament; but the moment the Liberals close and offer them final battle, they retreat, declaring that victory is not the soldier’s true end. Their attitude is, we believe, almost unexampled in parliamentary warfare, and its motives must be sought in the party complications introduced by Continental transactions, and in the strange relations of the party to its own and the hostile leaders.

Two remarkable, and to all appearance permanent, changes have passed over English opinion in relation to Continental affairs. The new aristocracy, the million of voters, have learnt to consider foreign transactions the most interesting subject of thought, and what used to be called conservative opinion has finally ceased to exist. There is a conservative opinion as opposed to the liberal one still, but it has no resemblance whatever to the chain of ideas formerly described by that phrase. Our insular character has as it were disappeared. Railways have made travelling easy; and the richer section of the middle class travels more even than the *noblesse*, and is much more addicted to study while it is travelling. The press, guided by men who have all the tastes without the means of a political aristocracy, deepened by a permanent crave for political excitement, have taught the people to watch foreign affairs with a

minuteness which would have appeared to their grandfathers a puerile waste of time. More than half of every paper is now devoted to foreign politics; and the characters of the leading statesmen of Europe are now as familiar as those of our own debaters. The little country squire raised by a freak of favour to power in Prussia has been studied and analysed and described with as much care as any English minister during the hottest fever of Reform. The electric telegraph has made all places central for the receipt and circulation of news, and has moreover invested all news with something of the dramatic character. Always terse for trade reasons, and becoming epigrammatic from the habits forced on the compilers, the bulletins state all the facts without qualifications, and by mere force of an involuntary abruptness startle the dull into fixed attention. No appetite grows like the thirst for political excitement; and the man who has watched a revolution in France, when France is quiet again, looks out with a novel sense of enjoyment for a coming revolution in Servia. He does not at first care about Servia or know any thing of Servia, but he sees that the strife of men and of principles is beginning there once again, reads till his knowledge, if superficial, is still clear, and very often ends by becoming a fanatic partisan of one or other of the Servian factions. The writer knows an Englishman well to whom it is a personal affront to say Bohemia is misgoverned; and there are thousands who would subscribe lavishly to assist a Croat revolt. The ancient indifference of the middle class has given way to a deep emotion, so deep that as each country successively rises to secure its freedom, it is a doubtful question whether England will or will not interfere. This novel attitude of the British mind has been indefinitely strengthened by the course of events in Italy. There was *primâ facie* no very visible reason why Englishmen should sympathise very vehemently with Italians. The cultivated class, indeed, felt a certain admiration for the beautiful land in which genius had so long been endemic, and for the only people in Europe who retain the manner produced by unbroken civilisation. But the mass of the people thought the Italians a very inferior race, much given to superstition, assassination, and painting Catholic pictures. France however was in motion, and when France is in motion England is compelled to observe. Then it became apparent that Italy had accepted as leader one of those men whom Providence sends to a country once in five hundred years, and that man declared himself in his acts the sleepless foe of the Pope. Another Italian arose whose character, pure as that of a hero of romance, was illustrated by feats such as no man in modern times had ever attempted to perform, and he also proclaimed himself till death

the foe of the Pope. Italy appealed at once to the English love of excitement, the English sympathy for freedom, the English hate of the Catholic Church, and the English worship of swift success; and for months the proud islanders who had held an Italian fit only to be a cook, watched the Italian movement as they would have watched a British campaign. The nation fretted over the delays before Gaeta as if it were being besieged by the British, and positively groaned with disappointment and sorrow when news arrived that the physicians of Turin had succeeded in killing Cavour. For nearly two years sympathy or hostility to Italy affected ministries as much as their views on Protection or the Church, and the nation, half consciously to itself, passed through an education. No man who has thoroughly learnt a language is ever thoroughly indifferent to its literary achievements; and the English had learnt for the first time the language of nationalities. Thenceforward the newspapers ceased to apologise for articles on the movements of the more remote European states.

With this deepening interest in the Continent, there has arisen a totally new division between English parties in their relation to foreign affairs. Formerly the division was simple. The Conservatives simply disliked all change, and especially all change which menaced royal authority, and clung therefore, by instinct, to the power, Austria, which on principle opposed all change, and to the power, Russia, which embodied in its perfection the idea of monarchy. The Liberals, on the other hand, sighed for change, and regarded it with the more pleasure if it attacked or menaced the monarchies; clung, in spite of a thousand disappointments, to France; despised and hated Austria, if not all Germany; and regarded the Russian empire as the visible incarnation of all political evil. The English aristocracy, which is from habit steady in its opinions, retains these ideas even now very slightly modified by circumstances; but the new governing class has given them up for ever. To use an expressive but inartistic Americanism, it is a unit on the side of good government. Partly through its intense love of physical comfort, partly from a growing benevolence, and partly from a conviction that bad government means disorder, and disorder heavy taxation, it has come to detest visible or cruel oppression, to despise the policy, once so warmly defended, of simple and strong repression. It doubts still whether France ought to be free, but hates to hear of men sent to Cayenne simply for thinking she ought; questions whether Italy can become strong, but abhors that *beau-idéal* of repression the papal temporal power. The strongest Liberals censured Garibaldi for declaring war on his private account; the

strongest Conservatives rose to denounce, in language of passionate eloquence, the wicked conscription enforced in Poland. The desire for order, and lenient government, and liberty of movement and trade and speech, has penetrated every class; and even Conservatives have ceased to sympathise with monarchies merely as such. There are probably not a dozen Legitimists left in political life in England. Nobody cares in the least whether Henri Cinq has a chance remaining or not; and very few dread in their hearts an orderly and quiet republic. No voice was raised for King Otho, for had he not neglected railways? and no man has defended the Czar, for he tried to kidnap the youth of an entire nation. The great old party in England, which from 1815 to 1848, helped so greatly to maintain at once peace and misgovernment, has finally disappeared; and the politicians, half-puzzled, find themselves compelled once more to set up their landmarks.

For, though the old divisions have been effaced, England is not unanimous. All parties desire good government, but the Liberals ask something more. They have come to believe the higher life of a nation as important as physical ease; to regard unity and the possibility of careers, and the development of those qualities found only in independent and usually only in large states, as important as civilisation. They have accepted the central idea of what Continental publicists call the new revolution, that doctrine of nationalities which seems as if it might take the place of the better desire for freedom. Italy might be well governed though split into many states; but had the Italians accepted that solution, English sympathy would have died away. Poland might be decently governed; but Liberals are conscious of a desire that it should have a free existence, a separate power of action, the right to develop itself according to Polish and not according to Russian ideas. Germany is fairly enough governed, violent wrong being in most places quite at an end; but all Liberals are impatient because the great race seems so content with its welfare, and does not actively strive for the unity for which it yet quietly sighs. So powerful is this feeling, that the request of one of the best-governed populations in the world, the people of the Ionian Islands, to join a much worse-governed but kindred state, has met with hearty appreciation; and a liberal ministry has offered, if political order is once restored, to give the islands to Greece; a resolve which, to the statesmen of the Continent, had all the effect of an unpleasant surprise.

It is disliked also by the Conservatives; and the division of thought becomes in this instance clear. The infinite majority of the governing class sympathise strongly with the cause of

good government all over the world; but the Conservative section do not sympathise with the doctrine of nationalities, and the Liberal section do.

If these opinions were held by sections conterminous with the old parties, they would of course introduce no element of weakness whatever. The two armies would have changed their battle-field, but neither their leaders nor organisation. But they are not so held. The Conservatives express, as we have said, sympathy with all efforts, even revolutionary, to secure good government; but a considerable number of the party have also imbibed the feeling of nationalities, and another, though smaller number, add to their sympathy the rider, that no effort for any end shall disturb the balance of power. In action these differences become excessively serious, as serious at least as the old distinction between the friends of despotism and the admirers of revolution. A very large section, for instance, of the Conservatives are anxious that the unity of Italy should be preserved. They believe that without that unity Italy will only have passed from the control of Austria to enter that of France, and that the junction of two Latin races would threaten the freedom of the Mediterranean. They are, moreover, opposed from their hearts to the continuance in any shape, and under any modifications, of the temporal power of the Pope. Partly from a belief that that power is a real bulwark to Catholicism, by giving it an independent centre, and partly from an unconscious sympathy with the detestation of the Roman people for the power which has misruled them so long, they cannot endure that the Government should cease from its efforts to remove the French troops from Rome. Their own party once in power, would, they instinctively feel, cease those efforts. Their real as well as nominal chief is known to entertain the old aristocratic dislike of Italians, a profound disbelief in their power to remain either strong or free. With characteristic scorn, he told the Italians last session that all manner of dogs could not be comfortably kept in one kennel, and he has never uttered a sentence of hearty sympathy with either their wrongs or their aspirations. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, whether from conviction or a desire to conciliate the Ultramontanes, gives expression at every opportunity to an idea which strictly belongs to a past-away stage of thought. He holds that the Pope must be independent. If driven from Rome, he must, he thinks, perforce take refuge with some power great enough to defend, and therefore to control him; and thenceforward the Papal authority, which sways all the Catholic women of Europe, and has not lost its hold over more than a third of the men, would be used for political ends alone. The residence of the Pope at Avig-

non, for instance, might give the Emperor a large share in the working government of Ireland—enable him, for example, to disturb the island just when the British Government required the unembarrassed use of their energies to resist or to guide the ambition of France. So with the Pope in Austria, Poland could never be really free; for the Pope could undoubtedly shake any government there established, and would be very apt to do it whenever that government was honestly anti-Austrian. The argument has a force, and clearly those who believe it, even if they do not guarantee the Pope, will at least desist from all efforts tending to leave the Papacy at the mercy of its Italian subjects. Nearly a hundred Tories are not willing that they should desist, and consequently, whenever the contingency is gravely placed before them, they vote for their own opponent, who, secretly an ally upon all internal questions, is on Italian points openly carrying out the policy they approve. That disposition would be a source of strength to the Government, if the support were steady, but it is not. The old party lines co-exist with the new ideas, and Mr. Disraeli can occasionally march at the head of an unbroken phalanx. He can, however, only keep them unbroken by concealing the real issues, and is therefore compelled to resort to a kind of political trickery. For example, last session he induced Mr. Walpole to offer a resolution proposing reductions, which, nominally only a request, was really a vote of want of confidence, upon which Lord Palmerston must resign. That aspect of the question was concealed from the great Conservative body, and when at last revealed, the phalanx suddenly dissolved, and Lord Palmerston marched into the lobby at the head of an almost unanimous House. So also it compels him to seek for allies elsewhere than in his own ranks, to court ultramontanes with whom his own followers have waged war for centuries, and the "Manchester men," with whom they have not an idea or an aspiration in common. They find themselves, with a feeling compounded of disgust and amusement, compelled to advocate concessions to the Catholic majority in Ireland, to criticise the military force, and to demand reductions in the immense naval expenditure—that is, in other words, to abandon their hereditary idea, that the true attitude of England is an armed watchfulness, and their policy, as a party, of showing themselves the permanent friends of the "services."

The distaste to such work is deep, so deep as to produce incessant mutinies, and it is further intensified by a still heavier bid made by Mr. Disraeli to conciliate his Manchester friends. They wanted reductions on a great scale, which he was willing to offer; but it was useless to make them or pro-

mise to make them if England were still to continue watching France. Mr. Disraeli, therefore, in a speech which, more than any he has ever uttered, paralysed his party, offered to surrender that watchfulness, to give up all suspicions, and humbly endeavour to make English policy so agreeable to the French Emperor that armaments would scarcely be required. The bid was a bold one, but it failed. The Tories have unlearned, in the last thirty years, their old hostility to France, but they have not unlearned their old dread, and they are, even more than the Liberals, solicitous for the honour of England. To follow the policy of any foreign court is to them an offensive idea; but to follow that of France, and of France ruled by a Bonaparte who has proclaimed his adhesion to the idea of the nationalities, is little less than degrading. They will not do it; and they find themselves, therefore, at utter variance with their leaders on one great question of foreign policy, upon a second, proclaimed in order to remedy their defection, and upon all the internal changes produced by the desire to carry out both. They will not buy the Ultramontanes by the sale of Italian unity, nor the Manchester men by giving up armed preparation. The party, therefore, contains two parties,—those for whom the leaders think, and those who think for themselves; and till they can be united again, battle must either be avoided or end in disastrous defeat. Of course, under such circumstances, their power of resistance to the Government declines into a capacity for feeble but ostentatious criticism. There is no necessity for making official action successful, or definite, or rapid; for if it is attacked, the Premier holds up his finger, and her Majesty's opposition becomes his own reserve guard.

Why, then, is not the cabinet strong? The Liberals follow Lord Palmerston, and so do a hundred Conservatives, and he has therefore surely an irresistible majority. True, but the divisions created by the new sympathy felt with foreign affairs extend also to the Liberal ranks. They are united in opinion, heartily wish, that is, success to the new revolution; but they are wholly disunited as to the means by which that success should be secured. They do not differ in object, but differ very acutely as to the sacrifices the country should make to attain it. No two men agree on this point, and for action within the House the Liberals are in effect split into at least four very sharply defined sections. The first, and by much the largest, is that headed by Lord Palmerston himself, and probably accepted by all the important members of his cabinet except Mr. Gladstone. This section would always give the moral aid of the British Government to the suffering nationalities, and in extremes the physical aid, provided that in so doing they did not

upset the balance of power, or in any degree diminish the influence of Great Britain. They sympathised heartily, for example, with Count Cavour, supported him at Gaeta with something stronger than despatches, and almost formally prohibited Austria from carrying out a half-formed plan of sending an army to Ancona to protect the Papal States. But they were ready to declare war on France for annexing Nice and Savoy, even though that war would have involved one against Italy, and for Austria and the Pope. Their principle was surrendered the moment they had reason to fear the aggrandisement of Napoleon. They are ready to aid the Poles, and, so far as Russia is concerned, might even risk a declaration of war; but they cannot endure the risk of seeing France, under cover of a quarrel with Prussia, annex any portion of the Rhine provinces; and their fear of this contingency leads them to throw cold water upon the French enthusiasm for the Poles. Above all, they abandon their principle openly, almost disgracefully, whenever it appears distantly probable that it may be applied to Turkey. It is the fixed idea of their school, and especially of Lord Palmerston, that the independence of Turkey is necessary to the security of the world. Consequently they not only defend Turkey from every attack from abroad, but repudiate in the strongest fashion all aid to insurrection from within. Good government, which they all desire, must be postponed if the bad governor is a Turk. If the Turkish troops, for example, aid in a massacre of the Christians of Syria, Syria must be resigned; for Great Britain cannot allow her, though with ten times the provocations of Tuscany, to call France to her defence. If a Turk avenges a private murder by bombarding Belgrade, the Servians so bombarded are told to abstain from their "criminal intrigues," and get the faintest measure of justice diplomacy can secure. If the Greeks of the kingdom display the slightest sympathy with the Greeks of Epirus, or Thessaly, or the unhappy Turkish islands, they are roughly informed that their independence depends on their not being hostile to Constantinople. As Turkey is not only a despotism but a religious despotism, and consequently as incorrigible as the Papacy, the utter contempt for principle manifest in this policy shatters a party whose *raison d'être* is the advocacy of certain principles which can as little be waived or modified as the great laws of morals. A true Liberal is as unwilling to bombard a Greek population for wanting to be free and united as to tell a deliberate lie or commit a deliberate murder, and regards the argument of expediency in much the same light as the causistry popularly ascribed to the disciples of Loyola.

The second section, with which we suspect Mr. Gladstone

strongly sympathises, would carry out Liberal principles to their last development; apply them in Turkey as well as Italy, in Poland as well as Spain; but, unless England were very seriously menaced in her possessions or her dignity, would abstain from active participation in the struggle. They are not disposed to disarm, to abolish the army or greatly reduce the fleet, or give up the status of Great Britain abroad, or surrender the power, should the opportunity ever arrive, of throwing the weight of their country into the balance of freedom. But they never see the opportunity. They are filled with such a terror of war, such a keen sense of its expensiveness and its horrors, so vivid a realisation of the disturbance it produces in trade, and the brutality it imparts to the mind, such a sleepless fear of the possibilities of evil opened by *any* appeal to force,—that they would make almost any sacrifice rather than give the signal for hostilities on a great scale. They prevented war for the sake of Nice and Savoy. They would try to prevent it were the “independence” of Turkey once more to be brought in question, and will in all probability prevent a campaign for the independence of Poland. The only question now before them on which they are in any degree doubtful is, perhaps, that of Italy. Were Austria to endeavour, in *concert* with France, to reëstablish her influence in the Peninsula, the probable success of that cynical wickedness might possibly bring this party into the field; but short of this, their action is that of sympathising but certainly passive friends of the new revolution. They might almost be classed with the third section, the advocates of non-intervention under all times and circumstances; but they do not admit the principle, and might, under excessive provocation, abandon the practice.

The third section is small in number, commanding less than sixty votes, but it is extremely active, and possesses the strength granted to every party with logical convictions. Their doctrine is simply this: That English business alone is the business of England, that foreign politics are simply surplusage, and that England should attend exclusively to her own affairs. If France annexes half Europe, that is half Europe’s fault. If the Poles want freedom, the Poles must win it. If Italy wants unity, let Italy strive till she gets it. If Russia desires Constantinople, let the Russians and Turks fight it out, Europe merely registering in telegrams the varying fortunes of the struggle. In no case can she interfere unless directly attacked. Mr. Cobden, the chief, though not precisely the leader of this section, admits that England must be ready for self-defence, and has a right to a fleet stronger than that of any two powers united; but he would none the less denounce any war for any nation whatever,

any exertion of force, however slight, for any principle, however vital.

There remain the Catholic members, and members like the representatives of Lancashire, over whom the Catholic opinion will always have great power. Their view, seldom expressed in words, but always manifest in their votes, would seem to be this: "We sympathise with revolution, provided it never affects the Pope, or gives freedom to the horrible people who, by an impudent defiance of history and Prince Metternich, call themselves Italians." Their cardinal object is the preservation not merely of the independence of the Pope, but of his independence at Rome; and to this end all other considerations are made subordinate. They of course cordially detest the Palmerston ministry, and have become, from incessant failures, so bitter in their hostility, that the Catholics are, for the moment, lost to the Liberal party. All their traditions, of course, bind them to that side of the House. The Liberals carried Emancipation for them, in the teeth alike of the king and the people. To the Liberals alone can they look for honest support against the bigotry of the Protestant pale, against the still unsubdued spirit of Orangeism, against the iniquity of taxing six millions of Catholics for the Church required by less than a million Protestants, against the popular prejudice which, though the penal laws have been swept away, still debars them from high office. But all these considerations are lost in the imminent danger of the power to which they are more attached than to England, and they obey the order from Rome to vote down Lord Palmerston at any and every cost.

The variance among these sections deprives the ministry of all their executive force. Any one of the last three may, at the last moment, vote against them; and two are almost certain to do it. The hostility of the Ultramontanes is unappeasable, and that of the third or non-resistance section is only covered with a very thin veil. They might simply abstain from voting, but they have a bitter quarrel besides with the chief of the cabinet. They consider that he has deceived them, that he was the main agent in throwing over all projects of electoral reform, and that he now governs England by appealing to the most expensive and least honourable of the national foibles,—its mingled jealousy and fear of France. Lord Palmerston, too, is personally excessively distasteful to them. He is an aristocrat in grain. Good-natured and placable, with the sort of non-chalance so often found in men who have been very successful in society, he still at his heart believes that the *haute politique* is a game reserved for a certain caste. The narrowness and tenacity of middle-class thought irritates him as much as

its scrupulosity. He does not see why the world should not be governed by a few individuals, if they will but govern decently; dreads democracy with the shuddering fear of the old; and does not see in the least why he should not finesse in politics, if finesse will secure his end. He does not object to employ middle-class men, as some of his caste have done, and gladly availed himself of Mr. Cobden's knowledge to frame a commercial treaty with France; but the service then rendered did not prevent his telling his own minister extraordinary to "stick to his last," and not fancy himself competent to interfere in politics. This form of insolence wounds worse than an injury; and this party, if it obtains any fair opportunity, will infallibly punish. To guard against its vengeance, the wrath of the Ultramontanes, and the half-hearted support of the Independents, the ministry is compelled to rely upon its Tory allies. Their allegiance is only to be retained by concessions, and the concessions deprive the cabinet of all real working power. They are bound to quiescence as well abroad as at home. They cannot, for instance, accept a motion like that of Mr. Hennessey for enforcing the treaties of 1815 with respect to Poland, because, if they did, they would, as they fancy, lose the support of all but the aristocratic section of their own side. They cannot boldly announce that they will stand passive, because, if they did, their allies would not come up at their call. They cannot avoid reduction, because, if they do, they will shatter the Liberals to pieces; they cannot insure real relief for fear of offending their friendly opponents. They cannot govern Ireland with a high hand, because that is contrary to their avowed creed; and they cannot conciliate Ireland, because their hold over the Tories is their hostility to the old Irish faith. They are afraid to suggest any measure of internal reform, lest it should alienate their Conservative friends; and are disinclined to oppose any member's bill, lest they should rally to its support. Last session they introduced only one measure, Lord Westbury's plan for simplifying the transfer of land; and this year they did not promise any, and have practically only brought forward a feeble registration act for Ireland. Above all, their anomalous position causes them to act feebly, for it is the fear of opposition which makes free governments strong. If a little power has been treated, as Brazil, in a way the public half disapproves, Earl Russell scarcely explains, for he knows the opposition will not force on a grave division; if Sir George Grey is asked for new regulations for the prevention of crime, he calmly talks of exaggeration, for the opposition will not by formal censure run the risk of being informed that the coachbox is vacant, and they are to take the reins. There is weakness

every where: on the side of the Tories, who distrust their leaders' foreign policy; on the side of the Liberals, who dislike their chief's internal administration; and on the both sides, from the concessions each is obliged to make to prevent its rival becoming strong. Both parties shrink from conflict, and as yet (March 27th) the session has been marked by the almost total absence of parliamentary debate. The ministry have not introduced any administrative measure, except a reduction in the duty on cigars; have not explained their policy in Greece, or defended their attitude in America, or accounted for their estimates, or laid down any clear view as to their future action in Poland. Nor have they been seriously attacked upon any of those points. The debate on the Address was mere verbal criticism; in the debates on the estimates the Tories declined to attend; and on the serious question of Poland, where the votes might have gone against the ministry, Mr. Walpole extended his shield over the puzzled Premier, who saw that his epigram about the treaties giving him the power of interference, but not imposing the obligation, scarcely went down, yet was unwilling to utter any opinion less vague. Of internal reform there has not, as yet, been a trace; and the only promises to which the public attaches any importance are those in Mr. Gladstone's department. It is understood that he has two millions and a half to dispose of, and the estimates appear at present to confirm the conjecture. The reductions are not very permanent, being chiefly in the construction of ships, the purchases of timber, the erection of barracks, and the manufacture of guns; but still they involve a saving of two millions on the year. There is half a million saved by the absence of any vote for China; and with the two millions and a half Mr. Gladstone will probably diminish the income-tax, and largely reduce the tea-duty. The Conservatives may, by possibility, resist his course; or demand the application of the whole fund to some one change, but the effort can hardly be earnest, for the party stands deeply pledged. The reduction of the income-tax is always popular, and the Tories themselves are hostile to the excessive duty on tea, which they recently moved to reduce. They have no *locus standi*, and must perforce wait on till some unexpected event gives a new and a trustworthy organisation to their ranks.

It will be perceived that, throughout our review, we have made no mention of the greatest foreign question of all,—the American civil war. The omission was designed; for that war, though it interests all opinions and affects all interests, though it has introduced more divisions than any event since the Revolution, and will probably exercise a permanent influence over English development, has had, strange to say, no party action

whatever. There are, of course, the most violent differences of opinion as to the merits of the war, and they are, on the whole, conterminous with party lines. The Tories hold, as a body, that the Southerners are seceding from a government which they detest, in order to set up one of their own, and that in so doing they have but exercised the revolutionary right. They are fighting for independence with a courage and a determination which of themselves deserve success. The Liberals as a body hold, on the other hand, that the Southerners seceded from a government in which they had an almost dominant power, in order to extend and perpetuate the worst form of society known,—an oligarchy resting upon the avowed slavery of the whole working class, a slavery supported by law, justified by bad moral theories, and maintained by the unscrupulous use of the scourge, the gallows, and fire. The Tories as a body have welcomed every Southern victory with delight, excused every Southern breach of the laws of war,—such as the execution of all Negro camp-followers, teamsters, and draymen,—and poured out their vials of bitterness upon the proclamation of November, by which the President enfranchised all slaves which on 1st November should be in rebellious states. The Liberals, on the other hand, have sighed over the incessant proofs of want of statesmanship in the North; have regretted, though not warmly, the consequent defeats; and have ardently justified the President's proclamation. The two opinions have abused one another with a virulence to which, in England, we are growing unaccustomed, and which, upon most questions, would be followed by immediate action. But in England it takes more than ideas to produce a parliamentary vote. Those demanding it must offer also a policy; and on the English policy in America the parties are in cordial accord. The vast majority of both Houses are in favour of passive neutrality. Nothing, it is felt, would be gained by recognition without intervention; and for intervention the Tories are not prepared. Some of them do not like the idea of making the South too strong; others have a lingering scruple about alliance with slave-owners; a few dislike any act which must produce a maritime, and eventually profitless, war; and the majority are delighted with a struggle which exhausts combatants whom in their secret hearts they detest in nearly equal degrees. They are therefore fully prepared to second Lord Palmerston in denouncing intervention, and have succeeded, with a good deal of tact, in keeping the subject out of the Houses. Lord Stratheden brought on a motion, but he was induced to withdraw it; and the indecision of government in the matter of the *Alabama* was condoned by the fact, that the inde-

cision benefited the side which their opponents are inclined to support.

Is this weakness, this lassitude in the executive, and powerlessness in the Legislature, likely to last? It is dangerous to prophesy, when any hour may produce an event which may falsify all predictions; when the future of Europe hangs on the life of a debauchee of fifty-five, and all party arrangements on that of a man who at the end of the session will be seventy-nine; but there is no present prospect of any serious change. A dissolution would in all probability produce a nearly identical House. If the Tories, at last fairly organised, should accept the power in their grasp, they would be as powerless as the Liberals, for like them they could only exist by the sufferance of unfriendly allies. They could do little this year, unless they embroiled us with America, and then they would almost certainly be dispossessed once more. They could not actively menace Italy, or visibly bow to France; and they probably, for all their professions, would leave Poland to fight her own battle rather than risk France on the Rhine. On the other hand, if the Whigs retain power, as at present, by sufferance of their opponents, they must, as at present, so act as not to make sufferance impossible; in other words, must do as little as they can help. There is no demand visibly coming up from the country. The new aristocracy will not attempt to surrender its own monopoly of power, and there is no sign that as yet the masses are seriously anxious to pluck that power from their hands. The content seems for the moment fathomless. Even the heavy taxation which at another time would have created profound irritation, has been so wisely distributed, that reluctant tax-payers are puzzled what to assail, and generally end by denouncing the one tax about which the million care nothing at all. The economists have been soothed by reductions, the alarmists by a still lavish expenditure, the squires by the abolition of the hop-duty, the Church by the cold abstention of the ministry from all reform. The educated class has indeed its grievance, but then it is one never yet forced with success upon the House of Commons. It wants to widen the national Church, and bring its formulas into accord with the living faith of the day. It wishes to remove whatever gives colour to the popular impression implied in the assertion that the Bible is verbally inspired, and it wishes to replace the thirty-nine propositions in divinity called Articles by a broader and simpler test, which should exclude no clergyman who could affirm the Christian faith and the supremacy of the Queen. But the new aristocracy, the mass of the voting class, want nothing whatever of the kind; and till they express a want, the Commons will only discuss those subjects within the tea-room. No

change in a national creed is ever effected from above, nor will any change be made in the organisation of a national Church until some decided grievance arises from leaving it as it is. There is content in internal affairs; the nation must therefore continue to watch external movements; and on external movements there is as yet a dissonance of opinion which must paralyse force. For the next year to come we look for a feeble ministry, and an almost unanimous, and therefore compromising, House of Commons.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

I. *Essays by a Barrister.* Reprinted from the Saturday Review.
London : Smith and Elder.

THE art of combining amusement and instruction has reached a very high pitch of perfection in the weekly journals. A daily paper has to supply information as to facts, and to comment on them summarily from the one-sided point of view of the political party whose brief it holds. A monthly or quarterly review is too late to take advantage of the interest of the topics of the flying hour, and must rest its claims to attention on a more judicial summing-up, and a more complete statement of larger questions. Between the two lie the weekly periodicals, whose business it is to apply more general considerations and more elaborate criticism than can be found in the one to subjects too minute or too ephemeral for the other. They have for a special province what may be called the manners of society, the semi-official actions of statesmen, the common follies of the day, or the particular ones of sections and parties, and all the momentary and multifarious subjects of so-called middle articles. The success of these depends on the judgment with which they mix up their amusement with the seriousness. The most successful are unquestionably those which are purely ephemeral, which treat passing events according to the humour of the moment, and merge the general in the particular. But there is another kind which tries to be more than ephemeral, which dabbles in philosophy, and asks in effect of each event of the day, What lesson do we learn from this? The value of these is very questionable. They certainly seldom amuse, and if they do not instruct, they are nothing. Yet they are not often likely to have much instruction to give. Occasionally, of course, they are written by men who are masters of their provinces of thought, and take this means of insisting on points omitted in or capable of being detached from general statements of the whole subjects; but more commonly they are the tentative essays of those who have either no formed opinions or no special knowledge. But the views of young men, or of any men who have not made a careful and laborious study of that about which they write, however valuable they may be to their authors, are nearly worthless to the world. They consist of just those smart but immature and analogical notions which a further inquiry generally lays aside as fallacious and anticipatory. Either, then, they presume the presence of knowledge which is not at hand, and are more positive and certain than the real truth and certainty can be; or, if the temper of the writer is different, they consist of nothing but compromise and allowance, and balance opinions without arriving at any result. Whatever temporary value they may have as a means of diffusing a sensible and liberal tone of thought, and of translating the accurate ideas of original investigators into a familiar and intelligible form of expression, they can seldom on their own merits deserve republication.

If any exceptions are to be made to this rule, the *Essays by a Barrister*, which have been reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, must be

placed amongst them, as having a more permanent value than most collections of the ideas of outsiders about abstruse subjects. Yet even these are valuable more for their tone than for their matter, as models of fair and liberal criticism rather than for any new or even definite results. The author's distinguishing merit is, that whilst he is free from mixed modes of thought and 'promiscuity' of notions, and therefore speaks from a clear and consistent point of view, he is careful never to go too far, or to commit himself to ill-considered enthusiasm. Every thing is under-stated, so as to be rather within than beyond the truth, and carefully limited and balanced by adverse considerations. The tyranny of a principle is checked by practical common sense, and the narrowness of facts corrected by reference to general principles which underlie or override them. The obscurity of the resulting conclusions is here and there happily cleared up by brilliant illustrations, and the effect of suggestive reflections is often heightened by a peculiar artifice of style, by which something more seems to be hinted at than appears on the surface, or than we can quite comprehend. On the other hand, the critical temper and balancing of considerations is not all clear gain. The perpetual limitations with which every statement is hedged round give a negative character to the whole effect, which is puzzling whilst we read, and absolutely fatal to the chance of a clear recollection of any definite result. A very minute or delicate idea is enveloped or expressed in a cloud of words, which fatigue the attention, and in some cases prevent our remembering any thing, or knowing which way the verdict has gone, or even what was the point under discussion. The interest of the essays is further impaired by the inordinate preponderance of moral over facts. The quantity of instances given is insufficient to sustain the weight of the elaborate reflections, and we recalcitrate against lessons taught too nakedly and abstractedly, instead of being insinuated and left to enforce themselves by a skilful array of cases. A curious result occasionally follows from this laborious *à posteriori* analysis of particular social phenomena. As Hegelians have been said to confuse what has been with what ought to have been or ought to be, so a fact or custom philosophically explained sometimes becomes, by a kind of philosophical optimism, a fact or custom sanctioned by the constitution of things. According to the nomenclature of such a system, the acceptance of the fact as it stands is praised as positive philosophy, or the science of that which is, and the reprobation of it branded as metaphysical or *à priori* science of that which ought to be. The same feeling, though less absurdly expressed, shows itself in places in these essays. "It is surely" (we are told) "matter of great congratulation, that there is not an invariable alliance between prosperity and desert;" the advantage resulting therefrom being, that "as things stand now, we have the satisfaction of knowing that no one need be ashamed of his condition in life, because his presence in it proves nothing against him." There is certainly some credit in being especially 'jolly' in the face of a circumstance which is particularly perplexing to most people.

The best and most interesting of these essays are those which are devoted to an analysis of certain expressions such as 'geniality,'

'strength,' 'philanthropy,' which are current in popular criticism, and convey a confused implication of admiration and dislike. Nothing so good has been done in this way, except by Bentham, since the days of Plato. We are carried back in reading them to that exquisite induction of words which in the hands of Socrates laid the foundations of mental science. Yet nothing is so difficult as to lay bare the real grounds of popular praise or blame, and the origin of the associations, by which names of particular qualities, neither good nor bad in themselves, have grown to be representative of great principles and of distinct habits of thought. The essayist's clearness of mind has enabled him to disentangle happily the various ideas and feelings which have attached themselves to several of these expressions. There is only one mistake into which he has fallen, that of sometimes finding a great deal more in them than was ever dreamed of by those who used them. We are astonished to find how much more we meant than we had supposed, when we called a man genial, or used the apparently simple nickname of John Bull.

- II. *The History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans. From chronicles and documents published within the last ten years.* By T. L. Kington, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple. In two volumes. Macmillan and Co.

The interest of the life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans, arises less from the vast extent of his dominions than from his wonderful strength of character, and the great questions of which he was a living part. If the last act of a tragedy be played out on the peasant's death-bed, what shall be said of the man whose life was a continual struggle before all Europe, and in the issue of which struggle all Europe was concerned? Inheriting from his mother Constance the kingdom of Sicily and South Italy, and as the son of Henry VI. standing first among candidates for the throne of the German empire, Frederick might seem to owe every thing to good fortune; whereas no ruler started with greater difficulties. An orphan, carelessly brought up by a Pope the natural enemy of the Hohenstaufen, surrounded by turbulent barons, selfish churchmen, jealous citizens, Frederick learnt from hard experience his kingcraft. He had to subdue nobles "who made war upon each other without scruple, built castles without license, seized on the royal domains, and usurped the right of criminal jurisdiction;" next to assert authority over prosperous burghers, more tenacious of hard-won civic rights than even grand seigneurs of swords and title-deeds. But the conflict which awaited the young king and emperor, the stone of stumbling to himself and his house, was of another and graver kind. The question of Frederick's age was the extent of obedience claimed by and owed to the see of Rome: how far the authority demanded in the highest Name and with awful sanctions was compatible with the rights of subjects and rulers. The *prima dies leti* was when Innocent III. approved the election of another Hohenstaufen to the headship of the German empire, and thereby united under one the government of Germany, a large part of mo-

dern France, and nearly all Italy. Frederick was only seventeen when thus set on trial. Had he been less gifted with governing capacity, the prize must have slipped from him. When he returned at the age of twenty-six from the survey of his great Northern possessions, he had proved himself more than equal to meet whatever difficulties the Pope, citizens, and nobles might set in his way. His claim to a place among the world's great ones rests on his regulation of Apulia and Sicily in the following eight years. Frederick was true to his Norman birth. His wish and pride was to be "law animate upon earth." In an age of feudalism, when in France alone there were sixty different codes of local customs, it proved an iron strength of will and uncommon foresight to reduce to one digest the best customs of so many races, Italians, Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Germans, and Jews; to curtail local privileges, to level distinctions, and thereby rivalries and enmities between cities (the fruitful cause of Italy's misfortunes to this day); to abolish podestàs, consuls, rectors,—all impediments to one authority; to summon deputies from forty-seven cities to a conference or parliament, "for the weal of the kingdom, and the general advantage of the State;" to subject the barons to law, and deprive them of the right of deciding criminal cases, whereby the lowest classes of the population had been at their mercy. The spirit of Frederick's measures went to establish a despotism, but legal and enlightened, which should deal out to all men impartial justice. When it is added, that Frederick chose for his counsellors and friends the ablest of the land, irrespective of their birth and standing, men like Peter de Vineis and Thaddeus of Suessa; that he delighted in the arts; that Italian poetry first found her voice at his court; that commerce had never before been so flourishing, or material prosperity so great,—we can understand why Italians, and especially Sicilians, revert to the good old days of the Suabian house, to the wise and beneficent customs of Frederick II., "Cæsar of the Romans, Ever-august, Italicus, Siculus, Hierosolymitanus, Arelatensis, happy, conquering, triumphant."

These are the brighter aspects and memories of the life of the last of the great Emperors. There are darker ones. In an age of intolerance we need not be surprised at any honest thorough endeavour to uproot heresy. We understand persecution carried on by Innocent III. and Dominic: the historian who reads human nature aright may even condone it. But there is no excuse for Frederick's persecutions, more cruel and treacherous than pope's or inquisitor's. Frederick was the worst of persecutors, as Dean Milman has remarked, for he was without bigotry. He trampled on innocent free-minded citizens under cover of the most malignant of the religious passions and superstitions of his time. In truth, with his father's crown he inherited his father's temper. The career of the Hohenstaufens is stained with cruelty and treachery, to which Frederick added a lewdness that even his age, not given to softness or delicacy of feeling, reprobated. Mr. Kington throws no veil over Frederick's life. He does not attempt to hide, or still worse to palliate, the treachery which gave charters to cities only to be recalled at the first opportunity, which promised with an imperial

oath pardon to citizens only that a more terrible vengeance might be wreaked upon them. Now that it has become the fashion to excuse crimes against humanity, as proceeding from something like divine inspiration, or to explain them away as necessary acts of state policy, we are glad that Mr. Kington, who has given in this work an earnest of the place he will one day take among historians, following in this, as in the fidelity and research of his narrative, the example of Dean Milman, tells his plain unvarnished tale. If Frederick's wise legislation is the instinct of his Norman birth, his numberless deeds of cruelty and treachery betray the taint of Hohenstaufen blood, and place him on a line for perjury with some monarchs of the nineteenth century.

But Frederick's offences against truth and mercy were not the causes of his failure. His power was too great for the security of the rest of Christendom, was more than one man in any age could be trusted with. The restraining element in society was the papacy, and with this Frederick's position, claims, and conduct rudely clashed. The rest of Christendom acknowledged obedience due to Christ's vicar upon earth; Frederick in spirit and in deed acknowledged none. As "the source of law, he was above law," and therefore exempt. "What! shall the pride of a man of low birth degrade the emperor, who has no superior or equal on earth?" Mr. Kington, in one passage, characterises the harsh policy of Rome towards Frederick as a policy of self-interest; elsewhere he shows plainly enough that it was a question of self-preservation. The pope was hedged in on every side by Frederick's superior force. France was not then what it is now; Spain was divided into, and weakened, by its five kingdoms; and, however much the gold of England might flow into papal coffers, the barons of England were distant cold-hearted defenders. The pope had little else but moral force, the belief of Christendom that his cause was right, to rely upon. That, and the few Lombard cities, were more than sufficient.

The great dissension is admirably related with all fulness of detail in Mr. Kington's second volume. Our sympathies may be with the emperor's brave encounter of his difficulties; our reason, calmly judging, will not regret that he gloriously failed. For the time had not yet come when Europe could dispense with that directing mediating force which the Papacy then was. The worst and most unscrupulous popes were yet witnesses to a Power which did not stand upon or prevail by strength, which, because it was so divine and spiritual, had a claim upon the consciences of men. What Mr. Mill thinks the Hebrew prophets were in the kingdoms of Judah and Israel; what, according to Dr. Wolff's Travels, the dervishes are still in Eastern countries; what the unanimous and enlightened *vox populi* is now among us—that was the Papacy to mediæval Christendom, the single power before which rulers stood abashed, which could effectually protect the weak, desolate, and oppressed. It was less in the spirit of a Christian apostle than of a Jewish warrior that Innocent IV. fought for supremacy, and excommunicated Frederick at Lyons. Yet, in thus acting, he was in a manner the representative of Christendom, which spoke through him; and according to the then views of Christian duties and obligations, his

voice of accusation and lament was just and necessary. "I have five sorrows, which I may liken to the five wounds of Christ. These are, the Tartar inroads, the schismatical spirit of the Greeks, the heresies which have crept in, especially in Lombardy, the seizure of Jerusalem by the Kharizmians, the active enmity of the emperor to the church which he is bound to protect." The events here lamented were felt in their awful magnitude by the men of that time; they are so remote from us that we faintly sympathise with the papal warning. The philosophical historian is more just. He knows that the future welfare of Europe rested not upon the continuance of one uniform overshadowing despotism, but upon the mutually counteracting and sustaining forces of a common Christendom, of which the Papacy was then the necessary head. But he is not on that account disposed to justify that papal government which for centuries has missed its grand ideal, has divided the nations asunder rather than knit them together, has become a legalised oppression, and is now guilty, in the judgment of educated Europe, of the slow murder of the Roman people.

Mr. Kington sums up the moral of his story eloquently and truly:

"Rome won the day; and we need not regret it. The papal giants of the thirteenth century, ever ready to march in the van of public opinion, shrinking from useless crimes, are not likely to be reproduced in our days. Their conduct may perhaps be angrily denounced; the sturdy Protestant will revile their ambition and combativeness; the admirer of the divine right of kings (a few such admirers still linger among us) will mourn over the ruin of the matchless Hohenstaufens; the lover of chivalry will bewail the loss of the Holy Land; the English patriot will turn with disgust from a shameful chapter in his national history; the German patriot will sigh as he thinks of the time when his country was united; the Italian patriot will point with scorn to the lines of kings, almost always degenerating, which have ruled at Naples since the fall of the house of Suabia. But in spite of all these outcries, the impartial inquirer will hesitate before he pronounces that the fall of this house was a blow to the interests of mankind."

III. *The Theætetus of Plato, with a revised Text and English Notes.*

By the Rev. Lewis Campbell. Oxford, 1861.

Scholar-like editions of Greek or Latin Classics by English scholars are not such every-day productions that we can afford to pass them by without notice, even when, as in the case of the work before us, the interest attaching to them is of a somewhat esoteric kind.

The *Theætetus*, it must be confessed, is not one of those Platonic dialogues which every student of antiquity feels himself compelled to read. It has neither the solemn interest of the *Phædo*, nor the inimitable grace and beauty of the *Symposium*; nor do we trace in it, except only faintly, the outlines of that great system of philosophy which finds its fullest expression in the *Republic*. The subject discussed in the *Theætetus*—the nature of knowledge—is, indeed, one of those questions which must ever remain of central importance in all

philosophy ; but the reader's interest in the discussion, as here presented to him by Plato, is much diminished when he finds that it leads only to a negative result, and that it contains, not the final creed of Platonism, but only the details of those polemics against contemporary and antecedent theories, which were but a step toward the formation of that creed in the mind of Plato himself. The dialogue, as Mr. Campbell well observes, is written from a point of view more advanced (in the Platonic sense) than any which is allowed to appear in it ; and though this is but an instance of the irony, which is no less characteristic of Plato than of his master Socrates, yet it certainly gives rise to a sense of philosophic if not artistic incompleteness, which interferes with the perfect satisfaction of the reader. The *Parmenides* is equally barren of positive results, and its dialectics are even more repulsive (to all but adepts) than those of the *Theætetus* ; but there we feel that Plato is exerting the full force of his mind in analysing the metaphysical abstraction of Absolute Being, which has formed the principal object of the speculations of transcendental philosophers in all ages ; in the *Theætetus* it seems as if he did but play with us, calling up before us one false hypothesis after another, only to show their falseness, while he has the truth in his own possession all the time. Yet, after all has been said that can be said in depreciation of the *Theætetus*, there are some respects in which it deserves a larger share of attention than it commonly receives from any but professed students of Platonic metaphysics. For example, the presentation of the character of Socrates has unquestionably, in this dialogue, a freshness and individuality not surpassed in any other ; nowhere else is his consciousness of the humorous aspect of his own character so clearly portrayed, and yet no where else is this comic element more harmoniously blended with the earnestness of the great teacher. Nor, again, in any other dialogue do we find more to throw light on the view which Plato took of his own relation to the earlier philosophies of Greece.

It is but justice to Mr. Campbell to say, that he has formed to himself a true idea of what a reader of Plato has a right to expect from an editor of Plato ; and that he has endeavoured to leave no part of an editor's work undone. The text, the language, the philosophy, have all alike shared his attention. The text of the *Theætetus* is fortunately, on the whole, in a very fair condition ; and Mr. Campbell has in general followed the Zurich editors, his occasional deviations from them being chiefly prompted by two principles, a determination to exclude all conjectural emendations, and a preference for the *Codex Clarkianus*. In many of these deviations Mr. Campbell appears to us to have exercised a sound critical judgment ; nevertheless, we must express our conviction that it would have been simpler and better to have adopted without alteration the text of the Zurich editors. When once the text of a classic has been brought to a certain state of correctness, not much further improvement (and much possible mischief) may be expected from isolated efforts to emend it. Prolonged study of the whole works of the author, and accurate collations of the Ms. authorities, are indispensable to any real advance. The opportunities for such systematic

research cannot be possessed by every scholar, and we think that it is a pity to undertake at all what can afterwards be undertaken by others with fairer chances of success. Some division of labour must be allowed in philology as in other things, and while giving due praise to Mr. Campbell's cautious use of his private judgment, we certainly hope that future editors of single Platonic dialogues will not think themselves bound to adopt a course which may prove more dangerous to them than it has been to him.

To the elucidation of the philosophy of the dialogue, and especially to its bearings on the earlier schools, a long introduction is devoted. That the principal features of the false theory of knowledge, which is enunciated and refuted in the dialogue, are derived from a combination of the doctrine of Protagoras with that of the successors of Heraclitus, is so clearly stated by Plato as to be indisputable. The name of Parmenides, as the opponent of the Heraclitian doctrine, is also mentioned, though Socrates declines, out of veneration for the memory of the man, to enter on a discussion of his theories. But, apart from these great names of a former age, the question, whether there is any allusion to philosophers contemporary with Plato himself, is a very obscure one, and, as we may perhaps add, a comparatively useless one, as the knowledge we possess of the tenets of the minor Socratic schools is too slight to be of any use in the illustration of the meaning of Plato. Mr. Campbell seems disposed (after a very full inquiry) to consider the evidence of any direct allusion to Antisthenes insufficient; a judgment in which we cordially concur. To find an allusion to the name Antisthenes in the epithet ἀντίστοιχος "repellent," applied to certain materialists; or worse still, to imagine that the story of the girl (a Thracian, as slave-girls often were) who laughs at Thales for falling into a well, contains a covert reference to Antisthenes because his mother was a Thracian, are amusing extravagances of minute criticism; and we are almost disposed to quarrel with Mr. Campbell for the tolerance with which he records these trifling guesses. We could have wished, too, that he would have carried his scepticism a step farther, and would have acknowledged that there is no sufficient reason for identifying Aristippus any more than Antisthenes with any of the "opinions contested in the Theætetus." We can only say, that it is not impossible that a reference to him may have been intended by Plato; but as we can only conjecture what the scientific opinions were which Aristippus used as a basis for the easy epicureanism with which his name is associated, it is the merest guess-work to father upon him any theories which we find mentioned in Plato, merely because they are not inconsistent with the little that we do know of his doctrine. The hypothesis that friends or followers of Democritus may be signified by the repellent materialists already mentioned, rests upon equally conjectural grounds, and is open to this further objection, that we cannot conceive why Plato should have avoided mentioning the name of Democritus any more than that of Heraclitus, though we can understand that there may have been reasons for reticence in the case of a Socratic school.

It is more satisfactory to turn to the pages (Introduction, pp. xxxvi. xlviii.), in which Mr. Campbell gives an account of the system of Heraclitus. He is an eloquent advocate of the metaphysical interpretation of that system which has found favour since the time of Hegel. It is indeed possible that by this interpretation something has been introduced into Heraclitus which is not his own; we doubt, for example, whether he would still have recognised his own principles after that translation into the logic of Hegel, of which they are now supposed capable. Nor is it easy, upon the Hegelian interpretation, to understand the attitude of Plato in the *Theætetus* with regard to him; for it is hardly conceivable that if Plato had been conscious of the parallelism between his own *διαλεκτική* and the fiery process of the Ephesian mystic, he could have treated the Heraclitian school as simple enemies of the truth, at least without clearly distinguishing between them and their master.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the success with which Mr. Campbell has endeavoured in the course of his notes, and by means of his marginal summaries, to put before the reader the connexion and significance of the Socratic argument throughout the course of the dialogue. The only faults of his philosophical notes are, that they are too few and too short, clearness being sometimes entirely sacrificed to brevity (see, for example, p. 125, note 10). For so enthusiastic a Platonist he is singularly impartial in pointing out the weak points of Plato's logic (see the notes at p. 48, 10; 61, 2; or the quotation from Hegel at 19, p. 17).

We have also to complain of a little obscurity in the notes on points of scholarship. For example, at page 13, 8, we find a passage cited without any indication of the point it is intended to illustrate. At page 30, 14, a question between two various readings, *οὔροι* and *αἰροί*, is settled on a general principle, the application of which to the particular instance it is left to the reader to divine. The younger classical scholar will have much reason to be grateful for the pains Mr. Campbell has taken to follow all the subtle windings of Plato's style, and to give the full force of the particles, on which so much of the point and spirit of the conversation depends. Indeed, we should occasionally be disposed to find fault with him for seeing too much meaning in the words before him. We think it fair to quote two or three instances in justification of this charge, as it is possible that many scholars would give their verdict in his favour and against us. Page 14, 13, where a mathematical allusion is suspected in *προσήγορος*; page 26, 6, the force of the diminutive *φαρμάκια*, which is simply playful, is entirely missed by the translation, "gentle remedies;" page 32, the particle *γε* in *σοῦ γε οὕτω παρακελεσμένον* is paraphrased by "you whom I respect so highly," whereas it surely refers to the whole clause. Page 90, *ἀποδύσας*, "having stripped him of every excuse," exactly misses the point of the metaphor, which means "having compelled him to make an exhibition of himself." Sometimes, too, there is an amount either of uncertainty or of vagueness, which so excellent a scholar should not allow himself. The old *ex-cathedra* utterances are greatly preferable to too much dubitation in

philology. Thus, in page 66, 2, τὰ ἀμφιδρόμια αὐτοῦ "is a cogn. acc. in somewhat vague connexion with what follows;" it is surely an ordinary cogn. acc. after περιθρεπτόν. Page 80, 17, ἃ "is an accusative depending chiefly on ἐφόμενος, but vaguely also on all that follows." Page 39, 12, and 84, 12, we are told very truly that ἔξις has two meanings, active and neuter; but it is added, that in some passages it "wavers" between both.

A good example of the merits of Mr. Campbell as a commentator will be found in the notes on the celebrated passage relating to irrational square roots (pp. 19-22). By comparing the use of language in Euclid, he has removed every shade of obscurity from the passage. One question, however, "Why Theodorus did not begin with $\sqrt{2}$ " is answered very unfortunately (p. 20, 3) by the suggestion that $\sqrt{2}$ is less than one. A more possible answer would be, that since $\sqrt{2}$ is the diameter of the unit square, the doctrine of its incommensurability might have been considered separately and previously by Theodorus; just as we find it separately alluded to by Aristotle, and separately demonstrated in Euclid.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without expressing a strong sense of the thoroughness and excellence of Mr. Campbell's work; nor without recommending it as indispensable to all students, not only of the Theætetus, but of Plato.

IV. *A New Pantomime*. By E. V. Kenealy, LL.D. London: Reeves and Turner. 1863.

Dr. Kenealy has chosen a subject in which none but a great master could hope to succeed, and in which any thing less than brilliant success must be signal failure. He has treated it with a want of judgment which would have been fatal to the most splendid genius employed on the happiest of themes. The list of those who have attempted to poeticise the future state, with any approach to success, may almost be reckoned on the fingers of one hand, and the list of those who have been really successful almost on one finger; whilst the success, whether more or less complete, has in each case been attained only by an instinctive recognition of certain conditions of the problem which have been disregarded by Dr. Kenealy. The chief of these seems to be, that earnestness and levity must not be mixed up together. Homer, Dante, and Milton believed in the existence of that which they described, and their belief gave to their writings an air of reality, which was a main element of their triumph. We are laid under the spell of their sincerity, and gladly accept things which are not as though they were. Goethe, on the other hand, having quite outgrown belief, used the unseen world merely as a convenient fiction by which scenes of human passion might be transferred to a wider and more untrammelled stage. In the entire absence of religious earnestness, the wildest levity was not out of place; but any bit of religion, or any serious theological view, would have been as curiously out of place on the Brocken as the company there in Paradise. Dr. Kenealy has mixed the two effects, and has

necessarily failed. There is indeed a mixture of humour in Dante's earnestness, and of earnestness in Goethe's mockery; but in this poem the earnest element and the satirical element are of incompatible kinds. Whilst the theory is an exposition of the abstruse and sublime dictates of an illuminated reason, the humour is of a sort which is accurately measured by the distance between the titles of the *Divina Commedia* and of *A New Pantomime*. The two modes of thought are perpetually at variance, and the result is an incongruous medley of Platonism and Billingsgate. For a moment we see a prophet, charged with the oracles of a new revelation, radiant with an ideal light, the first of men; but at this crisis some unlucky head is sure to come invitingly in the way: the temptation is too strong; and the prophet utters a whoop of joy, and cracks the head, whilst away fly the oracular leaves down the winds.

It is this mixture of thoughts which will not mingle that is the cause of most of the absurdities of the book. "Our author," as he tells us,

"dipping his gold pen in gall
And milk of paradise, conceived the work."

But we submit that gall and milk have no affinities for one another, and can only produce something which may be called curdled confusion. "Man's an ass" may be made the subject of a very good poem; and it is conceivable that the notion that our passions and vices do not die with us, but require to be burned, or hammered, or bleached out after death, might, though not altogether new, in the hands of a reverent and credulous enthusiast, be wrought into something not altogether unreadable; but the two together make a monstrosity. The fact is, that the poem is one great plagiarism. One of the guardian angels plagiarises, we believe, from Mrs. Hemans, the sub-terrestrial frogs from Aristophanes, and the poet generally from Byron and Goethe; and it is the Nemesis of plagiarism, and the test which distinguishes it from genuine eclecticism, that it borrows without harmonising, and puts together ideas which are striking separately, but will not bear combination. Dr. Kenealy is probably by nature a tender-minded enthusiast, and he has adopted a cynical tone without stopping to consider whether the borrowed brimstone will amalgamate pleasantly with the native treacle.

Mr. Kinglake teaches us that when generals misunderstand each other, there may be plenty of good fighting, but there is no art of war. Some regiments will fight more than is necessary, others less, and one may spend its strength on some object which has already been secured by the movements of another. A like result follows from Dr. Kenealy's incompatible ideas. Each part of his poem is its own *raison d'être*, and is careless whether it contradicts the rest, and whether or not it occupies a disproportionate space. At one moment the poet, surrounded in hell by his pet aversions, is carried away by a desire to damn them thoroughly and vindictively; at another he remembers his theory, that punishment is temporary and reformatory. We are shown a vast and

unconnected panorama of all that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the abyss which is under the earth,

"Wherever Life, or Soul, or Spirit dwell,
Or the enchantress Nature weaves her spell,
Or Thought or Being be (*sic*),—
In Space, or Star, or God's immensity;"

and about every thing the author writes till he is tired, without considering whether he has said enough for his purpose. When he has set two friends to scold one another, he goes on, carried away by the excitement of the moment, till his list of rhymes is exhausted :

"*Evil Spirit*. Villain, knave, dolt, rascal, monkey!
Devil's Advocate. How now? how now, gentle Nunkey?
Ev. Sp. Scoundrel, stinkard, ruffian, booby!
Dev. Adv. Spoil not those ripe lips of ruby.
Ev. Sp. Dunghill, coward, dunce, rascallion!
Dev. Adv. Why, you're rampant as a stallion.
Ev. Sp. Vagabond, beast, goose, and blackguard!"

and so on for ten pages, with four or five more later on, till the whole *propria quæ maribus et fæmineis demonibus* is used up, without any advantage to the progress of the piece. In the same way, it is part of the theory, that all things have immortal souls; and the folk-lore and literature of all nations is ransacked for names of fairies and sprites, who keen and croon at the rate of about ten lines apiece, so long as the list holds out.

If the effect of the mixture of the satirical and the enthusiastic elements is disastrous, neither are they irreproachable each on its own ground. Indignation is perfectly free to make as many verses as it pleases, if it prefers that to any more commonplace method of reforming society, and provided that the verses are very good and to the point, and not too violent. But the satirical part of Dr. Kenealy's work is good only as that most wearisome of all things, a sustained *tour de force*, and has no relation to any social questions in which any mortal is interested. It consists of a list of not very skilfully-varied torments inflicted on a very ill-selected number of criminals. Joseph, Joshua, and David, Jupiter's eagle, and Dr. Colenso by anticipation, are placed in the same region as the blackest of monsters; and the violence with which all, including some living persons, are treated is wholly unpardonable. It is not fair, says a characteristic Irish proverb, for one man to set upon twenty; the reason being apparently that he will get an unfair proportion of sport, since there will be twenty heads for him to crack, and only the poor allowance of one for his enemies. Dr. Kenealy has caught the advantages of his position with an appreciatory quickness of perception, and makes full use of it, without mercy or discrimination. So, again, a philosophical idea or new theory of future existence, if wrought up by a great mind capable of making it incarnate, of clothing it with the flesh and blood of practical interest, and of transferring it from the region of pure reason into that of imagination, may be able to sustain the weight of a large

poem: but then it must be clear and important, and capable of carrying conviction by its intrinsic force; and it must so interpenetrate the details as to give significance to them, whilst they give reality and substance to it. It is true that a false or weak idea is only read larger and exhibited in all its absurdity in every metaphor and incident, if this close relation between the idea and the details is carefully maintained. But if it is not maintained, what hope is there that the idea can be made intelligible at all? And again, if the idea itself is not clearly conceived, it is impossible that the details can be made relevant. The finest painting or sculpture is wasted if the idea or sentiment is a little too fine or subtle; but what must be the effect of Dr. Kenealy's studied concealment of an esoteric theory? "Let no man criticise this poem" (we are told) "who does not in part conceive what it means; let no man pronounce upon its author who cannot enter into his soul;" yet only two passages are pointed out as capable of giving even a faint light to the "uninitiated." "Je me comprends, cela me suffit," may be a very good motto for a secluded metaphysician, but it is a very bad one for an author.

There is wanting in *A New Pantomime* that lightness of step which is necessary for those who would tread with angels, and there are wanting the force and beauty of diction, the rich imagery, the perfect workmanship, the comparatively close relation to actual human life, and, above all, that sense of originality and of things undared before which gave a charm to *Faust*. Still, if Dr. Kenealy would cancel the preface, with its hints of illumination and religion, and omit all the serious parts, half the abyss of hell, and the multitudinous minor gehennas, there would remain enough passages marked by wild fancy, vivid description, and adroit and melodious versification, to make a very readable extravaganza.

V. *Constitutional History of England*. By T. E. May, C.B. Longmans.

Mr. May has ended his task, and has finished the work left incomplete by Hallam. In some respects, he is well fitted to follow in the steps of the great Whig writer. His style is clear and unpretentious; his power of collecting and of arranging facts considerable; and, what is even of greater importance, his mind is cast in the same mould as that of his celebrated model. Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that Mr. May suffers by a comparison with Hallam. The famous *Constitutional History of England* is not without its defects. It is as dry and dull as a treatise on contingent remainders, and ought in fact to be classed among law books. But its defects are counterbalanced by the one unspeakable merit, of precisely attaining the end for the sake of which it was written. Every constitutional change is clearly though succinctly set down in its pages, and students in search of definite information can scarcely fail to obtain what they require. To Mr. May's continuation we cannot honestly give the same kind of praise. His style is too diffuse for his subject; and, chiefly from a singular error in his arrangement of topics, it is by no means easy for inquirers to lay their finger

upon the precise facts of which they are in search. The same information is often repeated over again in two or three different chapters; whilst, on the other hand, circumstances are kept apart which are scarcely intelligible unless looked at in their mutual connexion. Thus the history of the Catholic Association recurs, under slightly varied forms, in at least three chapters; and there is something singularly perplexing in the way in which the constitutional questions connected with the name of Wilkes, instead of being looked at together, are recounted partly in the first, partly in the second volume of the history. Moreover, though with some hesitation, we are inclined to think that Mr. May's experiment justifies Hallam's decision to make the accession of George III. the limit of his work. A writer who traces down the annals of the constitution to a later date, can hardly find a stopping place short of the year in which his work happens to be composed, and thus is driven to fill his history with information that can be gained in the daily papers, and at the same time to enter into controversies which are still open and undecided. It is, for instance, to be regretted that details about Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, or allusions to the Chinese debate, should inevitably increase the bulk of a book which ought to narrate those facts only which lapse of time has made matters of history. A serious difficulty, which scarcely affected Hallam, hampers his successors. The constitutional questions of the sixteenth or seventeenth century had an independent importance, which hardly attaches to changes in the mere form of government at a later period of national development. From 1760, for want of a better word, what must be termed social questions became more and more mixed up with mere political disputes; and a glance at Mr. May's index shows that he has been compelled to mingle, with inquiries into the changes undergone by the form of government, speculations as to subjects not closely connected with what is, strictly speaking, the growth of the constitution, and hence has been forced to enter upon topics which Hallam could put aside, and which are not well adapted for treatment by even the most judicious of constitutional lawyers. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to assert, that the history of the last hundred years is to be found rather in various changes of opinion than in the mere alterations in the outward fabric of government, to which occasionally revolutions in national sentiment gave rise.

Mr. May will be found to excel wherever he is able to keep his work completely within the bounds marked out by its title. The analysis, for instance, of the material sources of power possessed by George III. at his accession to the throne, is, on the whole, the best and most striking part of the work. Few persons, after reading Mr. May's pages, will fail to understand what were the means which enabled a man, mean in mind, feeble in intellect, to conquer ministers of boldness and resolution, and to thwart men of genius and originality. The constitution of Parliament before the Reform Bill is also described with elaborate care; and men who, in disgust at Marylebone or Lambeth, are prompted to heave a sigh for Gattton or Old

Sarum, will probably find their desire to restore close boroughs considerably damped by perusing Mr. May's account of the composition of a House of Commons in which the majority of members sat as representatives of noble patrons. Even in those parts of his history in which he appears to most advantage, Mr. May does not always draw correct inferences from the data he himself supplies, and it is impossible for candid judges not to perceive that he has to some degree over-estimated the influence of the crown when not backed up by popular sympathy, and under-estimated the extent to which the Parliament for 1830 represented, in spite of all its defects, the wishes of the only part of the nation which took an interest in the policy of the country. If not free from shortcomings, he has presented a better account of the constitutional revolutions which marked the last hundred years than has been given by any other writer; and it is perhaps a little hard to complain, that a man who has done one thing well has not succeeded in achieving a different performance.

There are various questions about which Mr. May says either too much or too little. He alludes to, yet hardly seems to see, the full importance of the silent changes which took place in the sentiments of the nation between the accession of George III. and the Regency. In 1760, for example, shameless corruption was a characteristic of members of parliament, and scarcely appears to have excited more indignation or comment than the venality of ten-pound householders excites in 1863; and the elder Pitt owed at least half his unbounded influence to his avowed and ostentatious contempt for what would now be considered very gross forms of bribery. Slowly, but steadily, popular feeling veered round, and the members who supported Pitt's son would as soon have thought of pocketing a bribe of 500*l.* as would the gentlemen who cheer Lord Palmerston. It is not very easy to trace out the causes of this rise in moral tone. Parliament was as close as ever—the king was unchanged; and it is difficult to see why faults held venial in 1760 should have excited general disapprobation not much more than thirty years later. All that can be said is, that a growing sense of decorum can be traced throughout the reign of George III. The ministers, the politicians, and the churchmen, who saw the beginning of the revolutionary wars, were perhaps not morally greatly the superiors of men of the same classes who received Walpole's bribes; but they had at least made up their minds that, on the whole, political propriety was more safe, and in the end more profitable, than barefaced corruption. An alteration of a totally different kind comes under Mr. May's notice; yet he has failed to bestow upon it the attention it deserves. The Whig party, though keeping up, in a sense, the same traditional principles and watchwords throughout a whole century, yet in fact was a very different body in 1760 from the men called by the same name fifty years later. The great houses, who thought they had a prescriptive right to office, were the leaders of probably the most powerful section of the nobility; their strength lay in their riches, their possession of close boroughs, and their compact family-alliances. Towards the beginning of this century, a clique of

clever literary men were the soul and life of the Whig party; and it takes some acuteness to detect what is the common characteristic in virtue of which one name is used to describe men so different as Lord Grenville and Sidney Smith. Yet the gradual course of events, which forced the remnant of the Whig aristocracy to ally itself with a body of literary politicians, has influenced the whole history of England for the last thirty years.

Mr. May's chapter on Ireland is worth the careful study of those who wish to understand at once the strength and the weakness of those Whig writers amongst whom Mr. May claims a distinguished place. The follies of the Irish Parliament, the venality of Irish patriots, the impossibility of continuing a political arrangement which combined all the disadvantages with few of the gains of a federation,—are all set forth with admirable clearness, and readers begin to wonder how a union so palpably for the public benefit could have been so long deferred, or what could have caused any sane man to desire its repeal. A little meditation shows that Mr. May has followed the course almost always adopted by writers or politicians whose prominent characteristic is the possession of so-called common-sense. He has stated nothing which is not true; but there are certain truths which he has neither seen nor stated. That the existence of two parliaments, each with theoretically equal rights, and endowed with equally sovereign power, was incompatible with the strength of the empire, is obviously true; but it is by no means clear, that where the empire gained, Ireland did not suffer some loss. An arrangement which inevitably turns the weaker of two countries into something like a dependency, which almost certainly tempts the leading gentry and nobles to reside away from their lands and their tenants, may to some degree counter-balance the advantage, on which Mr. May dwells with so much fervour, of "incorporation with the first empire of the world." The gain may, indeed, be greater than the loss; but no historian can pretend to strike the balance till he has seen, what Mr. May does not see, that the weights are not all placed in one scale.

- VI. *The New Forest, its History and its Scenery.* By John R. Wise. With sixty-three Illustrations, drawn by Walter Crane, engraved by W. J. Linton; and two Maps. London: Smith and Elder. 1863.

The object of the author of this work is to reveal to Englishmen how very much there is worth seeing in their own country, and to induce them to bestow some portion of the time which they now lavish on France and Germany on the more beautiful portions of England. For this purpose a better district could hardly have been chosen than the New Forest. It is the one forest left in this country. Here the wayward traveller has still sixty-three thousand acres of unenclosed land over which to wander unconfined; and if he will defy the danger of being swamped in a morass, and abandon the high road for the wood and heath, he will be amply repaid. Besides, the danger has been much exaggerated; you have only to mind "this simple rule—wherever you

see the white cotton-grass growing, and the bog-moss particularly fine and green, avoid that place;" a rule which is certainly sufficient for the preservation of those who know cotton-grass when they see it. Though some of the wild charms of the New Forest must be admitted to have disappeared with the deer, which were destroyed in 1851, the beech-woods still remain, and are probably the finest in this country. Among these that of Mark Ash has the preëminence. The oaks, though often of singularly beautiful form, are in height and size not generally remarkable.

But we must first understand what a forest is. Manwood (in his *Treatise of the Lawes of the Forest*, London, 1619) defines it as "a certaine territoric of woody ground and fruitful pastures." To woods and open pastures must be added any uncultivated space. A great portion of the New Forest is open heath consisting of drift gravel or hungry sand, which never has grown and never will grow any thing but heather. Indeed, a great agricultural authority says, that of the 63,000 acres which are included in the New Forest, one half are not worth 1s. 6d. an acre. The Conqueror seems to have been a considerable landowner in the district, and he exercised the unquestionable prerogative of the crown by afforesting it. It does not appear that he had the right, at all events, of seizing on the property of individuals; but he could compel them to throw down their enclosures, and by declaring the district a forest could abrogate the common law, and subject the inhabitants to the hated forest-law. Mr. Wise is of course faithful to the New Forest, even in its origin, and extenuates the hardships which the people suffered. No doubt they have been exaggerated. The Forest never can have been extensively cultivated, nor have supported a numerous population. The thirty-six churches said to have been destroyed would have left some ruins, and the only two mentioned in the proper place in *Domesday*, Milford and Brockenhurst, both exist to this day, and both contain Norman work. But this is not conclusive evidence; for Fawley, which still has Norman arches, pillars, and door, is incidentally named in another part of *Domesday*. Certainly, however, the Forest was not depopulated; for immediately after the afforestation churches were built at Hordle and Boldre. But, Mr. Wise notwithstanding, the forest-laws were too constantly the cause of complaint and the subject of legislation, under our early kings, not to have been a real grievance. Time and the chroniclers may have exaggerated the sufferings of the people, but they did not invent them.

In the days of Edward I. the New Forest extended from the Avon on the west to the Southampton Water in the east, and from the Solent on the south to Wiltshire on the north; boundaries which are now a world too wide for its shrunk dimensions. Within these limits are to be found the ruins of Beaulieu (pronounced Bewley) Abbey, one of the only two monasteries founded by King John, and of which the better-preserved priory of Netley was an offshoot; and Rufus's stone; and Bramble Hill, with its splendid view over the Forest to the Isle of Wight; and Moyles Court, once the residence of Alice Lisle; and a Norman dwelling-house; and the splendid priory-church of the Augustines.

tine canons at Christchurch. All these, together with each district of the forest, Mr. Wise describes with a care which shows him to be an accurate antiquary, and a zeal which proves him to be an unaffected lover of the woods. His descriptions would, however, be none the less agreeable, if they did not quite so ostentatiously imitate the peculiar rhetoric of Mr. Ruskin.

The book is also a repository of much curious information respecting the population of the Forest, their folk-lore and provincial words. We learn the habits of our kings from the grant of Edward II. to one Spelman of a house at Brockenhurst, on condition of finding fodder for the king's horse, and *litter for the king's bed*, when he was hunting. Proverbs, homely sayings, and traditions peculiar to the Forest, as of the French fleet which in June 1690 lay off the Needles, are carefully preserved; and even the geology, flora, and ornithology of the district have their separate chapters. When we say that all this has been carefully collected, and narrated in a clear and scholarly manner, it will be evident that Mr. Wise has presented his readers with what would have been an admirable companion to a pedestrian in the New Forest, if it had not been equally adapted for a Christmas present. Hence it appears in quarto, with toned and glazed paper, and numerous beautiful illustrations—studies of forest scenery by Mr. Crane. Reprinted without these attractive but costly accessories, it would, we should imagine, command a considerable sale, and fulfil a perhaps more useful if a less splendid destiny.

VII. *Tales of all Countries.* By Anthony Trollope. Second Series. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Trollope is reported to have expressed an opinion at a public dinner, that the day was not distant when the pursuit of literature would take rank among recognised professions, and young men would be educated for a life of letters, as now for the Church or for the Bar. Possibly the author of *Barchester Towers* intended nothing more than at once to flatter and to quiz his enthusiastic audience; for a writer, it may be thought, whose strongest point is his keen perception of all the sentiments which rule English society, must have perceived the many hindrances which prevent the existence of a profession of letters. Nevertheless, it is curious to remark how thoroughly his practice squares with his theory: he has reduced the art of novel-writing to a business, and is the possessor of a patent, as it were, for producing articles of a particular kind according to demand, with the same regularity with which an iron-master turns out his pigs of iron. For so doing he deserves neither praise nor blame. There is nothing either exalted or degraded in the practice of a literary trade, and inventors who can bring forth readable novels to order have a good right to carry on a lucrative and respectable business. It may even be conceded, that if literature is to become a profession, authors must adopt the business-like habits of the counting-house, and conform less to the impulses of genius and originality than to the well-ascertained laws of

supply and demand. When, however, writers of eminence undertake to provide an unlimited stock of literary wares, there is some danger lest with the sensible maxims they should also adopt some of the less creditable arts of commerce. Mr. Trollope has shown his intimate acquaintance with the ingenious dodges by which enterprising firms puff indifferent goods into a wide circulation, and severe critics might be inclined to fear that he himself occasionally takes a leaf from the note-book of George Robinson. To obtain a good name by producing first-class commodities, and then to sell off very second-rate wares under the cover of an established reputation, is an achievement in which Robinson would have gloried, had he ever possessed the patience to acquire credit for respectability; and Mr. Trollope has recently shown traces of a disposition to pass off books of very moderate pretensions under cover of the name of the author of *Barchester Towers*. His first series of tales were productions of most suspicious quality. They were not utterly wanting in some touches of talent, but they fell much below the mark to which, from their writer's name, they might have been expected to rise. As they were, however, prepared principally for the American market, charity suggested that they were composed to suit some peculiarity of Transatlantic taste. For the second series no such excuse can be found. These tales may have benefited the periodicals in which they appeared, but respect for the public forbids the belief that the "Mistletoe Bough" or "Aaron Trow" gave an hour's pleasure to a single reader. The former is by no means an unfair specimen of the quality of the whole collection, and it is hard to believe that any thing but the demands of business can have induced Mr. Trollope to fill forty pages with a detailed description of Bessie's scruples. A story without point serves to set forth the fidgety weakness of a young woman without character; and no one, except some few girls to whom every love-story is of interest, can by any possibility care for a moment whether Miss Garrow does or does not recall her rejected lover. Mr. Trollope has a passion for humdrum courtships, and we can by a stretch of imagination conceive that the persons who were excited to know whether Madeline Staveley would give her hand to Felix Graham, may feel some transitory emotion about the ingenious casuistry by which Bessie proves that a young lady is deficient in modesty unless she rejects a lover at least twice before final acceptance; but we cannot even picture to ourselves the kind of reader who is excited by the fortunes of "Aaron Trow." The story of the minister's contest with the escaped convict is meant for a sensation tale, and is nothing if it is not thrilling. Since it certainly does not excite even a momentary sense of horror, the most charitable of critics can do nothing more than put its merits down at zero. It is, in fact, just such a tale as Charlie Tudor, to judge from his well-known production, might in his feebler moments have sent to the *Daily Delight*.

With all their flimsiness these tales possess a kind of interest, from the curious light they throw both on the limits and on the nature of Mr. Trollope's powers. In his best works he depicts exactly those scenes and aspects of English life which he can paint to perfection.

As long as an artist tries his hand upon one kind of picture only, it is impossible positively to assert that he might not excel in any line of his art which he may choose to attempt; and whilst Mr. Trollope kept to the ground on which he was strong, criticism could scarcely do more than hazard a conjecture as to the points on which he was likely to be weak. In his minor tales he has once or twice attempted subjects not suited for a display of his special talents, and thereby enabled the public to perceive exactly what are his deficiencies. It may, for instance, be confidently asserted by any one who studies the history of "The Man who kept his Money in a Box," that Mr. Trollope lacks the vigorous, almost rollicking, humour to be found in the best passages of Dickens. The misfortunes of the luckless Robinson are meant to be farcical, but after all they do not lead to laughter. The situation is well imagined. The vulgarity of the Greenes, the series of accidents by which an honest man who, after being bullied for three days, and having looked with suspicion upon his fellow-travellers, is himself made to wear the appearance of a thief, are exquisitely ludicrous. Still, the whole story does not excite more than a smile, and utterly fails to arouse the sense of fun which Mr. Dickens would have excited by a few broad touches. When once readers perceive that there is a sort of humour of which Mr. Trollope is not master, they begin to understand why certain portions of his more elaborate works manifestly fail in producing their intended effect, and why it is that the elaborate description of Moulder and his family leaves, after all, no impression on the mind except that the bagman was a person disgustingly fond of hot brandy and fat turkeys. Another deficiency, which injures the interest of even the best of Mr. Trollope's novels, is glaringly apparent in his smaller writings. In common with almost all the novelists of the day, he has no power of inventing a story. Had Wilkie Collins, for instance, though in almost every respect Mr. Trollope's inferior, handled subjects similar to those treated in the *Tales of many Lands*, he would have made each chapter tell some definite and striking series of events. As it is, no one can read Mr. Trollope's collection without feeling that the only appropriate motto for the tales is the knife-grinder's remark—"Story I have none to tell."

Justice compels the admission that, though *Tales of many Lands* are, for the most part, productions unworthy of their author's pen, yet two stories, in different ways, bear the marks of his genius. Mrs. General Tallboys is not a pleasing character, but she could not have been described by any other writer than Mr. Trollope. A lady who played at impropriety because she felt conscious that she kept all the strictest laws imposed by conventional propriety or prudery, and who burst forth into open-mouthed indignation when a weak-minded Irishman conceived that a woman who talked bold words must necessarily be prepared for reckless acts, could scarcely belong to any other nation than the English, and could not, we feel assured, develop her peculiarities to their full extent in any other situation than in the midst of the little English world at Rome. It is the admirable skill with which Mr. Trollope hits off the whole tone of English men and

women when abroad, their useless enthusiasm for foreign patriots, over whose griefs they lament without understanding their language or seeking their society, their affected fervour for works of art, and their feeble attempts to cast aside for a moment the rules of English life, which gives to the account of Mrs. Tallboys and her admirers an interest sufficient to overpower the reader's disgust at the meanness of the men and women with whom Mr. Trollope forces him to associate. One other tale gives evidence of power, though of power of a description which the rules of modern taste forbid Mr. Trollope to employ with freedom. The "Ride through Palestine" is a lengthy *double entendre*. Mr. Smith's sex is very soon apparent to every one but the victim of the unprincipled deception, and the whole beauty of the narrative depends upon the art with which the reader is let into the open secret which is unrevealed to Mr. Jones, and, at the same time, is made to feel that Mr. Jones's blindness is natural. To write pages which a lady might read without coming across a single expression which in itself could cause a blush, and yet to tell in those pages a tale which savours, to say the least, though not of the style yet of the spirit of Sterne, is a difficult feat, and Mr. Trollope has performed it. Whether such a performance will quite suit the taste of the classes who admire his ordinary novels is dubious. We are, at any rate, sure that an author who publishes nine stories, of which only two can, by the most lenient judgment, be pronounced good, is adopting the best way to lose the name which alone ensures a sale for his most trivial works.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING- SOCIETIES.

The Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. I. and II. Blackwood and Sons.

[Reviewed in Article II.]

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. By Professor Stanley. Murray.

[Reviewed in Article V.]

The Empire. By Professor Goldwin Smith. J. H. and J. Parker.

[A series of vigorous and thoughtful letters on the chief political problems of the day.]

History of Federal Government. Vol. I. By E. A. Freeman. Macmillan.

[A learned work on a subject hitherto unattempted.]

The Life of Bolingbroke. By T. Macknight. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in Article VI.]

Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in Article VII.]

Antiquities of Man. By Sir Charles Lyell. Murray.

[An admirable and interesting statement of the facts ascertained as yet about the primitive races of man.]

Life in the South. By a Blockaded British Subject. Chapman and Hall.

Italy under Victor Emmanuel. By Count Arrivabene. Hurst and Blackett.

The Polish Captivity. By H. Sutherland Edwards. Murray.

Glimpses into Pet-land. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Bell and Daldy.

[A charming book on favourite animals.]

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English Verse by Professor Conington. Bell and Daldy.

Biographical Sketches. By Nassau W. Senior. Longman.

The Greek Christian Poets. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman and Hall.

The Capital of the Tycoon. By Sir Rutherford Alcock. Longman.

[Badly arranged, but full of interesting detail.]

H.M.S. Hannibal at Palermo and Naples. By Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy. Murray.

Miscellanies. Collected by Earl Stanhope.

Constitutional History of England. Vol. II. By T. E. May. Longman.

[Reviewed in the Short Notices.]

Letters on some Questions of International Law. By Historicus. Macmillan

[An able statement of the law of nations on points of immediate interest.]

The Tropical World. By Dr. G. Hartwig. Longman.

Memoirs of the Rev. T. Sedgwick Whalley. Bentley.

The Life of Father Lacordaire. By Count Montalembert. Bentley.

Recollections of Tartar Steppes. By Mrs. Atkinson. Murray.

The Life of Bishop Warburton. By the Rev. J. S. Watson. Longman.

History of England from the Reign of James I. By S. R. Gardiner. Hurst and Blackett.

The Voyage of the Novara. Vol. III. By Dr. K. Scherzer. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

Points of Contact between Science and Art. By Cardinal Wiseman. Hurst and Blackett.

Lawrence Struikby ; or, Bush Life in Australia. Longman.

Chronicles of Carlingford ; Salem Chapel. Blackwood.

[Reviewed in Article IV.]

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. Smith and Elder.

[Full of melancholy power.]

Tales of all Countries. By Anthony Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in the Short Notices.]

Verner's Pride. By Mrs. H. Wood. Bradbury and Evans.

The Story of Elizabeth. Smith and Elder.

At Odds. By the Author of "The Initials." Bentley.

The Ice Maiden. By H. C. Andersen. Bentley.

[Inferior to earlier tales by the same author.]

Thalatta : a Political Romance. Parker.

Titan. From the German of Jean Paul Richter. Trübner and Co.

[A philosophical romance.]

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STRONG, DELICIOUS,
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HORNIMAN'S PURE BLACK.

In Richness, Strength, & Flavour it is unequalled; the leaf is not artificially darkened, as it consists only of the *Choice Spring growths*, which have no withered leaves to be disguised.

HORNIMAN'S PURE GREEN.

This Tea is of a peculiar Delicious Flavour; the leaf is a *natural olive* hue, as it is not coated with the usual bluish powder employed to disguise and pass off inferior wintry leaves.

HORNIMAN'S PURE MIXED.

The preference given to this Favourite Tea arises from the unrivalled strength of the Pure Black, and the delicate Flavour of the Pure Green; from not being artificially Coloured it is *perfectly wholesome*.

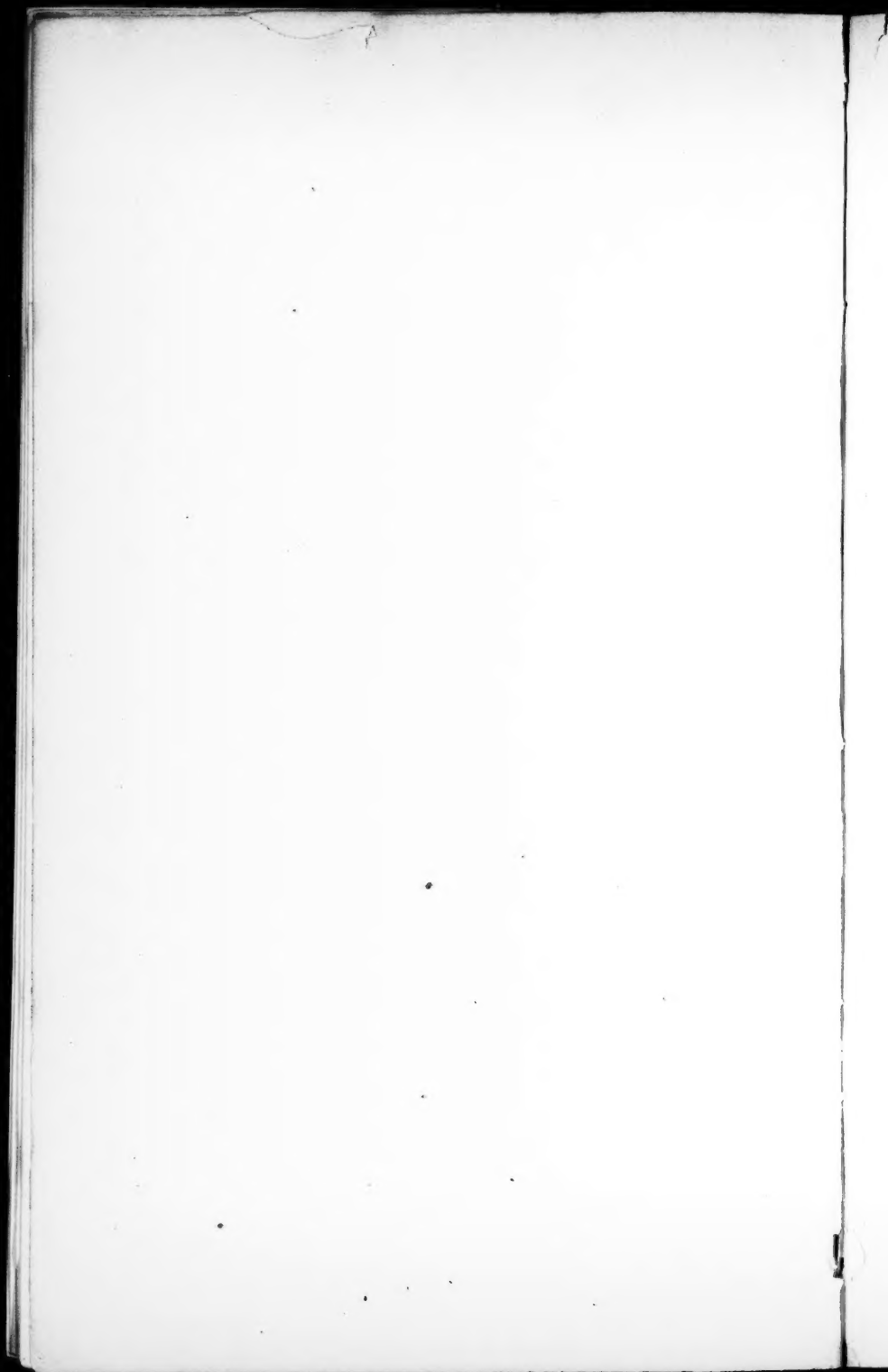
Obtainable from 2280 authorised Agents. Black, Green, or Mixed, at 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d., per pound. Sold secured in Two-ounce, Quarter, Half, and Pound Packets, containing the full weight of Tea.

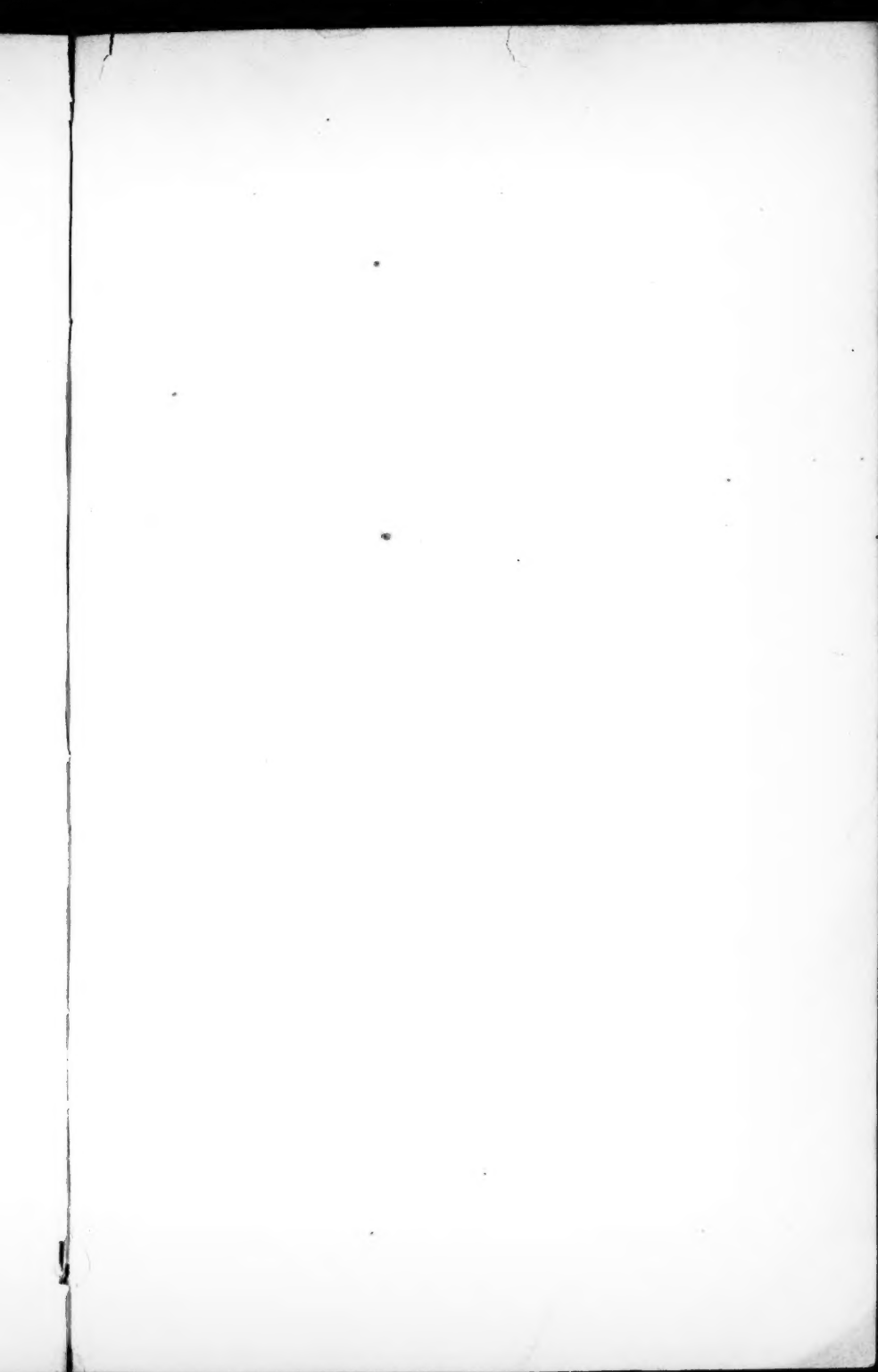
CHOICE TEA at a very reasonable price is obtained by purchasing the Pure sorts imported by Horniman & Co., London, who to secure reliable quality, have for the last 15 years had their supply not covered with colour, because the Chinese "face" many teas on purpose to disguise and pass off refuse brown leaves, knowing the usual artificial colour hides all defects and makes low sorts appear equal to and sell for the best.

The Inland Revenue Report on Tea, for 1862, also condemns this adulteration; it was printed by command of Her Majesty, and laid before both Houses of Parliament. An able Leading Article in the "Times," August 15, reviews this State Document, which cautions all against using the highly coloured leaf, and shows the impolicy of allowing mineral colour on Tea, especially as it is used as daily food.

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No. XXXIII. will appear on the 1st July 1863.

